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THE WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE TEXT REGULATED BY THE FOLIO OF 1632;
WITH READINGS FROM FORMER EDITIONS,
A HISTORY OF THE STAGE, A LIFE OF
THE POET, AND AN INTRODUCTION
TO EACH PLAY.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

GLOSSARIAL AND OTHER NOTES, BY KNIGHT, DYCE,
DOUCE, COLLIER, HALLIWELL, HUNTER,
AND RICHARDSON.

EDITED BY

GEORGE LONG DUYCKINCK.

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KING JOHN.

"The Life and Death of King John" was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it occupies twenty-two pages; viz. from p. 1 to p. 22 inclusive, a new pagination begining with the "Histories" _t occupies the same place and the same space in the re-impressions of 1632, 1664, and 1685.

INTRODUCTION.

"KING JOHN," the earliest of Shakespeare's "Histories" in the folio of 1623, (where they are arranged according to the reigns of the different monarchs) first appeared in that volume,[1] and the Registers of the Stationers' Company have searched in vain for any entry regarding it: it is not enumerated by Blount and Jaggard on the 8th Nov. 1623, when they inserted a list of the pieces, "not formerly entered to other men," about to be included in their folio: hence an inference might be drawn that there had been some previous entry of "King John" "to other men," and, perhaps, even that the play had been already published[2].

It seems indisputable that Shakespeare's "King John" was founded upon an older play, three times printed anterior to the publication of the folio of 1623: "The first and second part of the troublesome Reign of John, King of England," came from the press in 1591, 1611, and 1622.[3] Malone, and others who have adverted to this production, have obviously not had the several impressions before them. The earliest copy, that of 1591, has no name on the title-page: that of 1611 has "W. Sh." to indicate the author, and that of 1622, "W. Shakespeare," the sur-name only at length.[4] Steevens once

[1] It purports to be divided into acts and scenes, but very irregularly: thus what is called *Actus Secundus* fills no more than about half a page, and *Actus Quartus* is twice repeated The later folios adopt this defective arrangement, excepting that in that of 1632 *Actus Quintus* is made to precede *Actus Quartus*.

[2] On the 29th Nov. 1614, "a booke called the Historie of George Lord Faulconbridge, bastard son of Richard Cordelion," was entered on the Stationers' Registers, but this was evidently the prose romance of which an edition in 1616, 4to. is extant. Going back to 1558, it appears that a book, called "Cur de Lion," was entered on the Stationers' Register of that year.

[3] "It was written, I believe (says Malone), by Robert Greene, or George Peele," but he produces nothing in support of his opinion. The mention of "the Scythian Tamberlaine," in the Prologue to the edition of the old "King John," in 1591, might lead us to suppose that it was the production of Marlowe, who did not die until 1593; but the style of the two parts is evidently different: rhyming couplets are much more abundant in the first than in the second, and there is reason to believe, according to the frequent custom of that age, that more than one dramatist was concerned in the composition of the play

[4] The edition of 1591 was printed for Sampson Clarke: that of 1611, by Valentine Simmes, for John Helme; and that of 1622, by Aug. Mathews, for Thomas Dewe

thought that the ascription of it to Shakespeare by fraudulent booksellers, who wished it to be taken for his popular work, was correct, but he subsequently abandoned this untenable opinion. Pope attributed it jointly to Shakespeare and William Rowley; and Farmer "made no doubt that Rowley wrote the first King John." There is, however, reason to believe that Rowley was not an author at so early a date: his first extant printed work was a play, in writing which he aided John Day and George Wilkins, called "The Travels of three English Brothers," 1607. In 1591, he must have been very young; but we are not therefore to conclude decisively that his name is not, at any period and in any way, to be connected with a drama on the incidents of the reign of King John; for the tradition of Pope's time may have been founded upon the fact that, at some later date, he was instrumental in a revival of the old "King John."

How long the old "King John" had been in possession of the stage prior to 1591, when it was originally printed, we have no precise information[5], but Shakespeare found it there, and took the course usual with dramatists of the time[6], by applying to his own purposes as much of it as he thought would be advantageous. He converted the "two parts" into one drama, and in many of its main features followed the story, not as he knew it in history, but as it was fixed in popular belief. In some particulars he much improved upon the conduct of the incidents: for instance, in the first act of the old "King John," Lady Falconbridge is, needlessly and objectionably, made a spectator of the scene in which the bastardy of her son Philip is discussed before King John and his mother. Another amendment of the original is the absence of Constance from the stage when the marriage between Lewis and Blanch is debated and determined. A third material variation ought not to be passed over without remark. Although Shakespeare, like the author or authors of the old "King John," employs the Bastard forcibly to raise money from the monasteries in England, he avoids the scenes of extortion and ribaldry of the elder play, in which the monks and nuns are turned into ridicule, and the indecency and licentiousness of their lives exposed. Supposing the old "King John" to have been brought upon the stage not long after the defeat of the Spanish Armada in 1588, when the

[5] The edition of 1591 is preceded by a Prologue, omitted in the two later impressions, which makes it quite clear that the old "King John," was posterior to Marlowe's "Tamberlaine:" it begins,

> "You that with friendly grace of smoothed brow,
> Have entertained the Scythian Tamberlaine," &c.

In the Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poetry and the Stage, vol. iii. p. 112, reasons are assigned for believing that Marlowe's "Tamberlaine" was acted about 1587.

[6] In Henslowe's MS. Diary, under the date of May, 1598, we meet with an entry of a play by Robert Wilson, Henry Chettle, Anthony Munday, and Michael Drayton, entitled "The Funerals of Richard Cordelion." It possibly had no connexion with the portion of history to which Shakespeare's play and the old "King John" relate.

hatred of the Roman Catholics was at its height such an exhibition must have been extremely gratifying to the taste of vulgar audiences. Shakespeare might justly hold in contempt such a mode of securing applause; or, possibly, his own religious tenets (a point which is considered at length, with the addition of some new information, in the biography of the poet) might induce him to touch lightly upon such matters. Certain it is, that the elder drama contains much coarse abuse of the Roman Catholics, and violent invective against the ambition of the pontiff, little of which is found in Shakespeare. It is, however, easy to discover reasons why he would refuse to pander to popular prejudice, without supposing him to feel direct sympathy with the enemies of the Reformation.

Some of the principal incidents of the reign of John had been converted into a drama, with the purpose of promoting the Reformation, very early in the reign of Elizabeth, if not in that of Edward VI. We refer to the play of "Kynge Johan," by Bishop Bale, which, like the old "King John," is in two parts, though we can trace no other particular resemblance. It was printed by the Camden Society, from the author's original MS. (in the library of the duke of Devonshire) in 1838, and is a specimen of the mixture of allegory and history in the same play, perhaps unexampled. As it was, doubtless, unknown both to the author or authors of the old "King John," as well as to Shakespeare, it requires no farther notice here, than to show at how early a date that portion of our annals had been brought upon the stage.

Upon the question, when "King John" was written by Shakespeare, we have no knowledge beyond the fact that Francis Meres introduces it into his list in 1598. Malone speculated that it was composed in 1596, but he does not place reliance upon the internal evidence he himself adduces, which certainly is of a more than usually vague character. Chalmers, on the other hand, would assign the play to 1598, but the chance seems to be, that it was written a short time before it was spoken of by Meres: we should be disposed to assign it to a date between 1596 and 1598, when the old "King John," which was probably in a course of representation in 1591, had gone a little out of recollection, and when Meres would have had time to become acquainted with Shakespeare's drama, from its popularity either at the Globe or Blackfriars' Theatres.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

King John.
Prince Henry, his Son.
Arthur, Duke of Bretagne.
William Mareshall, Earl of Pembroke.
Geffrey Fitz-Peter, Earl of Essex.
William Longsword, Earl of Salisbury.
Robert Bigot, Earl of Norfolk.
Hubert De Burgh, Chamberlain to the King
Robert Faulconbridge.
Philip Faulconbridge.
James Gurney, Servant to Lady Faulconbridge.
Peter of Pomfret.
Philip, King of France.
Lewis, the Dauphin.
Archduke of Austria.
Cardinal Pandulph, the Pope's Legate.
Melun, a French Lord.
Chatillon, Ambassador from France.

Elinor, Widow of King Henry II.
Constance, Mother to Arthur.
Blanch, Daughter to Alphonso, King of Castile.
Lady Faulconbridge.

Lords, Ladies, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and Attendants.

SCENE, sometimes in England, and sometimes in France.

KING JOHN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Northampton. A Room of State in the Palace.

Enter King JOHN, *Queen* ELINOR, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, SALISBURY, *and Others, with* CHATILLON.

K. John. Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us?

Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the king of France,
In my behaviour, to the majesty,
The borrow'd majesty, of England here.

Eli. A strange beginning!—borrow'd majesty?

K. John. Silence, good mother: hear the embassy.

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceased brother Geffrey's son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim
To this fair island, and the territories,
To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine;
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword
Which sways usurpingly these several titles,
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,
Thy nephew, and right royal sovereign.

K. John. What follows, if we disallow of this?

Chat. The proud control of fierce and bloody war,
To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

K. John. Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,
Controlment for controlment: so answer France.

Chat. Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,
The farthest limit of my embassy.

K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace.
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;
For ere thou canst report I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard.

So, hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
And sudden[1] presage of your own decay.—
An honourable conduct let him have:
Pembroke, look to't. Farewell, Chatillon.
[*Exeunt* CHATILLON *and* PEMBROKE.

Eli. What now, my son? have I not ever said,
How that ambitious Constance would not cease,
Till she had kindled France, and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her son?
This might have been prevented, and made whole,
With very easy arguments of love,
Which now the manage[2] of two kingdoms must
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

K. John. Our strong possession, and our right for us.

Eli. Your strong possession, much more than your right,
Or else it must go wrong with you, and me:
So much my conscience whispers in your ear,
Which none but heaven, and you, and I, shall hear.

Enter the Sheriff of Northamptonshire, who whispers ESSEX.

Essex. My liege, here is the strangest controversy,
Come from the country to be judg'd by you,
That e'er I heard: shall I produce the men?

K. John. Let them approach.— [*Exit Sheriff*
Our abbeys, and our priories, shall pay

Re-enter Sheriff, with ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, *and* PHILIP, *his bastard Brother.*

This expedition's charge.—What men are you?

Bast. Your faithful subject I; a gentleman
Born in Northamptonshire, and eldest son,
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge,
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.

K. John. What art thou?

Rob. The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge

K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?
You came not of one mother, then, it seems.

Bast Most certain of one mother, mighty king;
That is well known, and, as I think, one father:
But, for the certain knowledge of that truth,
I put you o'er to heaven, and to my mother:
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

[1] sullen: in f. e. [2] *Conduct.*

Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy mother,
And wound her honour with this diffidence.
Bast. I, madam? no, I have no reason for it:
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine;
The which if he can prove, 'a pops me out
At least from fair five hundred pound a year.
Heaven guard my mother's honour, and my land!
K. John. A good blunt fellow.—Why, being younger born,
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?
Bast. I know not why, except to get the land.
But once he slander'd me with bastardy:
But whe'r I be as true begot, or no,
That still I lay upon my mother's head;
But, that I am as well begot, my liege,
(Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!)
Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.
If old sir Robert did beget us both,
And were our father, and this son like him,
O! old sir Robert, father, on my knee
I give heaven thanks, I was not like to thee.
K. John. Why, what a madcap hath heaven lent us here!
Eli. He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face;
The accent of his tongue affecteth him.
Do you not read some tokens of my son
In the large composition of this man?
K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And finds them perfect Richard.—Sirrah, speak;
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?
Bast. Because he hath a half-face, like my father,
With that half-face[1] would he have all my land:
A half-fac'd groat[2] five hundred pound a year!
Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father liv'd,
Your brother did employ my father much.
Bast. Well, sir; by this you cannot get my land:
Your tale must be, how he employ'd my mother.
Rob. And once despatch'd him in an embassy
To Germany, there, with the emperor,
To treat of high affairs touching that time.
The advantage of his absence took the king,

[1] Folio: half that face. [2] The groat of Henry VII., with the sovereign's head in profile, then a new practice, on it.

And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's;
Where how he did prevail I shame to speak,
But truth is truth: large lengths of seas and shores
Between my father and my mother lay,
As I have heard my father speak himself,
When this same lusty gentleman was got.
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me; and took it, on his death,
That this, my mother's son, was none of his:
And, if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.

K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate:
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him;
And if she did play false, the fault was hers,
Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,
Had of your father claim'd this son for his?
In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept
This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world;
In sooth, he might: then, if he were my brother's,
My brother might not claim him, nor your father,
Being none of his, refuse him.—This concludes,—
My mother's son did get your father's heir;
Your father's heir must have your father's land.

Rob. Shall, then, my father's will be of no force
To dispossess that child which is not his?

Bast. Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Whether hadst thou rather be a Faulconbridge,
And, like thy brother, to enjoy thy land,
Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,
Lord of thy presence, and no land beside?

Bast. Madam, an if my brother had my shape,
And I had his, sir Robert his,[1] like him;
And if my legs were two such riding-rods,
My arms such eel-skins stuff'd; my face so thin,
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,
Lest men should say, "Look, where three-farthings goes,"[2]

[1] Robert's. [2] A silver coin of Elizabeth, very thin, with a rose at the back of the ear.

And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,
Would I might never stir from off this place,
I 'd give it every foot to have this face:
I would not be sir Nob[1] in any case.

Eli. I like thee well. Wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
I am a soldier, and now bound to France.

Bast. Brother, take you my land, I 'll take my chance
Your face hath got five hundred pounds a year,
Yet sell your face for five pence, and 't is dear.—
Madam, I 'll follow you unto the death.

Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me, thither.

Bast. Our country manners give our betters way.

K. John. What is thy name?

Bast. Philip, my liege; so is my name begun;
Philip, good old sir Robert's wife's eldest son.

K. John. From henceforth bear his name whose form thou bearest.
Kneel thou down Philip, but arise more great:
[*Bast. kneels and rises.*[2]
Arise sir Richard, and Plantagenet.

Bast. Brother, by the mother's side, give me your hand:
My father gave me honour, yours gave land,
Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got Sir Robert was away.

Eli. The very spirit of Plantagenet!—
I am thy grandame, Richard: call me so.

Bast. Madam, by chance, but not by truth: what though?
Something about, a little from the right,
In at the window, or else o'er the hatch:
Who dares not stir by day, must walk by night,
And have is have, however men do catch.
Near or far off, well won is still well shot,
And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

K. John. Go, Faulconbridge: now hast thou thy desire;
A landless knight makes thee a landed 'squire.—
Come, madam, and come, Richard: we must speed
For France, for France, for it is more than need.

Bast. Brother, adieu: good fortune come to thee,

[1] *Head.* [2] Not in f e.

For thou wast got i' the way of honesty.
[*Exeunt all but the Bastard*
A foot of honour better than I was,
But many, ah, many foot of land the worse.
Well, now can I make any Joan a lady:—
"Good den[1], sir Richard."—"God-a-mercy, fellow;"
And if his name be George, I 'll call him Peter;
For new-made honour doth forget men's names:
'T is too respective, and too sociable.
For your diversion, now, your traveller,
He and his tooth-pick[2] at my worship's mess;
And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,
Why then I suck my teeth, and catechize
My picked[3] man of countries:—"My dear sir,"
Thus leaning on mine elbow I begin,
"I shall beseech you"—that is question now;
And then comes answer like an ABC-book:—
"O sir," says answer, "at your best command;
At your employment; at your service, sir:"—
"No, sir," says question, "I, sweet sir, at yours:"
And so, ere answer knows what question would,
Saving in dialogue of compliment,
And talking of the Alps, and Apennines,
The Pyreneans, and the river Po,
It draws toward supper, in conclusion so.
But this is worshipful society,
And fits a mounting spirit, like myself,
For he is but a bastard to the time,
That doth not smack of observation;
And so am I, whether I smack, or no;
And not alone in habit and device,
Exterior form, outward accoutrement,
But from the inward motion to deliver
Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth.
Which, though I will not practise to deceive,
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn,
For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.—
But who comes in such haste, in riding robes?
What woman-post is this? hath she no husband,
That will take pains to blow a horn before her?
Enter Lady FAULCONBRIDGE *and* JAMES GURNEY.
O me! it is my mother.—How no, good lady!

[1] *Evening.* [2] Not in general use in England, when the play was written. [3] *Spruce, trim.*

What brings you here to court so hastily?

Lady F. Where is that slave, thy brother? where is he,
That holds in chase mine honour up and down?

Bast. My brother Robert? old sir Robert's son?
Colbrand[1] the giant, that same mighty man?
Is it Sir Robert's son, that you seek so?

Lady F. Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou unreverend boy,
Sir Robert's son: why scorn'st thou at sir Robert?
He is sir Robert's son, and so art thou.

Bast. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave awhile?

Gur. Good leave, good Philip.

Bast. Philip?[2]—sparrow!—James,
There 's toys abroad: anon I 'll tell thee more.

[*Exit* GURNEY.

Madam, I was not old sir Robert's son:
Sir Robert might have eat his part in me
Upon Good-Friday, and ne'er broke his fast.
Sir Robert could do well: marry, to confess,
Could not get me;[3] sir Robert could not do it:
We know his handy-work.—Therefore, good mother,
To whom am I beholding for these limbs?
Sir Robert never holp to make this leg.

Lady F. Hast thou conspired with thy brother, too,
That for thine own gain shouldst defend mine honour?
What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?

Bast. Knight, knight, good mother,—Basilisco-like.[4]
What! I am dubb'd; I have it on my shoulder.
But, mother, I am not sir Robert's son;
I have disclaim'd sir Robert, and my land;
Legitimation, name, and all is gone.
Then, good my mother let me know my father:
Some proper man, I hope; who was it, mother?

Lady F. Hast thou denied thyself a Faulconbridge?

Bast. As faithfully as I deny the devil.

Lady F. King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy father.
By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd
To make room for him in my husband's bed.—
Heaven! lay not my transgression to my charge.
Thou[5] art the issue of my dear offence,

[1] The Danish giant, whom Guy of Warwick discomfited in the presence of King Athelstan. [2] An old name given to a sparrow. [3] Could he get me: in f. e. [4] A braggadocio character in Soliman and Persida, a play of the time. He is often alluded to by old writers. [5] Folio: That.

Which was so strongly urg'd, past my defence.
Bast. Now, by this light, were I to get again,
Madam, I would not wish a better father.
Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,
And so doth yours; your fault was not your folly:
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,
Subjected tribute to commanding love,
Against whose fury and unmatched force
The aweless lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.
He, that perforce robs lions of their hearts,
May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,
With all my heart I thank thee for my father.
Who lives, and dares but say thou didst not well
When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.
Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin;
And they shall say, when Richard me begot,
If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin:
Who says it was, he lies: I say, 't was not.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—France. Before the Walls of Angiers.

Enter, on one side, the Archduke of AUSTRIA, *and Forces; on the other,* PHILIP, *King of France, and Forces;* LEWIS, CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, *and Attendants*

Lew. Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.—
Arthur, that great fore-runner of thy blood,
Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,
And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
By this brave duke came early to his grave:
And, for amends to his posterity,
At our importance[1] hither is he come,
To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf;
And to rebuke the usurpation
Of thy unnatural uncle, English John:
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.
Arth. God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's death
The rather, that you give his offspring life,

[1] *Importunity.*

Shadowing his right under your wings of war.
I give you welcome with a powerless hand,
But with a heart full of unstrained[1] love:
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

Lew. A noble boy! Who would not do thee right?

Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
As seal to this indenture of my love;
That to my home I will no more return,
Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,
Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
And coops from other lands her islanders,
Even till that England, hedg'd in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign purposes,
Even till that utmost corner of the west
Salute thee for her king: till then, fair boy,
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Const. O! take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength,
To make a more requital to your love.

Aust. The peace of heaven is theirs, that lift their swords
In such a just and charitable war.

K. Phi. Well then, to work. Our cannon shall be bent
Against the brows of this resisting town:—
Call for our chiefest men of discipline,
To cull the plots of best advantages.
We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,
But we will make it subject to this boy.

Const. Stay for an answer to your embassy,
Lest unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood.
My lord Chatillon may from England bring
That right in peace which here we urge in war;
And then we shall repent each drop of blood,
That hot rash haste so indiscreetly[2] shed.

Enter CHATILLON.

K. Phi. A wonder, lady!—lo, upon thy wish,
Our messenger, Chatillon, is arriv'd.—
What England says, say briefly, gentle lord;
We coldly pause for thee: Chatillon, speak.

Chat. Then turn your forces from this paltry siege,

[1] unstained: in f. e. [2] indirectly: in f. e.

And stir them up against a mightier task.
England, impatient of your just demands,
Hath put himself in arms: the adverse winds,
Whose leisure I have stay'd, have given him time
To land his legions all as soon as I.
His marches are expedient[1] to this town;
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
With him along is come the mother-queen,
As[2] Até stirring him to blood and strife:
With her her niece, the lady Blanch of Spain;
With them a bastard of the king's deceased,
And all th' unsettled humours of the land:
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens,
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,
Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence and scath in Christendom.
[*Drums heard*
The interruption of their churlish drums
Cuts off more circumstance; they are at hand,
To parley, or to fight; therefore, prepare.

K. Phi. How much unlook'd for is this expedition!

Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake endeavour for defence,
For courage mounteth with occasion:
Let them be welcome, then; we are prepared.

Enter King JOHN, ELINOR, BLANCH, *the Bastard*, PEMBROKE, *and Forces.*

K. John. Peace be to France, if France in peace permit
Our just and lineal entrance to our own:
If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven;
Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beats his peace to heaven.

K. Phi. Peace be to England, if that war return
From France to England, there to live in peace.
England we love; and, for that England's sake,
With burden of our armour here we sweat.
This toil of ours should be a work of thine;

[1] *Expeditious.* [2] An: in f. e.

But thou from loving England art so far,
That thou hast under-wrought her lawful king,
Cut off the sequence of posterity,
Outfaced infant state, and done a rape
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face:
[*Pointing to Arthur.*[1]
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his:
This little abstract doth contain that large,
Which died in Geffrey, and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.
That Geffrey was thy elder brother born,
And this his son: England was Geffrey's right,
And this is Geffrey's.[2] In the name of God,
How comes it, then, that thou art call'd a king,
When living blood doth in these temples beat,
Which owe the crown that thou o'ermasterest?

K. John. From whom hast thou this great commission, France,
To draw my answer from thy articles?

K. Phi. From that supernal Judge, that stirs good thoughts
In any breast of strong authority,
To look into the blots and stains of right.
That Judge hath made me guardian to this boy;
Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong,
And by whose help I mean to chastise it.

K. John. Alack! thou dost usurp authority.

K. Phi. Excuse: it is to beat usurping down.

Eli. Who is it, thou dost call usurper, France?

Const. Let me make answer:—thy usurping son.

Eli. Out, insolent! thy bastard shall be king,
That thou may'st be a queen, and check the world!

Const. My bed was ever to thy son as true,
As thine was to thy husband, and this boy
Liker in feature to his father Geffrey,
Than thou and John, in manners being as like,
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.
My boy a bastard! By my soul, I think,
His father never was so true begot:
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.

Eli. There 's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.

[1] Not in f. e. [2] The old copies continue the sentence to the end of the line

Const. There 's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.
Aust. Peace!
Bast. Hear the crier.
Aust. What the devil art thou?
Bast. One that will play the devil, sir, with you,
An 'a may catch your hide and you alone.
You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard.
I 'll smoke your skin-coat, and I catch you right:
Sirrah, look to't; i' faith, I will, i' faith.
Blanch. O! well did he become that lion's robe,
That did disrobe the lion of that robe.
Bast. It lies as sightly on the back of him,
As great Alcides' shoes upon an ass.—
But, ass, I 'll take that burden from your back,
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack.
Aust. What cracker is this same, that deafs our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath?
K. Phi. Lewis, determine what we shall do straight.[1]
Lew. Women and fools, break off your conference.—
King John, this is the very sum of all:
England, and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee.
Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms?
K. John. My life as soon: I do defy thee, France.—
Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand,
And out of my dear love I 'll give thee more,
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win:
Submit thee, boy.
Eli. Come to thy grandam, child.
Const. Do, child, go to it' grandam, child:
Give grandam kingdom, and it' grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig:
There 's a good grandam.
Arth. Good my mother, peace!
I would that I were low laid in my grave: [*Weeping.*[2]
I am not worth this coil that 's made for me.
Eli. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.
Const. Now shame upon you, whe'r she does, or no!
His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,
Draw those heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee:

[1] This line is given to AUSTRIA, in the folio. [2] Not in f. e.

Ay, with these crystal beads shall heaven be brib'd
To do him justice, and revenge on you.
Eli. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth!
Const. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth!
Call not me slanderer: thou, and thine, usurp
The dominations, royalties, and rights,
Of this oppressed boy,[1] thy eld'st son's son,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee:
Thy sins are visited on this poor child;
The canon of the law is laid on him,
Being but the second generation
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.
K. John. Bedlam, have done.
Const. I have but this to say,—
That he is not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her, the plague
On this removed issue, plagu'd for her,
And with her plague her sin: his injury
Her injury the beadle to her sin,
All punish'd in the person of this child,
And all for her, a plague upon her!
Eli. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce
A will, that bars the title of thy son.
Const. Ay, who doubts that? a will! a wicked will;
A woman's will: a canker'd grandam's will!
K. Phi. Peace, lady! pause, or be more temperate.
It ill beseems this presence, to cry aim[2]
To these ill-tuned repetitions.—
Some trumpet summon hither to the walls
These men of Angiers: let us hear them speak,
Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.
Trumpets sound. Enter Citizens upon the walls.
Cit. Who is it, that hath warn'd[3] us to the walls?
K. Phi. 'T is France, for England.
K. John. England, for itself.
You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,—
K. Phi. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,
Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.
K John. For our advantage; therefore, hear us first.—
These flags of France, that are advanced here
Before the eye and prospect of your town,
Have hither march'd to your endamagement:

[1] f. e. insert: *This is.* [2] Give the word, *to take aim* [3] *Summon'd.*

The cannons have their bowels full of wrath,
And ready mounted are they, to spit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls:
All preparation for a bloody siege,
And merciless proceeding by these French,
Come 'fore[1] your city's eyes, your winking gates;
And, but for our approach, those sleeping stones,
That as a waist do girdle you about,
By the compulsion of their ordnance
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had been dishabited, and wide havoc made
For bloody power to rush upon your peace.
But, on the sight of us, your lawful king,
Who painfully, with much expedient march,
Have brought a countercheck before your gates,
To save unscratch'd your city's threaten'd cheeks,
Behold, the French amaz'd vouchsafe a parle;
And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,
To make a shaking fever in your walls,
They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,
To make a faithless error in your ears:
Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,
And let us in, your king; whose labour'd spirits,
Forwearied in this action of swift speed,
Crave harbourage within your city walls.

K. Phi. When I have said, make answer to us both
Lo! in this right hand, whose protection
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet,
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And king o'er him, and all that he enjoys.
For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march these greens before your town;
Being no farther enemy to you,
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal,
In the relief of this oppressed child,
Religiously provokes. Be pleased, then,
To pay that duty which you truly owe,
To him that owes[2] it, namely, this young prince;
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
Save in aspect, have all offence seal'd up:
Our cannon's malice vainly shall be spent
Against th' invulnerable clouds of heaven;

[1] Comfort: in f. e. [2] *Owns*

And with a blessed and unvex'd retire,
With unhack'd swords, and helmets all unbruis'd,
We will bear home that lusty blood again,
Which here we came to spout against your town,
And leave your children, wives, and you, in peace.
But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,
'T is not the roundure[1] of your old-fac'd walls
Can hide you from our messengers of war,
Though all these English, and their discipline,
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.
Then, tell us; shall your city call us lord,
In that behalf which we have challeng'd it,
Or shall we give the signal to our rage,
And stalk in blood to our possession?

Cit. In brief, we are the king of England's subjects:
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

K. John. Acknowledge then the king, and let me in.

Cit. That can we not: but he that proves the king,
To him will we prove loyal: till that time,
Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

K. John. Doth not the crown of England prove the king?
And, if not that, I bring you witnesses,
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed.—

Bast. Bastards, and else. [*Aside.*[2]

K. John. To verify our title with their lives.

K. Phi. As many, and as well-born bloods as those,—

Bast. Some bastards, too. [*Aside.*[3]

K. Phi. Stand in his face to contradict his claim.

Cit. Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
We for the worthiest hold the right from both.

K. John. Then God forgive the sins of all those souls,
That to their everlasting residence
Before the dew of evening fall shall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!

K. Phi. Amen, Amen.—Mount, chevaliers! to arms!

Bast. St. George, that swing'd the dragon, and e'er since,
Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door,
Teach us some fence! [*To* AUSTRIA.] Sirrah, were I at home,
At your den, sirrah, with your lioness,
I would set an ox-head to your lion's hide,
And make a monster of you.

[1] Folio: *rounder.* [2] [3] Not in f. e

Aust. Peace! no more.
Bast. O! tremble, for you hear the lion roar.
K. John. Up higher to the plain; where we'll set forth
In best appointment all our regiments.
Bast. Speed, then, to take advantage of the field.
K. Phi. It shall be so;—[*To* LEWIS.] and at the other hill
Command the rest to stand.—God and our right!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Same.

Alarums and Excursions; then a Retreat. Enter a French Herald, with trumpets, to the gates.

F. Her. You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
And let young Arthur, duke of Bretagne, in,
Who by the hand of France this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother,
Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding ground:
Many a widow's husband grovelling lies,
Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth,
And victory, with little loss, doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French,
Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,
To enter conquerors, and to proclaim
Arthur of Bretagne, England's king, and yours.

Enter an English Herald, with trumpets.

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells
King John, your king and England's, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day.
Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright,
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood.
There stuck no plume in any English crest,
That is remov'd by any staff of France:
Our colours do return in those same hands,
That did display them when we first march'd forth;
And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
Dyed in the dying slaughter of their foes.
Open your gates, and give the victors way.
Cit.[1] Heralds, from off our towers we might behold,
From first to last, the onset and retire

[1] The folio gives this and the other speeches with the prefix *Cit.* to HUBERT.

Of both your armies; whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censured;
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd blows,
Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted power:
Both are alike; and both alike we like.
One must prove greatest: while they weigh so even,
We hold our town for neither, yet for both.

Enter, at one side, King JOHN, *with his power,* ELINOR, BLANCH, *and the Bastard; at the other, King* PHILIP, LEWIS, AUSTRIA, *and forces.*

K. John. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?
Say, shall the current of our right roam on?
Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel, and o'er-swell
With course disturb'd even thy confining shores,
Unless thou let his silver waters keep
A peaceful progress to the ocean.

K. Phi. England, thou hast not sav'd one drop of blood,
In this hot trial, more than we of France;
Rather, lost more: and by this hand I swear,
That sways the earth this climate overlooks,
Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,
We 'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we bear,
Or add a royal number to the dead,
Gracing the scroll, that tells of this war's loss,
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Bast. Ha! majesty, how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire.
O! now doth death line his dead chaps with steel;
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;
And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men,
In undetermin'd differences of kings.—
Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?
Cry, havock, kings! back to the stained field,
You equal potent, fire-ykindled spirits!
Then let confusion of one part confirm
The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and death!

K. John. Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?

K. Phi. Speak, citizens, for England who 's your king?

Cit. The king of England, when we know the king.

K. Phi. Know him in us, that here hold up his right.

K. John In us, that are our own great deputy,
And bear procession of our person here;
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.
Cit. A greater power than we denies all this;
And, till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates,
Kings of our fear; until our fear, resolv'd,
Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.
Bast. By heaven, these scroyles[1] of Angiers flout you, kings,
And stand securely on their battlements,
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.
Your royal presences be rul'd by me:
Do like the mutines[2] of Jerusalem,
Be friends awhile, and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town.
By east and west let France and England mount
Their battering cannon, charg'd to the mouths,
Till their soul-fearing clamours have brawl'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:
I 'd play incessantly upon these jades,
Even till unfenced desolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
That done, dissever your united strengths,
And part your mingled colours once again:
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point;
Then, in a moment, fortune shall cull forth
Out of one side her happy minion,
To whom in favour she shall give the day,
And kiss him with a glorious victory.
How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?
Smacks it not something of the policy?
K. John. Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads,
I like it well.—France, shall we knit our powers,
And lay this Angiers even with the ground,
Then, after, fight who shall be king of it?
Bast. An if thou hast the mettle of a king,
Being wrong'd as we are by this peevish town,
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, against these saucy walls;
And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,

[1] Fr. *escrouilles*, scabs. [2] The mutineers or factions during the siege by Titus.

Why, then defy each other, and pell-mell,
Make work upon ourselves for heaven, or hell.
K. Phi. Let it be so.—Say, where will you assault
K. John. We from the west will send destruction
Into this city's bosom.
Aust. I from the north.
K. Phi. Our thunder from the south,
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.
Bast. O, prudent discipline! From north to south,
Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth.
[*Aside*
I 'll stir them to it.—Come, away, away!
Cit. Hear us, great kings: vouchsafe a while to stay,
And I shall show you peace, and fair-fac'd league;
Win you this city without stroke, or wound;
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come sacrifices for the field.
Persever not, but hear me, mighty kings.
K. John. Speak on, with favour: we are bent to hear.
Cit. That daughter there of Spain, the lady Blanch
Is niece[1] to England: look upon the years
Of Lewis the Dauphin, and that lovely maid.
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than lady Blanch?
Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young Dauphin every way complete:
If not complete of,[2] say, he is not she;
And she again wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not, that she is not he:
He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such a[3] she;
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
O! two such silver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in;
And two such shores to two such streams made one.
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,
To these two princes, if you marry them.
This union shall do more than battery can

[1] near: in f. e. [2] Complete in the qualities. [3] as: in f. e

To our fast-closed gates; for, at this match,
With swifter spleen than powder can enforce,
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
And give you entrance; but, without this match
The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
More free from motion: no, not death himself
In mortal fury half so peremptory,
As we to keep this city.

Bast. Here 's a stay,
That shakes the rotten carcase of old death
Out of his rags! Here 's a large mouth, indeed,
That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and seas;
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs.
What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?
He speaks plain cannon-fire, and smoke, and bounce;
He gives the bastinado with his tongue:
Our ears are cudgell'd; not a word of his,
But buffets better than a fist of France.
Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with words,
Since I first call'd my brother's father dad.

Eli. Son, list to this conjunction; make this match;
Give with our niece a dowry large enough,
For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie
Thy now unsur'd assurance to the crown,
That yond' green boy shall have no sun to ripe
The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.
I see a yielding in the looks of France;
Mark, how they whisper: urge them while their souls
Are capable of this ambition,
Lest zeal, now melted by the windy breath
Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.

Cit. Why answer not the double majestics
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?

K. Phi. Speak England first, that hath been forward first
To speak unto this city: what say you?

K. John. If that the Dauphin there, thy princely son
Can in this book of beauty read, I love,
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen:
For Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poictiers,
And all that we upon this side the sea,

(Except this city now by us besieg'd)
Find liable to our crown and dignity,
Shall gild her bridal bed, and make her rich
In titles, honours, and promotions,
As she in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any princess of the world. [face.

K. Phi. What say'st thou, boy? look in the lady's

Lew. I do, my lord; and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The shadow of myself form'd in her eye,
Which, being but the shadow of your son,
Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow.
I do protest, I 've never lov'd myself,
Till now infixed I behold myself
Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.

[*Whispers with* BLANCH.

Bast. Drawn in the flattering table of her eye,
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow,
And quarter'd in her heart, he doth espy
Himself love's traitor: this is pity now,
That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there should be,
In such a love, so vile a lout as he.

Blanch. My uncle's will in this respect is mine:
If he see aught in you, that makes him like,
That any thing he sees, which moves his liking,
I can with ease translate it to my will;
Or if you will, to speak more properly,
I will enforce it easily to my love.
Farther I will not flatter you, my lord,
That all I see in you is worthy love,
Than this,—that nothing do I see in you,
Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your judge,
That I can find should merit any hate.

K. John. What say these young ones? What say you, my niece?

Blanch. That she is bound in honour still to do
What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.

K. John. Speak then, prince Dauphin: can you love this lady?

Lew. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love,
For I do love her most unfeignedly.

K. John. Then do I give Volquessen, Touraine, Maine, Poictiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,

With her to thee; and this addition more,
Full thirty thousand marks of English coin.—
Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal,
Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

K. Phi. It likes us well.—Young princes, close your hands. [*They join hands.*[1]

Aust. And your lips too; for, I am well-assur'd,
That I did so, when I was first assur'd[2].

K. Phi. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,
Let in that amity which you have made;
For at saint Mary's chapel presently
The rites of marriage shall be solemniz'd.—
Is not the lady Constance in this troop?
I know, she is not; for this match, made up,
Her presence would have interrupted much.
Where is she and her son? tell me, who knows.

Lew. She is sad and passionate at your highness' tent.

K. Phi. And, by my faith, this league, that we have made,
Will give her sadness very little cure.—
Brother of England, how may we content
This widow'd lady? In her right we came,
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,
To our own vantage.

K. John. We will heal up all;
For we 'll create young Arthur duke of Bretagne,
And earl of Richmond, and this rich fair town
We make him lord of.—Call the lady Constance:
Some speedy messenger bid her repair
To our solemnity.—I trust we shall,
If not fill up the measure of her will,
Yet in some measure satisfy her so,
That we shall stop her exclamation.
Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
To this unlook'd for, unprepared pomp.

[*Exeunt all but the Bastard.—The Citizens retire from the walls.*

Bast. Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!
John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part;
And France, whose armour conscience buckled on,
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,
As God's own soldier, rounded[3] in the ear
With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil,

[1] Not in f. e. [2] *Betrothed.* [3] *Whispered.*

That broker that still breaks the pate of faith,
That daily break-vow, he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,—
Who having no external thing to lose
But the word maid,—cheats the poor maid of that;
That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling commodity,—
Commodity, the bias of the world;
The world, who of itself is poised well,
Made to run even, upon even ground,
Till this advantage, this vile drawing bias,
This sway of motion, this commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent:
And this same bias, this commodity,
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aim[1],
From a resolv'd and honourable war,
To a most base and vile-concluded peace.
And why rail I on this commodity?
But for because he hath not woo'd me yet:
Not that I have no[2] power to clutch my hand,
When his fair angels would salute my palm;
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
And say, there is no sin, but to be rich;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
To say, there is no vice but beggary.
Since kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my lord, for I will worship thee. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The Same. The French King's Tent.

Enter CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, *and* SALISBURY.

Const. Gone to be married? gone to swear a peace?
False blood to false blood join'd! Gone to be friends?
Shall Lewis have Blanch, and Blanch those provinces?
It is not so; thou hast misspoke, misheard:

[1] aid: in f. e. [2] the: in f. e.

Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again:
It cannot be; thou dost but say 't is so.
I trust, I may not trust thee, for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man:
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man:
I have a king's oath to the contrary.
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frighting me,
For I am sick, and capable of fears;
Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;
A woman, naturally born to fears;
And though thou now confess, thou didst but jest,
With my vex'd spirits, I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
What means that hand upon that breast of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?
Then speak again; not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true, as, I believe, you think them false,
That give you cause to prove my saying true.

Const. O! if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die;
And let belief and life encounter so,
As doth the fury of two desperate men,
Which in the very meeting fall, and die.—
Lewis marry Blanch! O, boy! then where art thou?
France friend with England! what becomes of me?—
Fellow, be gone; I cannot brook thy sight:
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

Sal. What other harm have I, good lady, done,
But spoke the harm that is by others done?

Const. Which harm within itself so heinous is,
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

Arth. I do beseech you, madam, be content.

Const. If thou, that bidd'st me be content, wert grim,
Ugly, and slanderous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blots, unsightly[1] stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,

[1] and sightless: in f. e.

Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content;
For then I should not love thee; no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.
But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy,
Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great:
Of nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast,
And with the half-blown rose. But fortune, O!
She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee:
Sh' adulterates hourly with thine uncle John;
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.
France is a bawd to fortune, and king John;
That strumpet fortune, that usurping John!—
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?
Envenom him with words, or get thee gone,
And leave those woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to under-bear.

Sal. Pardon me, madam,
I may not go without you to the kings.

Const. Thou may'st, thou shalt: I will not go with thee.
I will instruct my sorrows to be proud,
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stoop.
To me, and to the state of my great grief,
Let kings assemble; for my grief 's so great,
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: here I and sorrows sit;
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.
[*She sits on the ground*

Enter King JOHN, *King* PHILIP, LEWIS, BLANCH, ELINOR, *Bastard*, AUSTRIA, *and Attendants.*

K. Phi. 'T is true, fair daughter; and this blessed day,
Ever in France shall be kept festival:
To solemnize this day, the glorious sun
Stays in his course, and plays the alchymist,
Turning, with splendour of his precious eye,
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold:
The yearly course, that brings this day about,
Shall never see it but a holyday.

Const. A wicked day, and not a holy day! [*Rising.*
What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done,
That it in golden letters should be set,

Among the high tides, in the calendar?
Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week;
This day of shame, oppression, perjury:
Or if it must stand still, let wives with child
Pray, that their burdens may not fall this day,
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd:
But on[1] this day, let seamen fear no wreck;
No bargains break, that are not this day made;
This day all things begun come to ill end;
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

K. Phi. By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
To curse the fair proceedings of this day.
Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty?

Const. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit,
Resembling majesty, which, being touch'd and tried,
Proves valueless. You are forsworn, forsworn;
You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours:
The grappling vigour, and rough frown of war,
Is cold in amity and faint in[2] peace.
And our oppression hath made up this league.—
Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjur'd kings!
A widow cries: be husband to me, heavens!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sunset,
Set armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd kings!
Hear me! O, hear me!

Aust. Lady Constance, peace!

Const. War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war.
O, Lymoges! O, Austria! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil: thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward;
Thou little valiant, great in villainy!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety! thou art perjur'd too,
And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool, to brag, and stamp, and swear,
Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
Been sworn my soldier? bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?

[1] *Except* on. [2] painted: in f. e.

And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.
Aust. O, that a man should speak those words to me!
Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.
Aust. Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.
Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.
K. John. We like not this: thou dost forget thyself

Enter PANDULPH.

K. Phi. Here comes the holy legate of the pope.
Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven.
To thee, king John, my holy errand is.
I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,
And from Pope Innocent the legate here,
Do in his name religiously demand,
Why thou against the church, our holy mother,
So wilfully dost spurn; and, force perforce,
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop
Of Canterbury, from that holy see?
This, in our 'foresaid holy father's name,
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.
K. John. What earthly name to interrogatories
Can task the free breath of a sacred king?
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the pope.
Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England,
Add thus much more,—that no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;
But as we under heaven are supreme head,
So, under heaven,[1] that great supremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without th' assistance of a mortal hand.
So tell the pope; all reverence set apart
To him, and his usurp'd authority.
K. Phi. Brother of England, you blaspheme in this
K. John. Though you, and all the kings of Christendom,
Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out,
And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who, in that sale, sells pardon from himself;

[1] him: in f. e.

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Though you, and all the rest, so grossly led,
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish,
Yet I, alone, alone do me oppose
Against the pope, and count his friends my foes.
Pand. Then, by the lawful power that I have,
Thou shalt stand curs'd, and excommunicate:
And blessed shall he be, that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretic;
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canonized, and worshipp'd as a saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life.
Const. O! lawful let it be,
That I have room with Rome to curse awhile.
Good father Cardinal, cry thou amen
To my keen curses; for without my wrong
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.
Pand. There 's law and warrant, lady, for my curse
Const. And for mine too: when law can do no right.
Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong.
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here,
For he that holds his kingdom holds the law:
Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?
Pand. Philip of France, on peril of a curse,
Let go the hand of that arch-heretic,
And raise the power of France upon his head,
Unless he do submit himself to Rome.
Eli. Look'st thou pale, France? do not let go thy hand.
Const. Look to that, devil, lest that France repent,
And by disjoining hands hell lose a soul.
Aust. King Philip, listen to the cardinal.
Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs
Aust. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs
Because—
Bast. Your breeches best may carry them.
K. John. Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal?
Const. What should he say, but as the cardinal?
Lew. Bethink you, father; for the difference
Is purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,
Or the light loss of England for a friend:
Forego the easier.
Blanch. That 's the curse of Rome.

Const. O Lewis, stand fast! the devil tempts thee here,
In likeness of a new uptrimmed[1] bride.
Blanch. The lady Constance speaks not from her faith,
But from her need.
Const. O! if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need must needs infer this principle,
That faith would live again by death of need:
O! then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up;
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.
K. John. The king is mov'd, and answers not to this.
Const. O! be remov'd from him, and answer well.
Aust. Do so, King Philip: hang no more in doubt.
Bast. Hang nothing but a calf's skin, most sweet lout.
K. Phi. I am perplex'd, and know not what to say.
Pand. What canst thou say, but will perplex thee more,
If thou stand excommunicate, and curs'd?
K. Phi. Good reverend father, make my person yours,
And tell me how you would bestow yourself.
This royal hand and mine are newly knit,
And the conjunction of our inward souls
Married in league, coupled and link'd together
With all religious strength of sacred vows;
The latest breath that gave the sound of words,
Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love,
Between our kingdoms, and our royal selves;
And even before this truce, but new before,
No longer than we well could wash our hands,
To clap this royal bargain up of peace,
Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and overstain'd
With slaughter's pencil; where revenge did paint
The fearful difference of incensed kings:
And shall these hands, so lately purg'd of blood,
So newly join'd in love, so strong in both,
Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regreet!
Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with heaven,
Make such unconstant children of ourselves,
As now again to snatch our palm from palm;
Unswear faith sworn; and on the marriage bed
Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,
And make a riot on the gentle brow

[1]untrimmed: in f. e.; which Dyce defines, *virgin*

Of true sincerity? O! holy sir,
My reverend father, let it not be so:
Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
Some gentle order, and then we shall be bless'd
To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

Pand. All form is formless, order orderless,
Save what is opposite to England's love.
Therefore, to arms! be champion of our church,
Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,
A mother's curse, on her revolting son.
France, thou may'st hold a serpent by the tongue,
A caged[1] lion by the mortal paw,
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

K. Phi. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.

Pand. So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith;
And, like a civil war, set'st oath to oath,
Thy tongue against thy tongue. O! let thy vow
First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd;
That is, to be the champion of our church.
What since thou swor'st is sworn against thyself,
And may not be performed by thyself:
For that, which thou hast sworn to do amiss,
Is not amiss when it is truly done;
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then most done not doing it.
The better act of purposes mistook
Is to mistake again: though indirect,
Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
And falsehood falsehood cures; as fire cools fire
Within the scorched veins of one new burn'd.
It is religion that doth make vows kept,
But thou hast sworn against religion,
By what thou swear'st, against the thing thou swear'st
And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth,
Against an oath: the truth, thou art unsure
To swear, swears only not to be forsworn:
Else, what a mockery should it be to swear?
But thou dost swear only to be forsworn;
And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear
Therefore, thy later vows, against thy first,
Is in thyself rebellion to thyself;
And better conquest never canst thou make,

[1] cased: in f. e. Dyce suggests *chafed*.

Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
Against these giddy loose suggestions:
Upon which better part our prayers come in,
If thou vouchsafe them; but, if not, then know,
The peril of our curses lights on thee,
So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off,
But in despair die under their black weight.
Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion!
Bast. Will 't not be?
Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine?
Lew. Father, to arms!
Blanch. Upon thy wedding day?
Against the blood that thou hast married?
What! shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd men?
Shall braying trumpets, and loud churlish drums,
Clamours of hell, be measures to our pomp?
O husband, hear me!—ah, alack! how new
Is husband in my mouth!—even for that name,
Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,
Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms [*Kneeling.*
Against mine uncle.
Const. O! upon my knee, [*Kneeling.*
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom
Fore-thought by heaven.
Blanch. Now shall I see thy love. What motive may
Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?
Const. That which upholdeth him that thee upholds.
His honour. O! thine honour, Lewis, thine honour.
Lew. I muse, your majesty doth seem so cold,
When such profound respects do pull you on.
Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head.
K. Phi. Thou shalt not need.—England, I 'll fall
Const. O, fair return of banish'd majesty! [from thee.
Eli. O, foul revolt of French inconstancy!
K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour within
this hour.
Bast. Old Time the clock-setter, that bald sexton Time,
Is it as he will? well then, France shall rue.
Blanch. The sun 's o'ercast with blood: fair day,
Which is the side that I must go withal? [adieu!
I am with both: each army hath a hand,
And in their rage, I having hold of both,

[1] [2] Not in f. e

They whirl asunder, and dismember me.
Husband, I cannot pray that thou may'st win;
Uncle, I needs must pray that thou may'st lose;
Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;
Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive;
Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose;
Assured loss, before the match be play'd.

Lew. Lady, with me; with me thy fortune lies.

Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.

K. John. Cousin, go draw our puissance together.—
[*Exit Bastard.*
France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;
A rage, whose heat hath this condition,
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood, and dearest-valu'd blood of France.

K. Phi. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt turn
To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire.
Look to thyself: thou art in jeopardy.

K. John. No more than he that threats.—To arms let 's hie!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Same. Plains near Angiers.

Alarums, Excursions. Enter the Bastard with AUSTRIA'S *Head.*

Bast. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot,
Some fiery[1] devil hovers in the sky,
And pours down mischief. Austria's head, lie there,
While Philip breathes.

Enter King JOHN, ARTHUR, *and* HUBERT.

K. John. Hubert, keep this boy.—Philip, make up
My mother is assailed in our tent,
And ta'en, I fear.

Bast. My lord, I rescued her;
Her highness is in safety, fear you not:
But on, my liege; for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end.

[*Exeunt*

[1] airy: in f e.

SCENE III.—The Same.

Alarums; Excursions; Retreat. Enter King JOHN, ELINOR, ARTHUR, *the Bastard*, HUBERT, *and Lords.*

K. John. So shall it be; your grace shall stay behind, [*To* ELINOR
So strongly guarded.—Cousin, look not sad: [*To* ARTHUR.
Thy grandam loves thee, and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee as thy father was.

Arth. O! this will make my mother die with grief.

K. John. Cousin, [*To the Bastard.*] away for England: haste before;
And ere our coming, see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots; their[1] imprison'd angels
Set at liberty: the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry now be fed upon:
Use our commission in his utmost force.

Bast. Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back,
When gold and silver becks me to come on.
I leave your highness.—Grandam, I will pray
(If ever I remember to be holy,)
For your fair safety: so I kiss your hand.

Eli. Farewell, gentle cousin.

K. John. Coz, farewell. [*Exit Bastard.*

Eli. Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a word. [*She talks apart with* ARTHUR.[2]

K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O! my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much: within this wall of flesh
There is a soul counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love:
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.
Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—
But I will fit it with some better time.
By heaven, Hubert, I am almost asham'd
To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty. [yet;

K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so
But thou shalt have: and creep time ne'er so slow,
Yet it shall come, for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to say,—but let it go.
The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,

[1] This word not in f. e. [2] *She takes* ARTHUR *aside:* in f. e.

Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,
To give me audience:—if the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound on into the drowsy ear[1] of night:
If this same were a churchyard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;
Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thick,
(Which, else, runs tingling[2] up and down the veins,
Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
A passion hateful to my purposes,)
Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words,
Then, in despite of the[3] broad[4] watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts.
But ah! I will not:—yet I love thee well;
And, by my troth, I think, thou lov'st me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
By heaven, I would do it.

K. John. Do not I know, thou wouldst?
Good Hubert! Hubert—Hubert, throw thine eye
On yond' young boy: I 'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way;
And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me. Dost thou understand me?
Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I 'll keep him so,
That he shall not offend your majesty.

K. John. Death.

Hub. My lord?

K. John. A grave.

Hub. He shall not live.

K. John. Enough.
I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee;
Well, I 'll not say what I intend for thee:
Remember.—Madam, fare you well:
I 'll send those powers o'er to your majesty

[1] race: in f. e. [2] tickling< in f. e. [3] This word is not in f. e. [4] brocded: in f. e

Eli. My blessing go with thee!
K. John. For England, cousin: go.
Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
With all true duty.—On towards Calais, ho! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—The Same. The French King's Tent.

Enter King PHILIP, LEWIS, PANDULPH, *and Attendants.*

K. Phi. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,
A whole armado of convented[1] sail
Is scatter'd, and disjoin'd from fellowship.
Pand. Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well.
K. Phi. What can go well, when we have run so ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?
Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?
And bloody England into England gone,
O'erbearing interruption, spite of France?
Lew. What he hath won, that hath he fortified:
So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd,
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,
Doth want example. Who hath read, or heard,
Of any kindred action like to this?
K. Phi. Well could I bear that England had this praise,
So we could find some pattern of our shame.

Enter CONSTANCE.

Look, who comes here? a grave unto a soul;
Holding th' eternal spirit, against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath.—
I pr'ythee, lady, go away with me.
Const. Lo now; now see the issue of your peace!
K. Phi. Patience, good lady: comfort, gentle Constance.
Const. No, I defy all counsel, all redress,
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
Death, death.—O, amiable lovely death!
Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!
Arise from forth the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiss thy detestable bones;
And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows;
And ring these fingers with thy household worms;
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,
And be a carrion monster like thyself:
Come, grin on me; and I will think thou smil'st,

[1] convicted: in f. e.

And buss thee as thy wife! Misery's love,
O, come to me!

K. Phi. O, fair affliction, peace!

Const. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry.—
O! that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth;
Then with what[1] passion I would shake the world,
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy,
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
Which scorns a widow's[2] invocation.

Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

Const. Thou art not holy to belie me so.
I am not mad: this hair I tear, is mine;
My name is Constance; I was Geffrey's wife;
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost!
I am not mad:—I would to heaven, I were;
For then, 't is like I should forget myself:
O, if I could, what grief should I forget!—
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be canoniz'd, cardinal;
For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myself:
If I were mad, I should forget my son,
Or madly think a babe of clouts were he.
I am not mad: too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity.

K. Phi. Bind up those tresses. O! what love I note
In the fair multitude of those her hairs!
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,
Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends
Do glue themselves in sociable grief;
Like true, inseparable, faithful lovers,
Sticking together in calamity.

Const. To England, if you will.

K. Phi. Bind up your hairs.

Const. Yes, that I will; and wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their bonds, and cried aloud,
"O, that these hands could so redeem my son,
As they have given these hairs their liberty!"
But now, I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds,
Because my poor child is a prisoner.—

[1] a: in f. e. [2] modern: in f. e.

And, father cardinal, I have heard you say,
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven
If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
For, since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature born.
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost,
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit,
And so he 'll die; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven,
I shall not know him: therefore never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

Const. He talks to me, that never had a son.

K. Phi. You are as fond of grief, as of your child.

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form:
Then, have I reason to be fond of grief.
Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.—
I will not keep this form upon my head,
[*Tearing her hair.*
When there is such disorder in my wit.
O lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world,
My widow-comfort, and my sorrow's cure! [*Exit.*

K. Phi. I fear some outrage, and I 'll follow her.
[*Exit.*

Lew. There 's nothing in this world can make me joy:
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;
And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's taste
That it yields nought, but shame, and bitterness.

Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest: evils that take leave,
On their departure most of all show evil.
What have you lost by losing of this day?

[1] Not in f. e.

Lew. All days of glory, joy, and happiness.
Pand. If you had won it, certainly, you had.
No, no: when fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.
'T is strange, to think how much king John hath lost
In this which he accounts so clearly won.
Are not you griev'd that Arthur is his prisoner?
Lew. As heartily, as he is glad he hath him.
Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
Now hear me speak with a prophetic spirit;
For even the breath of what I mean to speak
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,
Out of the path which shall directly lead
Thy foot to England's throne; and therefore mark.
John hath seiz'd Arthur; and it cannot be,
That whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The misplac'd John should entertain one hour,
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest.
A sceptre, snatch'd with an unruly hand,
Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd;
And he, that stands upon a slippery place,
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up:
That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall,
So be it, for it cannot be but so.
Lew. But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall?
Pand. You, in the right of lady Blanch your wife,
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.
Lew. And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.
Pand. How green you are, and fresh in this old world!
John lays you plots; the times conspire with you,
For he that steeps his safety in true blood
Shall find but bloody safety, and untrue.
This act, so evilly born, shall cool the hearts
Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal,
That none so small advantage shall step forth
To check his reign, but they will cherish it:
No natural exhalation in the sky,
No scape[1] of nature, no distemper'd day,
No common wind, no customed event,
But they will pluck away his natural cause,
And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,
Abortives, presages, and tongues of heaven,

[1] scope: in f. e.

Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

Lew. May be, he will not touch young Arthur's life,
But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

Pand. O! sir, when he shall hear of your approach,
If that young Arthur be not gone already,
Even at that news he dies; and then the hearts
Of all his people shall revolt from him,
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change;
And pick strong matter of revolt, and wrath,
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.
Methinks, I see this hurly all on foot:
And, O! what better matter breeds for you,
Than I have nam'd.—The bastard Faulconbridge
Is now in England ransacking the church,
Offending charity: if but a dozen French
Were there in arms, they would be as a call
To train ten thousand English to their side;
Or as a little snow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain. O, noble Dauphin!
Go with me to the king. 'T is wonderful,
What may be wrought out of their discontent.
Now that their souls are topfull of offence,
For England go; I will whet on the king.

Lew. Strong reasons make strong actions. Let us go:
If you say, ay, the king will not say, no. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Northampton. A Room in the Castle.

Enter HUBERT *and two Attendants.*

Hub. Heat me these irons hot; and, look thou stand
Within the arras: when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
Fast to the chair: be heedful. Hence, and watch.

1 *Attend.* I hope, your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples: fear not you: look to 't.—
[*Exeunt Attendants.*
Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arth Good morrow, Hubert.
Hub. Good morrow, little prince.
Arth. As little prince (having so great a title
To be more prince,) as may be.—You are sad.
Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.
Arth. Mercy on me!
Methinks, no body should be sad but I:
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be merry as the day is long;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practises more harm to me:
He is afraid of me, and I of him.
Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's son?
No, indeed, is 't not; and I would to heaven,
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.
Hub. [*Aside.*] If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:
Therefore I will be sudden, and dispatch.
Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day,
In sooth, I would you were a little sick;
That I might sit all night, and watch with you:
I warrant, I love you more than you do me.
Hub. [*Aside.*] His words do take possession of my bosom.—
Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*]
[*Aside.*] How now, foolish rheum!
Turning dispiteous torture out of door?
I must be brief; lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears.—
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?
Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect.
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?
Hub. Young boy, I must.
Arth. And will you?
Hub. And I will.
Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me,)
And I did never ask it you again:
And with my hand at midnight held your head,

And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,
Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your grief?
Or, What good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning: do, an if you will.
If heaven be pleas'd that you will use me ill,
Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes, that never did, nor never shall
So much as frown on you?

Hub. I have sworn to do it,
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah! none but in this iron age would do it.
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes would drink my tears,
And quench this[1] fiery indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence:
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?
An if an angel should have come to me,
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believ'd him; no tongue but Hubert's.

Hub. Come forth. [*Stamps.*

Re-enter Attendants, with Cord, Irons, &c.

Do as I bid you do.

Arth. O! save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out,
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.
[*Taking it*[2]

Arth. Alas! what need you be so boisterous-rough?
I will not struggle; I will stand stone-still.
For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound.
Nay, hear me, Hubert: drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angerly.
Thrust but these men away, and I 'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within: let me alone with him.

[1] So the folio; most eds. read: his. [2] Not in f. e.

1 *Attend.* I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed.
[*Exeunt Attendants*
Arth. Alas! I then have chid away my friend;
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart,—
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.
Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.
Arth. Is there no remedy?
Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.
Arth. O heaven!—that there were but a mote in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then, feeling what small things are boisterous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.
Hub. Is this your promise? go to; hold your tongue
Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert:
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes. O! spare mine eyes;
Though to no use, but still to look on you.
Lo! by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.
Hub. I can heat it, boy.
Arth. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be us'd
In undeserv'd extremes: see else yourself;
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.
Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.
Arth. And if you do, you will but make it blush,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:
Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes;
And like a dog that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre[1] him on
All things that you should use to do me wrong,
Deny their office: only you do lack
That mercy, which fierce fire, and iron, extend,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.
Hub. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eyes
For all the treasures that thine uncle owes:

[1] *Excite.*

Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.
Arth. O! now you look like Hubert: all this while
You were disguised.
Hub. Peace! no more. Adieu.
Your uncle must not know but you are dead:
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports;
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,
That Hubert for the wealth of all the world
Will not offend thee.
Arth. O heaven!—I thank you, Hubert.
Hub. Silence! no more. Go closely in with me;
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Same. A Room of State in the Palace.

Enter King JOHN, *crowned;* PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, *and other Lords. The King takes his State.*

K. John. Here once again we sit, once again crown'd,
And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.
Pem. This once again, but that your highness pleas'd,
Was once superfluous: you were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off;
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt,
Fresh expectation troubled not the land,
With any long'd-for change, or better state.
Sal. Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,
To guard[1] a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.
Pem. But that your royal pleasure must be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new told,
And in the last repeating troublesome,
Being urged at a time unseasonable.
Sal. In this, the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured;
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about,
Startles and frights consideration,

[1] *Ornament.*

Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

Pem. When workmen strive to do better than well,
They do confound their skill in covetousness;
And, oftentimes, excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse:
As patches, set upon a little breach,
Discredit more in hiding of the fault,
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new-crown'd,
We breath'd our counsel; but it pleas'd your highness
To overbear it, and we are all well-pleas'd;
Since all and every part of what we would,
Doth make a stand at what your highness will.

K. John. Some reasons of this double coronation
I have possess'd you with, and think them strong;
And more, more strong, thus lessening[1] my fear,
I shall indue you with: mean time, but ask
What you would have reform'd that is not well,
And well shall you perceive, how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requests.

Pem. Then I, as one that am the tongue of these,
To sound the purposes of all their hearts,
Both for myself and them, but, chief of all,
Your safety, for the which myself and they
Bend their best studies, heartily request
Th' enfranchisement of Arthur; whose restraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
To break into this dangerous argument:—
If what in rest you have, in right you hold,
Why should[2] your fears, which, as they say, attend
The steps of wrong, then[3] move you to mew up
Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise!—
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occasions, let it be our suit,
That you have bid us ask his liberty;
Which for our goods we do no farther ask,
Than whereupon our weal, on yours depending,
Counts it your weal he have his liberty.

K. John. Let it be so: I do commit his youth

[1] than lesser is: in f. e. [2] then: in f. e. [3] should: in f. e

Enter HUBERT.

To your direction.—Hubert, what news with you?
[HUBERT *talks apart with the King.*

Pem. This is the man should do the bloody deed.
He show'd his warrant to a friend of mine.
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye: that close aspect of his
Doth show the mood of a much-troubled breast;
And I do fearfully believe 't is done,
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the king doth come and go,
Between his purpose and his conscience,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set:
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

Pem. And when it breaks, I fear, will issue thence
The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong hand.—
Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone and dead:
He tells us, Arthur is deceas'd to-night.

Sal. Indeed, we fear'd his sickness was past cure.

Pem. Indeed, we heard how near his death he was,
Before the child himself felt was sick.
This must be answer'd either here, or hence.

K. John. Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?
Think you, I bear the shears of destiny?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

Sal. It is apparent foul play; and 't is shame,
That greatness should so grossly offer it.
So thrive it in your game: and so farewell.

Pem. Stay yet, lord Salisbury, I 'll go with thee,
And find th' inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.
That blood which ow'd the breadth of all this isle,
Three foot of it doth hold: bad world the while.
This must not be thus borne: this will break out
To all our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt. [*Exeunt Lords*

K. John. They burn in indignation. I repent:
There is no sure foundation set on blood,
No certain life achiev'd by others' death.

Enter a Messenger.

A fearful eye thou hast: where is that blood,
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm:

Pour down thy weather.—How goes all in France?
Mess. From France to England.—Never such a pow'r
For any foreign preparation,
Was levied in the body of a land.
The copy of your speed is learn'd by them;
For, when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings come that they are all arriv'd.
K. John. O! where hath our intelligence been drunk?
Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's care,
That such an army could be drawn in France,
And she not hear of it?
Mess. My liege, her ear
Is stopp'd with dust: the first of April, died
Your noble mother; and, as I hear, my lord,
The lady Constance in a frenzy died
Three days before: but this from rumour's tongue
I idly heard; if true, or false, I know not.
K. John. Withhold thy speed, dreadful Occasion!
O! make a league with me, till I have pleas'd
My discontented peers.—What! mother dead?
How wildly, then, walks my estate in France!—
Under whose conduct come those powers of France,
That thou for truth giv'st out are landed here?
Mess. Under the Dauphin.

Enter the Bastard, and PETER *of* POMFRET.

K. John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill-tidings.—Now, what says the world
To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.
Bast. But if you be afeard to hear the worst,
Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.
K. John. Bear with me, cousin, for I was amaz'd
Under the tide; but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood, and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.
Bast. How I have sped among the clergymen,
The sums I have collected shall express:
But as I travell'd hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasied;
Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams,
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear;
And here 's a prophet, that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels;

To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rhymes,
That ere the next Ascension-day at noon,
Your highness should deliver up your crown.
K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?
Peter. Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so.
K. John. Hubert, away with him: imprison him;
And on that day at noon, whereon, he says,
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd.
Deliver him to safety, and return,
For I must use thee.—O my gentle cousin!
[*Exit* HUBERT, *with* PETER.
Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?
Bast. The French, my lord; men's mouths are full of it
Besides, I met lord Bigot, and lord Salisbury,
With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,
And others more, going to seek the grave
Of Arthur, who, they say, is kill'd to-night
On your suggestion.
K. John. Gentle kinsman, go,
And thrust thyself into their companies.
I have a way to win their loves again:
Bring them before me.
Bast. I will seek them out.
K. John. Nay, but make haste; the better foot before.—
O! let me have no subject enemies,
When adverse foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion.
Be Mercury; set feathers to thy heels,
And fly like thought from them to me again.
Bast. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.
[*Exit.*
K. John. Spoke like a spriteful, noble gentleman.—
Go after him; for he, perhaps, shall need
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers,
And be thou he.
Mess. With all my heart, my liege. [*Exit.*
K. John. My mother dead!
Re-enter HUBERT.
Hub. My lord, they say, five moons were seen to-night:
Four fixed; and the fifth did whirl about
The other four in wonderous motion.
K. John. Five moons?
Hub. Old men, and beldames, in the streets

Do prophesy upon it dangerously.
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths,
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear;
And he that speaks, doth gripe the hearer's wrist,
Whilst he that hears, makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, (which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet)
Told of a many thousand warlike French,
That were embattailed and rank'd in Kent.
Another lean, unwash'd artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?
Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?
Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had a mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

Hub. Had none, my lord! why, did you not provoke me?

K. John. It is the curse of kings, to be attended
By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant
To break into the bloody house of life;
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law; to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour than advis'd respect.

Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

K. John. O! when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation.
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,
Makes ill deeds done[1]! Hadst not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted, and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind;
But, taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,

[1] deeds ill done · in f ●.

Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hub. My lord,—

K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a pause,
When I spake darkly what I purposed;
Or turned an eye of doubt upon my face,
Or[1] bid me tell my tale in express words,
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me:
But thou didst understand me by my signs,
And didst in signs again parley with sign[2]:
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And consequently thy rude hand to act
The deed which both our tongues held vile to name.
Out of my sight, and never see me more!
My nobles leave me; and my state is brav'd,
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers:
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reigns
Between my conscience, and my cousin's death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,
I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
Young Arthur is alive: this hand of mine
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never enter'd yet
The dreadful motion of a murderous thought,
And you have slander'd nature in my form;
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind,
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. John. Doth Arthur live? O! haste thee to the peers:
Throw this report on their incensed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience.
Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
O! answer not; but to my closet bring

[1] As: in f. e. [2] sin: in f. e.

The angry lords, with all expedient haste:
I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The Same. Before the Castle.

Enter ARTHUR, *on the Walls.*

Arth. The wall is high; and yet will I leap down.—
Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!—
There 's few, or none, do know me; if they did,
This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me quite.
I am afraid; and yet I 'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I 'll find a thousand shifts to get away:
As good to die and go, as die and stay. [*Leaps down*
O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones.—
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones. [*Dies.*

Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, *and* BIGOT.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at Saint Edmund's Bury:
It is our safety, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.

Pem. Who brought that letter from the cardinal?

Sal. The count Melun, a noble lord of France;
Whose private missive[1] of the Dauphin's love,
Is much more general than these lines import.

Big. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.

Sal. Or, rather then set forward: for 't will be
Two long days' journey, lords, or e'er we meet.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. Once more to-day well met, distemper'd lords.
The king by me requests your presence straight.

Sal. The king hath dispossess'd himself of us:
We will not line his sin-bestained[2] cloak
With our pure honours, nor attend the foot
That leaves the print of blood where-e'er it walks.
Return, and tell him so: we know the worst.

Bast. Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were best.

Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now.

Bast. But there is little reason in your grief;
Therefore, 't were reason you had manners now.

Pem. Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.

Bast. 'T is true; to hurt his master, no man else.

Sal. This is the prison. What is he lies here?
[*Seeing* ARTHUR

[1] with me: in f. e. [2] thin bestained: in f. e.

Pem. O death! made proud with pure and princely beauty,
The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.
Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.
Big Or when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,
Found it too precious-princely for a grave.
Sal. Sir Richard, what think you? Have you beheld,
Or have you read, or heard? or could you think?
Or do you almost think, although you see,
That you do see? could thought, without this object,
Form such another? This is the very top,
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,
Of murder's arms: this is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,
That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or staring rage,
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.
Pem. All murders past do stand excus'd in this;
And this, so sole and so unmatchable,
Shall give a holiness, a purity,
To the yet unbegotten sin of times;
And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,
Exampled by this heinous spectacle.
Bast. It is a damned and a bloody work;
The graceless action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the work of any hand.
Sal. If that it be the work of any hand?—
We had a kind of light, what would ensue:
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;
The practice, and the purpose, of the king:
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
And breathing to his breathless excellence
The incense of a vow, a holy vow,
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
Till I have set a glory to this head[1],
By giving it the worship of revenge.
Pem. Big. Our souls religiously confirm thy words

Enter HUBERT.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you
Arthur doth live; the king hath sent for you.

[1] hand: in f. e.

Sal. O! he is bold, and blushes not at death —
Avaunt, thou hateful villain! get thee gone.
Hub. I am no villain.
Sal. Must I rob the law? [*Drawing his sword*
Bast. Your sword is bright, sir: put it up again.
Sal. Not till I sheath it in a murderer's skin.
Hub. Stand back, lord Salisbury; stand back, I say:
By heaven, I think, my sword 's as sharp as yours.
I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;
Lest I, by marking but your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.
Big. Out, dunghill! dar'st thou brave a nobleman?
Hub. Not for my life; but yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an emperor.
Sal. Thou art a murderer.
Hub. Do not prove me so;
Yet, I am none. Whose tongue soe'er speaks false,
Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.
Pemb. Cut him to pieces.
Bast. Keep the peace, I say.
Sal. Stand by, or I shall gall you, Faulconbridge.
Bast. Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury:
If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
I 'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime,
Or I 'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,
That you shall think the devil is come from hell.
Big. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge?
Second a villain, and a murderer.
Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.
Big. Who kill'd this prince? [*Pointing to* ARTHUR.
Hub. 'T is not an hour since I left him well:
I honour'd him, I lov'd him; and will weep
My date of life out for his sweet life's loss.
Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villainy is not without such rheum;
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocency.
Away, with me, all you whose souls abhor
Th' uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house.
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.
Big. Away, toward Bury: to the Dauphin there!

[1] Not in f. e.

Pem. There, tell the king, he may inquire us out.
[*Exeunt Lords*
Bast. Here 's a good world !—Knew you of this fair work?
Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.
Hub. Do but hear me, sir.
Bast. Ha ! I 'll tell thee what;
Thou art damn'd as black—nay, nothing is so black;
Thou art more deep damn'd than prince Lucifer:
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.
Hub. Upon my soul,—
Bast. If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair;
And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be a beam
To hang thee on: or wouldst thou drown thyself,
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.
I do suspect thee very grievously.
Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath,
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me.
I left him well.
Bast. Go, bear him in thine arms.—
I am amaz'd, methinks; and lose my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.—
[HUBERT *takes up* ARTHUR
How easy dost thou take all England up!
From forth this morsel of dead royalty,
The life, the right, and truth of all this realm
Is fled to heaven; and England now is left
To tug and scramble, and to part by the teeth
The unowed interest of proud swelling state.
Now for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest,
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace:
Now powers from home, and discontents at home,

Not in f. e.

Meet in one line: and vast confusion waits,
As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast,
The imminent decay of wrested pomp.
Now happy he, whose cloak and cincture can
Hold out this tempest.—Bear away that child,
And follow me with speed: I 'll to the king.
A thousand businesses are brief in hand,
And heaven itself doth frown upon the land.
[*Exeunt:* HUBERT *bearing out* ARTHUR'S *body.*[1]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King JOHN, PANDULPH *with the Crown, and Attendants.*

K. John. Thus have I yielded up into your hand
The circle of my glory.
Pand. Take again [*Giving* JOHN *the Crown.*
From this my hand, as holding of the pope,
Your sovereign greatness and authority.
K. John. Now keep your holy word: go meet the French;
And from his holiness use all your power
To stop their marches, 'fore we are inflam'd.
Our discontented counties do revolt,
Our people quarrel with obedience,
Swearing allegiance, and the love of soul,
To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.
This inundation of mistemper'd humour
Rests by you only to be qualified:
Then pause not; for the present time 's so sick,
That present medicine must be minister'd,
Or overthrow incurable ensues.
Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempest up
Upon your stubborn usage of the pope;
But since you are a gentle convertite,
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,
And make fair weather in your blustering land.
On this Ascension-day, remember well,
Upon your oath of service to the pope,

[1] *Exeunt:* in f. o.

Go I to make the French lay down their arms. [*Exit.*

K. John. Is this Ascension-day? Did not the prophet
Say that before Ascension-day at noon,
My crown I should give off? Even so I have.
I did suppose it should be on constraint;
But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds out,
But Dover castle: London hath receiv'd,
Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer service to your enemy;
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. John. Would not my lords return to me again,
After they heard young Arthur was alive?

Bast. They found him dead, and cast into the streets;
An empty casket, where the jewel of life
By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

K. John. That villain Hubert told me he did live.

Bast. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.
But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought;
Let not the world see fear, and blank[1] distrust,
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
Be stirring as the time; meet[2] fire with fire;
Threaten the threatener, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.
Away! and glister like the god of war,
When he intendeth to become the field:
Show boldness, and aspiring confidence.
What! shall they seek the lion in his den,
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
O! let it not be said.—Courage[3], and run
To meet displeasure further from the doors,
And grapple with him ere he come so nigh.

K. John. The legate of the pope hath been with me
And I have made a happy peace with him;
And he hath promis'd to dismiss the powers
Led by the Dauphin.

[1] sad: in f. e. [2] be; in f. e. [3] Forage: in f. e.

Bast. O, inglorious league!
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play offers[1], and make compromise,
Insinuation, parley, and base truce,
To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,
A cocker'd silken wanton, brave our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,
Mocking the air with colours idly spread,
And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms:
Perchance, the cardinal cannot make your peace;
Or if he do, let it at least be said,
They saw we had a purpose of defence.

K. John. Have thou the ordering of this present time.

Bast. Away then, with good courage; yet I know,
Our party may well meet a prouder foe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A Plain, near St. Edmund's Bury.

Enter, in arms, LEWIS, SALISBURY, MELUN, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, *and Soldiers.*

Lew. My lord Melun, let this be copied out,
And keep it safe for our remembrance.
Return the precedent to these lords again;
That, having our fair order written down,
Both they, and we, perusing o'er these notes,
May know wherefore we took the sacrament,
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear
A voluntary zeal, and an unurg'd faith,
To your proceedings; yet, believe me, prince,
I am not glad that such a sore of time
Should seek a plaster by contemn'd revolt,
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound,
By making many. O! it grieves my soul,
That I must draw this metal from my side
To be a widow-maker; O! and there,
Where honourable rescue, and defence,
Cries out upon the name of Salisbury.
But such is the infection of the time,
That, for the health and physic of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice and confused wrong.—

[1] orders: in f. e.

And is 't not pity, O, my grieved friends!
That we, the sons and children of this isle,
Were born to see so sad an hour as this;
Wherein we step after a stranger, march
Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
Her enemies' ranks, (I must withdraw, and weep
Upon the thought[1] of this enforced cause)
To grace the gentry of a land remote,
And follow unacquainted colours here?
What, here?—O nation, that thou couldst remove!
That Neptune's arms, who clippeth[2] thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,
And grapple thee unto a pagan shore;
Where these two Christian armies might combine
The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to spend it so unneighbourly!

Lew. A noble temper dost thou show in this;
And great affections wrestling in thy bosom
Do make an earthquake of nobility.
O! what a noble combat hast thou fought,
Between compulsion, and a brave respect!
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks.
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation;
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
And with a great heart heave away this storm:
Commend these waters to those baby eyes,
That never saw the giant-world enrag'd;
Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,
Full of warm blood, of mirth, of gossiping.
Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep
Into the purse of rich prosperity,
As Lewis himself:—so, nobles, shall you all,
That knit your sinews to the strength of mine

Enter PANDULPH, *attended.*

And even there, methinks, an angel spake:
Look, where the holy legate comes apace,

[1] spot: in f. e. [2] *Embraceth*

To give us warrant from the hand of heaven,
And on our actions set the name of right
With holy breath.

Pand. Hail, noble prince of France.
The next is this:—king John hath reconcil'd
Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in,
That so stood out against the holy church,
The great metropolis and see of Rome:
Therefore, thy threat'ning colours now wind up,
And tame the savage spirit of wild war,
That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no farther harmful than in show.

Lew. Your grace shall pardon me; I will not back
I am too high-born to be propertied,
To be a secondary at control,
Or useful serving-man, and instrument,
To any sovereign state throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars
Between this chastis'd kingdom and myself,
And brought in matter that should feed this fire;
And now 't is far too huge to be blown out
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with interest to this land,
Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart,
And come ye now to tell me, John hath made
His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?
I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;
And now it is half-conquer'd, must I back,
Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?
Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome borne,
What men provided, what munition sent,
To underprop this action? is 't not I,
That undergo this charge? who else but I,
And such as to my claim are liable,
Sweat in this business, and maintain this war?
Have I not heard these islanders shout out,
Vive le roy! as I have bank'd their towns?
Have I not here the best cards for the game,
To win this easy match, play'd for a crown,
And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?
No, on my soul, it never shall be said.

Pand. You look but on the outside of this work.
Lew. Outside or inside, I will not return
Till my attempt so much be glorified,
As to my ample hope was promised
Before I drew this gallant head of war,
And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,
To outlook conquest, and to win renown
Even in the jaws of danger and of death.—
[*Trumpet sounds.*
What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter the Bastard, attended.

Bast. According to the fair play of the world,
Let me have audience: I am sent to speak.—
My holy lord of Milan, from the king
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him;
And, as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.
Pand. The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties:
He flatly says, he 'll not lay down his arms.
Bast. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,
The youth says well.—Now, hear our English king,
For thus his royalty doth speak in me.
He is prepar'd; and reason, too, he should:
This apish and unmannerly approach,
This harness'd masque, and unadvised revel,
This unheard[1] sauciness of[2] boyish troops,
The king doth smile at; and is well prepar'd
To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his territories.
That hand, which had the strength, even at your door,
To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch;
To dive like buckets in concealed wells;
To crouch in litter of your stable planks;
To lie like pawns lock'd up in chests and trunks;
To hug with swine; to seek sweet safety out
In vaults and prisons, and to thrill, and shake,
Even at the crowing[3] of your nation's cock[4],
Thinking his voice an armed Englishman:
Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,
That in your chambers gave you chastisement?
No! Know, the gallant monarch is in arms;

[1] So the folios; Theobald, and most eds. read: unhair'd (i. e. unbearded). [2] and: in f. e. [3] crying: in f. e. [4] crow: in f. e

And like an eagle o'er his aiery towers,
To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.—
And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother England, blush for shame.
For your own ladies, and pale-visag'd maids,
Like Amazons come tripping after drums;
Their thimbles into armed gauntlets chang'd,
Their needl's to lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

Lew. There end thy brave, and turn thy face in peace
We grant thou canst outscold us. Fare thee well:
We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a brabbler.

Pand. Give me leave to speak.

Bast. No, I will speak.

Lew. We will attend to neither.—
Strike up the drums! and let the tongue of war
Plead for our interest, and our being here.

Bast. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out;
And so shall you, being beaten. Do but start
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd,
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine;
Sound but another, and another shall,
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder: for at hand
(Not trusting to this halting legate here,
Whom he hath us'd rather for sport than need)
Is warlike John; and in his forehead sits
A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

Lew. Strike up our drums to find this danger out.

Bast. And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The Same. A Field of Battle.

Alarums. Enter King JOHN *and* HUBERT.

K. John. How goes the day with us? O! tell me, Hubert.

Hub. Badly, I fear. How fares your majesty?

K. John. This fever, that hath troubled me so long,
Lies heavy on me: O! my heart is sick.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulconbridge,
Desires your majesty to leave the field,
And send him word by me which way you go.

K. John. Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the abbey there.

Mess. Be of good comfort; for the great supply,
That was expected by the Dauphin here,
Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin sands:
This news was brought to Richard but even now.
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.

K. John. Ah me! this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.
Set on toward Swinstead; to my litter straight:
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—The Same. Another part of the Same.

Enter SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, *and Others.*

Sal. I did not think the king so stor'd with friends.

Pem. Up once again; put spirit in the French:
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

Sal. That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.

Pem. They say, king John sore sick hath left the field.

Enter MELUN *wounded, and led by Soldiers.*

Mel. Lead me to the revolts of England here.

Sal. When we were happy we had other names.

Pem. It is the count Melun.

Sal. Wounded to death

Mel. Fly, noble English; you are bought and sold:
Untread the road-way[1] of rebellion,
And welcome home again discarded faith.
Seek out king John, and fall before his feet;
For if the French be lords of this loud day,
He means to recompense the pains you take,
By cutting off your heads. Thus hath he sworn,
And I with him, and many more with me,
Upon the altar at Saint Edmund's Bury;
Even on that altar, where we swore to you
Dear amity and everlasting love.

Sal. May this be possible? may this be true?

Mel. Have I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life,

[1] Unthread the rude eye: in f. e

Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax
Resolveth[1] from his figure 'gainst the fire?
What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must lose the use of all deceit?
Why should I then be false, since it is true
That I must die here, and live hence by truth?
I say again, if Lewis do win the day,
He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the east:
But even this night, whose black contagious breath
Already smokes about the burning crest
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire,
Paying the fine of rated treachery,
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
If Lewis by your assistance win the day.
Commend me to one Hubert, with your king;
The love of him,—and this respect besides,
For that my grandsire was an Englishman,—
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noise and rumour of the field;
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace, and part this body and my soul
With contemplation and devout desires.

Sal. We do believe thee, and beshrew my soul,
But I do love the favour and the form
Of this most fair occasion, by the which
We will untread the steps of damned flight;
And, like a bated and retired flood,
Leaving our rankness and irregular course,
Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlook'd,
And calmly run on in obedience,
Even to our ocean, to our great king John.—
My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence,
For I do see the cruel pangs of death
Bright[2] in thine eye.—Away, my friends! New flight,
And happy newness, that intends old right.

[*Exeunt, leading off* MELUN

[1] *Dissolveth.* [2] Right: in f. e.

SCENE V.—The Same. The French Camp.

Enter LEWIS *and his Train.*

Lew. The sun of heaven, methought, was loath to set,
But stay'd, and made the western welkin blush,
When English measur'd backward their own ground,
In faint retire. O! bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needless shot,
After such bloody toil we bid good night,
And wound our tattered colours closely up.[1]
Last in the field, and almost lords of it!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where is my prince, the Dauphin?
Lew. Here.—What news?
Mess. The count Melun is slain: the English lords,
By his persuasion, are again fallen off;
And your supplies, which you have wish'd so long,
Are cast away, and sunk, on Goodwin sands.
Lew. Ah, foul shrewd news!—Beshrew thy very heart!
I did not think to be so sad to-night,
As this hath made me.—Who was he, that said,
King John did fly an hour or two before
The stumbling night did part our weary powers?
Mess. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.
Lew. Well; keep good quarter, and good care to-night:
The day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—An open Place in the Neighbourhood of Swinstead-Abbey.

Enter the Bastard and HUBERT, *severally.*

Hub. Who 's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I shoot.
Bast. A friend.—What art thou?
Hub. Of the part of England.
Bast. Whither dost thou go?
Hub. What 's that to thee? Why may not I demand
Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?
Bast. Hubert, I think.
Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought:
I will, upon all hazards, well believe
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well.

[1] tattering colours clearly up: in f. e

Who art thou?

Bast. Who thou wilt: and, if thou please,
Thou may'st befriend me so much, as to think
I come one way of the Plantagenets.

Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou, and eyeless[1] night,
Have done me shame.—Brave soldier, pardon me,
That any accent breaking from thy tongue
Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

Bast. Come, come; sans compliment, what news abroad?

Hub. Why, here walk I, in the black brow of night,
To find you out.

Bast. Brief, then; and what's the news?

Hub. O! my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

Bast. Show me the very wound of this ill news:
I am no woman; I 'll not swoon at it.

Hub. The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk:
I left him almost speechless, and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil, that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time,
Than if you had at leisure known of this.

Bast. How did he take it? who did taste to him?

Hub. A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the king
Yet speaks, and, peradventure, may recover.

Bast. Whom didst thou leave to tend his majesty?

Hub. Why, know you not? the lords are all come back,
And brought prince Henry in their company;
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his majesty.

Bast. Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven,
And tempt us not to bear above our power.
I 'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide;
These Lincoln washes have devoured them:
Myself well-mounted hardly have escap'd.
Away, before: conduct me to the king;
I doubt, he will be dead or ere I come.

[*Exeunt*

[1] endless: in f. e. Theobald made the same change

SCENE VII.—The Orchard of Swinstead-Abbey.

Enter Prince HENRY, SALISBURY, *and* BIGOT.

P. Hen. It is too late: the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain
(Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house)
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretel the ending of mortality.

Enter PEMBROKE.

Pem. His highness yet doth speak; and holds belief,
That being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

P. Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard here.—
Doth he still rage? [*Exit* BIGOT.

Pem. He is more patient
Than when you left him: even now he sung.

P. Hen. O, vanity of sickness! fierce extremes
In their continuance will not feel themselves.
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them unvisited[1]; and his siege is now
Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies,
Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,
Confound themselves. 'T is strange that death should sing.
I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death,
And from the organ-pipe of frailty sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

Sal. Be of good comfort, prince, for you are born
To set a form upon that indigest,
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

Re-enter BIGOT *and Attendants: King* JOHN *brought in in a Chair.*

K. John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room;
It would not out at windows, nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment, and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

P. Hen. How fares your majesty?

[1] invisible: in f. e.

K. John. Poison'd,—ill-fare;—dead, forsook, cast off,
And none of you will bid the winter come,
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burn'd bosom; nor entreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold.—I do not ask you much:
I beg cold comfort: and you are so strait,
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

P. Hen. O, that there were some virtue in my tears,
That might relieve you!

K. John. The salt in them is hot.—
Within me is a hell; and there the poison
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize
On unreprievable condemned blood.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. O! I am scalded with my violent motion,
And spleen of speed to see your majesty.

K. John. O cousin! thou art come to set mine eye
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd;
And all the shrouds, wherewith my life should sail,
Are turned to one thread, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered,
And then all this thou seest is but a clod,
And model of confounded royalty.

Bast. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward,
Where, heaven he knows, how we shall answer him,
For, in a night, the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the washes, all unwarily,
Devoured by the unexpected flood. [*King* JOHN *dies.*

Sal. You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear.—
My liege! my lord!—But now a king, now thus.

P. Hen. Even so must I run on, and even so stop.
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a king, and now is clay?

Bast. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind,
To do the office for thee of revenge,
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.—
Now, now, you stars, that move in your right spheres,
Where be your powers? Show now your mended faiths
And instantly return with me again,

To push destruction, and perpetual shame,
Out of the weak door of our fainting land.
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought.
The Dauphin rages at our very heels.

Sal. It seems you know not, then, so much as we
The cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin,
And brings from him such offers of our peace
As we with honour and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war.

Bast. He will the rather do it, when he sees
Ourselves well sinew'd to our own defence.

Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already;
For many carriages he hath despatch'd
To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel
To the disposing of the cardinal:
With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To consummate this business happily.

Bast. Let it be so.—And you, my noble prince,
With other princes that may best be spar'd,
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

P. Hen. At Worcester must his body be interr'd;
For so he will'd it.

Bast. Thither shall it then.
And happily may your sweet self put on
The lineal state and glory of the land:
To whom, with all submission, on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful services,
And true subjection everlastingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,
To rest without a spot for evermore.

P. Hen. I have a kind soul, that would give you thanks
And knows not how to do it, but with tears.

Bast. O! let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.—
This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these, her princes, are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true. [*Exeunt*

KING RICHARD II.

"The Tragedie of King Richard the second. As it hath beene publikely acted by the right Honourable the Lorde Chamberlaine his Seruants. London Printed by Valentine Simmes for Androw Wise, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules church yard at the signe of the Angel. 1597." 4to. 37 leaves.

"The Tragedie of King Richard the second. As it hath beene publikely acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. By William Shake-speare. London Printed by Valentine Simmes for Andrew Wise, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules churchyard at the signe of the Angel. 1598." 4to. 36 leaves.

"The Tragedie of King Richard the Second: with new additions of the Parliament Sceane, and the deposing of King Richard. As it hath been lately acted by the Kinges Maiesties seruantes, at the Globe. By William Shake-speare. At London, Printed by W. W. for Mathew Law, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules churchyard, at the signe of the Foxe. 1608." 4to. 39 leaves.

"The Tragedie of King Richard the Second: with new additions of the Parliament Sceane, and the deposing of King Richard. As it hath been lately acted by the Kinges Maiesties seruants, at the Globe. By William Shake-speare. At London, Printed for Mathew Law, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Foxe. 1615." 4to. 39 leaves.

In the folio of 1623, "The life and death of King Richard the Second" occupies twenty-three pages, viz. from p. 23 to p. 45, inclusive. The three other folios reprint it in the same form, and in all it is divided into Acts and Scenes

INTRODUCTION.

ABOVE we have given the titles of four quarto editions of "King Richard II.," which preceded the publication of the folio of 1623, and which were all published during the lifetime of Shakespeare: they bear date respectively in 1597, 1598, 1608, and 1615. It will be observed that the title of the edition of 1608 states that it contains "new additions of the Parliament Scene, and the deposing of King Richard." The Duke of Devonshire is in possession of an *unique* copy, dated 1608, the title of which merely follows the wording of the preceding impression of 1598, omitting any notice of "new additions,"[1] though containing the whole of them. The name of our great dramatist first appears in connection with this historical play in 1598, as if Simmes the printer, and Wise the stationer, when they printed and published their edition of 1597, did not know, or were not authorized to state, that Shakespeare was the writer of it. Precisely the same was the case with "King Richard III.," printed and published by the same parties in the same year, and of which also a second edition appeared in 1598, with the name of the author.

We will first speak regarding the date of the original production of "Richard II.," and then of the period when it is likely that the "new additions" were inserted.

It was entered on the Stationers' Register in 1597, in the following manner:—

"29 Aug. 1597.
Andrew Wise.] The Tragedye of Richard the Seconde."

This memorandum was made anterior, but perhaps only shortly anterior, to the actual publication of "Richard II.," and it forms the earliest notice of its existence. Malone sup-

[1] There is another circumstance belonging to the title-page of the Duke of Devonshire's copy which deserves notice: it states that the play was printed "as it hath been publikely acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine, his seruantes." The company to which Shakespeare belonged were not called the servants of the Lord Chamberlain after James I. came to the throne, but "the King's Majesty's servants," as in the title-page of the other copy of 1608. This fact might give rise to the supposition, that it had been intended to reprint an edition of Richard II., including "the Parliament scene," but not mentioning it, before the death of Elizabeth; but that for some reason it was postponed for about five years.

poses that it was written in 1593, but he does not produce a single fact or argument to establish his position; nor perhaps could any be adduced beyond the circumstance, that having assigned the "Comedy of Errors" to 1592, and "Love's Labour's Lost" to 1594, he had left an interval between those years in which he could place not only "Richard II." but "Richard III." In fact, we can arrive at no nearer approximation; although Chalmers, in his "Supplemental Apology," contended that a note of time was to be found in the allusions in the first and second Acts to the disturbances in Ireland. It is quite certain that the rebellion in that country was renewed in 1594, and proclaimed in 1595: but it is far from clear that any reference to it was intended by Shakespeare. Where the matter is so extremely doubtful, we shall not attempt to fix on any particular year. If any argument, one way or the other, could be founded upon the publication of Daniel's "Civil Wars," in 1595, it would show that that poet had made alterations in subsequent editions of his poem, in order, perhaps, to fall in more with the popular notions regarding the history of the time, as produced by the success of the play of our great dramatist. Meres mentions "Richard the 2" in 1598.

Respecting the "new additions" of "the deposing of King Richard" we have some evidence, the existence of which was not known in the time of Malone, who conjectured that this scene had originally formed part of Shakespeare's play, and was "suppressed in the printed copy of 1597, from the fear of offending Elizabeth," and not published, with the rest, until 1608[2]. Such may have been the case, but we now know that there were two separate plays upon the events of the reign of Richard II., and the deposition seems to have formed a portion of both. On the 30th April, 1611, Dr. Simon Forman saw "Richard 2," as he expressly calls it, at the Globe Theatre, for which Shakespeare was a writer, at which he had been an actor, and in the receipts of which he was interested. In his original Diary, (MS. Ashm. 208,) preserved in the Bodleian Library, Forman inserts the following account of, and observations upon, the plot of the "Richard II.," he having been present at the representation:—

"Remember therein how Jack Straw, by his overmuch boldness, not being politic, nor suspecting any thing, was suddenly, at Smithfield Bars, stabbed by Walworth, the

[2] There might be many reasons why the exhibition of the deposing of Richard II. would be objectionable to Elizabeth, especially after the insurrection of Lords Essex and Southampton. Thorpe's *Custumale Roffense*, p. 89, contains an account of an interview between Lambarde (when he presented his pandect of the records of the Tower) and Elizabeth, shortly subsequent to that event, in which she observed, "I am Richard the Second, know you not that?" Lambarde replied, "Such a wicked imagination was determined and attempted by a most unkind gentleman, the most adorned creature that ever your Majestie made." "He (said the Queen) that will forgett God will alsoe forgett his benefactors." The publication of the edition of 1608, without the mention on the title-page of 'the Parliament Scene, and the deposing of King Richard," might have been contemplated about this date.

Mayor of London; and so he and his whole army was overthrown. Therefore, in such case, or the like, never admit any party without a bar between, for a man cannot be too wise, nor keep himself too safe. Also, remember how the Duke of Glouster, the Earl of Arundel, Oxford, and others, crossing the King in his humour about the Duke of Erland (Ireland) and Bushy, were glad to fly and raise a host of men: and being in his castle, how the Duke of Erland came by night to betray him, with 300 men; but, having privy warning thereof, kept his gates fast, and would not suffer the enemy to enter, which went back again with a fly in his ear, and after was slain by the Earl of Arundel in the battle. Remember, also, when the Duke (*i. e.* of Gloucester) and Arundel came to London with their army, King Richard came forth to them, and met them, and gave them fair words, and promised them pardon, and that all should be well, if they would discharge their army; upon whose promises and fair speeches they did it: and after, the King bid them all to a banquet, and so betrayed them, and cut off their heads, &c., because they had not his pardon under his hand and seal before, but his word. Remember therein, also, how the Duke of Lancaster privily contrived all villainy to set them all together by the ears, and to make the nobility to envy the King, and mislike him and his government; by which means he made his own son king, which was Henry Bolingbroke. Remember, also, how the Duke of Lancaster asked a wise man whether himself should ever be king; and he told him no, but his son should be a king: and when he had told him, he hanged him up for his labour, because he should not bruit abroad, or speak thereof to others. This was a policy in the Commonwealth's opinion, but I say it was a villain's part, and a Judas' kiss, to hang the man for telling him the truth. Beware by this example of noblemen and their fair words, and say little to them, lest they do the like to thee for thy good will."

The quotation was first published in "New Particulars regarding Shakespeare and his Works," 8vo, 1836, where it was suggested that this "Richard II." might be the play which Sir Gilly Merrick and others are known to have procured to be acted the afternoon before the insurrection headed by the Earls of Essex and Southampton, in 1601; (Bacon's Works by Mallet, iv. 320) but in a letter, published in a note to the same tract, Mr. Amyot argued, that "the deposing of King Richard" probably formed no part of the play Forman saw, and that it might actually be another, and a lost play by Shakespeare, intended as a "first part" to his extant drama on the later portion of the reign of that monarch. It is also true that Forman says nothing of the formal deposition of Richard II.; but he tells us that in the course of the drama the Duke of Lancaster "made his own son King," and he could not do so without something like a deposition exhibited or narrated. It is also to be observed, that if Forman's account be at all correct, Shakespeare could never have exhibited the characters of the King and of Gaunt so inconsistently in two parts of the same play. The Richard and

the Gaunt of Forman, with their treachery and cruelty, are totally unlike the Richard and Gaunt of Shakespeare. For these reasons we may, perhaps, arrive at the conclusion, that it was a distinct drama, and not by Shakespeare. We may presume, also, that it was the very piece which Sir Gilly Merrick procured to be represented, and for the performance of which, according to a passage in the arraignment of Cuffe and Merrick, the latter paid forty shillings additional, because it was an old play, and not likely to attract an audience.

The very description of the plot given by Forman reads as if it were an old play, with the usual quantity of blood and treachery. How it came to be popular enough, in 1611, to be performed at the Globe must be matter of mere speculation: perhaps the revival of it by the party of the Earls of Essex and Southampton had recalled public attention to it, and improvements might have been made which would render it a favourite in 1611, though it had been neglected in 1601.

Out of these improvements, and out of this renewed popularity, may, possibly, have grown the "new additions," which were first printed with the impression of Shakespeare's "Richard II." in 1608[3], and which solely relate to the deposing of the King. On the other hand, if these "new additions," as they were termed in 1608, were only a suppressed part of the original play, there seems no sufficient ground for concluding that it was not Shakespeare's drama which was acted at the instance of Sir Gilly Merrick in 1601. If it were written in 1598, as Malone imagined, or even in 1596, according to the speculation of Chalmers, it might be called an old play in 1601, considering the rapidity with which dramas were often written and brought out at the period of which we are speaking. If neither Shakespeare's play, nor that described by Forman, were the pieces selected by Sir Gilly Merrick, there must have been three distinct plays, in the possession of the company acting at the Globe, upon the events of the reign of Richard II.

For the incidents of this "most admirable of all Shakespeare's purely historical plays," as Coleridge calls it, (Lit. Rem. ii. 164,) our great poet appears to have gone no farther than Holinshed, who was himself indebted to Hall and Fabian. However, Shakespeare has nowhere felt himself bound to adhere to chronology when it better answered his purpose to desert it. Thus, the Prince of Wales, afterwards Henry V., is spoken of in Act v. sc. 3, as frequenting taverns and stews, when he was in fact only twelve years old. Marston, in a

[3] It may perhaps be inferred that there was an intention to publish the "history," with these "new additions," in 1603: at all events, in that year the right in "Richard II." "Richard III." and "Henry IV." part i. was transferred to Matthew Law, in whose name the plays came out when the next editions of them appeared. The entry relating to them in the books of the Stationers' Company runs thus:—

"27 June 1603
"Matth. Lawe] in full Courte, iij Enterludes or playes. The first of Richard the 3d. The second of Richard the 2d The third of Henry the 4, the first pte. all Kings."

short address before his "Wonder of Women," 1606, aiming a blow at Ben Jonson, puts the duty of a dramatic author in this respect upon its true footing, when he says, "I have not laboured to tie myself to relate anything as a historian, but to enlarge everything as a poet;" and what we have just referred to in this play is exactly one of those anachronisms which, in the words of Schlegel, Shakespeare committed "purposely and most deliberately[4]." His design, of course, was in this instance to link together "Richard II." and the first part of "Henry IV."

Of the four quarto editions of "Richard II." the most valuable, for its readings and general accuracy beyond all dispute, is the impression of 1597. The other three quartos were, more or less, printed from it, and the folio of 1623 seems to have taken the latest, that of 1615, as the foundation of its text; but, from a few words found only in the folio, it may seem that the player-editors referred also to some extrinsic authority. It is quite certain, however, that the folio copied obvious and indisputable blunders from the quarto of 1615. There are no fewer than eight places where the folio omits passages inserted in the quartos, in one instance to the destruction of the continuity of the sense, and in most to the detriment of the play. Hence not only the expediency, but the absolute necessity of referring to the quarto copies, from which we have restored all the missing lines, and have distinguished them by placing them between brackets.

[4] "Ich unternehme darzuthun, dass Shakespeare's Anachronismen mehrentheils geflissentlich und mit grossem Bedacht angebracht sind."—Ueber dramatische Kunst and Litteratur, vol. ii. 43.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King Richard the Second.
Edmund of Langley, Duke of York.
John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster.
Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Hereford.
Duke of Aumerle, Son to the Duke of York.
Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.
Duke of Surrey.
Earl of Salisbury. Earl Berkley.
Bushy, Bagot, Green, } Creatures to King Richard.
Earl of Northumberland.
Henry Percy, his Son.
Lord Ross. Lord Willoughby. Lord Fitzwater.
Bishop of Carlisle. Abbot of Westminster.
Lord Marshal; and another Lord.
Sir Pierce of Exton. Sir Stephen Scroop.
Captain of a Band of Welchmen.

Queen to King Richard.
Duchess of Gloucester.
Duchess of York.
Lady attending the Queen.

Lords, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Gardeners, Keeper, Messenger, Groom, and other Attendants.

SCENE, dispersedly in England and Wales.

THE LIFE AND DEATH

OF

KING RICHARD II.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King RICHARD, *attended;* JOHN OF GAUNT, *and other Nobles, with him.*

K. Rich. Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster,
Hast thou, according to thy oath and band,[1]
Brought hither Henry Hereford, thy bold son,
Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,
Which then our leisure would not let us hear,
Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Gaunt. I have, my liege.

K. Rich. Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded him,
If he appeal the duke on ancient malice,
Or worthily, as a good subject should,
On some known ground of treachery in him?

Gaunt. As near as I could sift him on that argument,
On some apparent danger seen in him,
Aim'd at your highness; no inveterate malice.

K. Rich. Then call them to our presence: face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear
Th' accuser, and th' accused, freely speak.—
[*Exeunt some Attendants.*
High-stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

Re-enter Attendants, with BOLINGBROKE *and* NORFOLK.

Boling. Full[2] many years of happy days befal
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!

[1] *band* and *bond* are used indifferently. [2] This word is not in f. a

Nor. Each day still better other's happiness;
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown!

K. Rich. We thank you both: yet one but flatters us,
As well appeareth by the cause you come;
Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.—
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object
Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Bol'ing. First, heaven be the record to my speech!
In the devotion of a subject's love,
Tendering the precious safety of my prince,
And free from wrath or[1] misbegotten hate,
Come I appellant to this princely presence.—
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well; for what I speak,
My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.
Thou art a traitor, and a miscreant;
Too good to be so, and too bad to live,
Since the more fair and crystal is the sky,
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat;
And wish, (so please my sovereign) ere I move,
What my tongue speaks, my right-drawn sword may prove.

Nor. Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal.
'T is not the trial of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain:
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this;
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,
As to be hush'd, and nought at all to say.
First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me
From giving rein and spur[2] to my free speech,
Which else would post, until it had return'd
These terms of treason doubled down his throat.
Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
And let him be no kinsman to my liege,
I do defy him, and I spit at him;
Call him a slanderous coward, and a villain:
Which to maintain I would allow him odds,
And meet him, were I tied to run a-foot

[1] from other: in f. e. [2] reins and spurs in f e

Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
Or any other ground inhabitable[1]
Where ever Englishman durst set his foot.
Mean time, let this defend my loyalty:—
By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

Boling. Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gage,
Disclaiming here the kindred of the king;
And lay aside my high blood's royalty,
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except:
If guilty dread have left thee so much strength,
As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop.
By that and all the rites of knighthood else,
Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,
What I have spoke, or thou canst worse[2] devise.

Nor. I take it up; and, by that sword I swear,
Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder,
I 'll answer thee in any fair degree,
Or chivalrous design of knightly trial:
And, when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be traitor, or unjustly fight!

K. Rich. What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's charge?
It must be great, that can inherit us
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Boling. Look, what I speak[3], my life shall prove it true:—
That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand nobles,
In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers,
The which he hath detain'd for lewd[4] employments,
Like a false traitor, and injurious villain.
Besides, I say, and will in battle prove,
Or here, or elsewhere, to the furthest verge
That ever was survey'd by English eye,
That all the treasons, for these eighteen years
Complotted and contrived in this land,
Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and spring.
Farther, I say, and farther will maintain
Upon his bad life to make all this good,
That he did plot the duke of Gloster's death;
Suggest[5] his soon-believing adversaries,
And, consequently, like a traitor-coward,

[1] *Uninhabitable:* often so used by contemporary writers. [2] From the quarto, 1597. [3] So the folio; quarto, 1597: *said.* [4] *Wicked.* *Incite.*

Sluic'd out his innocent soul through streams of blood
Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
To me for justice, and rough chastisement;
And, by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

K. Rich. How high a pitch his resolution soars!—
Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this?

Nor. O! let my sovereign turn away his face,
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
Till I have told this slander of his blood,
How God, and good men, hate so foul a liar.

K. Rich. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes, and ears
Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,
As he is but my father's brother's son,
Now by my sceptre's awe I make a vow,
Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize
The unstooping firmness of my upright soul.
He is our subject, Mowbray, so art thou:
Free speech and fearless, I to thee allow.

Nor. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest.
Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais,
Disburs'd I duly[1] to his highness' soldiers:
The other part reserv'd I by consent;
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt,
Upon remainder of a clear[2] account,
Since last I went to France to fetch his queen.
Now, swallow down that lie.—For Gloster's death,
I slew him not; but to mine own disgrace,
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.—
For you, my noble lord of Lancaster,
The honourable father to my foe,
Once did I lay an ambush for your life,
A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul;
But, ere I last receiv'd the sacrament,
I did confess it, and exactly begg'd
Your grace's pardon, and, I hope, I had it.
This is my fault: as for the rest appeal'd,
It issues from the rancour of a villain,
A recreant and most degenerate traitor;
Which in myself I boldly will defend,

[1] From the quarto, 1597. [2] dear: in f. e.

And interchangeably hurl down my gage
Upon this overweening traitor's foot,
To prove myself a loyal gentleman
Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom.
In haste whereof, most heartily I pray
Your highness to assign our trial day.

K. Rich. Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be rul'd by me
Let 's purge this choler without letting blood:
This we prescribe, though no physician;
Deep malice makes too deep incision.
Forget, forgive; conclude, and be agreed;
Our doctors say this is no month to bleed.—
Good uncle, let this end where it begun;
We 'll calm the duke of Norfolk, you your son.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace shall become my age.—
Throw down, my son, the duke of Norfolk's gage.

K. Rich. And, Norfolk, throw down his.

Gaunt. When, Harry? when?
Obedience bids, I should not bid again.

K. Rich. Norfolk, throw down; we bid; there is no boot.

Nor. Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot.
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame:
The one my duty owes; but my fair name,
Despite of death that lives upon my grave,
To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.
I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here;
Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom'd spear;
The which no balm can cure, but his heart-blood
Which breath'd this poison.

K. Rich. Rage must be withstood.
Give me his gage:—lions make leopards[1] tame.

Nor. Yea, but not change his spots: take but my shame,
And I resign my gage. My dear, dear lord,
The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten times barr'd-up chest
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.
Mine honour is my life; both grow in one:
Take honour from me, and my life is done.
Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try;

[1] Norfolk's crest was a golden leopard.

In that I live, and for that will I die.

K. Rich. Cousin, throw down your gage: do you begin.

Boling. O! God defend my soul from such deep[1] sin.
Shall I seem crest-fall'n in my father's sight?
Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my height
Before this outdar'd dastard? Ere my tongue
Shall wound mine honour with such feeble wrong,
Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear
The slavish motive of recanting fear,
And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's face.
[*Exit* GAUNT.

K. Rich. We were not born to sue, but to command:
Which since we cannot do to make you friends,
Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,
At Coventry, upon Saint Lambert's day.
There shall your swords and lances arbitrate
The swelling difference of your settled hate:
Since we cannot atone[2] you, we shall see
Justice design[3] the victor's chivalry.—
Lord Marshal, command our officers at arms,
Be ready to direct these home-alarms. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The same. A Room in the Duke of LANCASTER's Palace.

Enter GAUNT, *and Duchess of* GLOSTER.

Gaunt. Alas! the part I had in Gloster's blood[4]
Doth more solicit me, than your exclaims,
To stir against the butchers of his life:
But since correction lieth in those hands,
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven;
Who when they[5] see the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

Duch. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?
Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,
Were as seven phials of his sacred blood,
Or seven fair branches springing from one root:
Some of those seven are dried by nature's course,

[1] So the quartos; the folios: foul. [2] *At one, reconcile.* [3] *Desig nate.* [4] My relationship to him. [5] So all the old copies; mod. edd. read: he sees.

Some of those branches by the destinies cut;
But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloster,
One phial full of Edward's sacred blood,
One flourishing branch of his most royal root,
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt;
Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all faded,
By envy's hand, and murder's bloody axe.
Ah! Gaunt, his blood was thine: that bed, that womb,
That metal, that self-mould, that fashion'd thee,
Made him a man; and though thou liv'st, and breath'st,
Yet art thou slain in him. Thou dost consent
In some large measure to thy father's death,
In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,
Who was the model of thy father's life.
Call it not patience, Gaunt; it is despair:
In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,
Thou show'st the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee.
That which in mean men we entitle patience,
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.
What shall I say? to safeguard thine own life,
The best way is to venge my Gloster's death.

Gaunt. God's is the quarrel; for God's substitute,
His deputy anointed in his sight,
Hath caus'd his death; the which, if wrongfully,
Let heaven revenge, for I may never lift
An angry arm against his minister.

Duch. Where then, alas! may I complain myself?

Gaunt. To God, the widow's champion and defence.

Duch. Why then, I will.—Farewell, farewell,[1] old Gaunt.
Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold
Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight.
O! sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,
That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast;
Or if misfortune miss the first career,
Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom,
That they may break his foaming courser's back,
And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
A caitiff recreant to my cousin Hereford.
Farewell, old Gaunt: thy sometime brother's wife
With her companion grief must end her life.

Gaunt. Sister, farewell: I must to Coventry.

[1] Not in f. e.

As much good stay with thee, as go with me!
Duch. Yet one word more.—Grief boundeth where it falls,
Not with the empty hollowness, but weight:
I take my leave before I have begun,
For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.
Commend me to my brother, Edmund York.
Lo! this is all:—nay, yet depart not so;
Though this be all, do not so quickly go;
I shall remember more. Bid him—O! what?—
With all good speed at Plashy visit me.
Alack! and what shall good old York there see,
But empty lodgings and unfurnish'd walls,
Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones?
And what hear[1] there for welcome, but my groans?
Therefore commend me; let him not come there,
To seek out sorrow that dwells every where.
Desolate, desperate,[2] will I hence, and die:
The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Gosford Green, near Coventry.

Lists set out, and a Throne. Heralds, &c., attending. Enter the Lord Marshal, and AUMERLE.

Mar. My lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd?
Aum. Yea, at all points, and longs to enter in.
Mar. The duke of Norfolk, sprightfully and bold,
Stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.
Aum. Why then, the champions are prepar'd, and stay
For nothing but his majesty's approach.
Flourish. Enter King RICHARD, *who takes his seat on his Throne;* GAUNT, BUSHY, BAGOT, GREEN, *and others, who take their places. A Trumpet is sounded, and answered by another Trumpet within. Then enter* NORFOLK *in armour, preceded by a Herald.*
K. Rich. Marshal, demand of yonder champion
The cause of his arrival here in arms:
Ask him his name; and orderly proceed
To swear him in the justice of his cause.
Mar. In God's name, and the king's, say who thou art,
And why thou com'st thus knightly clad in arms:
Against what man thou com'st, and what thy quarrel

[1] So all old copies; mod. eds. read: cheer. [2] desolate: in f. e.

Speak truly, on thy knighthood, and thine oath,
As so defend thee heaven, and thy valour!
Nor. My name is Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk;
Who hither come engaged by my oath,
(Which, God defend, a knight should violate!)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth,
To God, my king, and my[1] succeeding issue,
Against the duke of Hereford that appeals me;
And, by the grace of God and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of myself,
A traitor to my God, my king, and me:
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!
Trumpets sound. Enter BOLINGBROKE, *in armour, preceded by a Herald.*
K. Rich. Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither
Thus plated in habiliments of war;
And formally, according to our law,
Depose him in the justice of his cause.
Mar. What is thy name, and wherefore com'st thou hither,
Before King Richard in his royal lists?
Against whom com'st thou? and what is thy quarrel?
Speak like a true knight; so defend thee heaven!
Boling. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby
Am I; who ready here do stand in arms,
To prove by God's grace, and my body's valour,
In lists, on Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk,
That he 's a traitor, foul and dangerous,
To God of heaven, king Richard, and to me:
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!
Mar. On pain of death no person be so bold,
Or daring hardy, as to touch the lists;
Except the marshal, and such officers
Appointed to direct these fair designs.
Boling. Lord marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's hand,
And bow my knee before his majesty:
For Mowbray and myself are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage;
Then let us take a ceremonious leave,
And loving farewell of our several friends
Mar. The appellant in all duty greets your highness

[1] So the quartos; the folio: his.

And craves to kiss your hand, and take his leave.
K. Rich. We will descend, and fold him in our arms.
Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,
So be thy fortune in this royal fight.
Farewell, my blood; which if to-day thou shed,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.
Boling. O! let no noble eye profane a tear
For me, if I be gor'd with Mowbray's spear.
As confident as is the falcon's flight
Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.—
My loving lord, I take my leave of you;—
Of you, my noble cousin, lord Aumerle;—
Not sick, although I have to do with death,
But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing breath.
Lo! as at English feasts, so I regreet
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet:
O! thou, [*To* GAUNT.] the earthly author of my blood,—
Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers;
And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,
That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat,
And furbish new the name of John of Gaunt,
Even in the lusty 'haviour of his son.
Gaunt. God in thy good cause make thee prosperous!
Be swift like lightning in the execution;
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy:
Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live.
Boling. Mine innocence, and Saint George to thrive!
Nor. However God, or fortune, cast my lot,
There lives or dies, true to king Richard's throne,
A loyal, just, and upright gentleman.
Never did captive with a freer heart
Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace
His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement,
More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
This feast of battle with mine adversary.—
Most mighty liege, and my companion peers,
Take from my mouth the wish of happy years:
As gentle and as jocund, as to jest,[1]

[1] *Jest* often means a mask entertainment.

Go I to fight. Truth hath a quiet breast.
K. Rich. Farewell, my lord: securely I espy
Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.—
Order the trial, marshal, and begin.
Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Receive thy lance; and God defend the[1] right!
Boling. Strong as a tower in hope, I cry, amen.
Mar. Go bear this lance [*To an Officer.*] to Thomas, duke of Norfolk.
1 *Her.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Stands here for God, his sovereign, and himself,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
To prove the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,
A traitor to his God, his king, and him;
And dares him to set forward to the fight.
2 *Her.* Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himself, and to approve
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
To God, his sovereign, and to him, disloyal;
Courageously, and with a free desire,
Attending but the signal to begin.
Mar. Sound, trumpets; and set forward, combatants.
[*A Charge sounded.*
Stay, the king hath thrown his warder[2] down.
K. Rich. Let them lay by their helmets and their spears,
And both return back to their chairs again.—
Withdraw with us; and let the trumpets sound,
While we return these dukes what we decree.—
[*A long flourish.*
Draw near, [*To the Combatants.*] and list, what with our council we have done.
For that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd
With that dear blood which it hath fostered;
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbours' swords;
And for we think the eagle-winged pride[3]
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
With rival-hating envy, set on you
To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle

[1] So the quarto, 1597; other eds.: thy. [2] *Truncheon.* [3] This and the four following lines are omitted in the folio.

Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep;
Which so rous'd up with boisterous untun'd drums,
With harsh resounding trumpets' dreadful bray,
And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,
Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,
And make us wade even in our kindred's blood:
Therefore, we banish you our territories:
You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of life[1],
Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields,
Shall not regreet our fair dominions,
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

Boling. Your will be done. This must my comfort be,
That sun that warms you here shall shine on me;
And those his golden beams, to you here lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

K. Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,
Which I with some unwillingness pronounce:
The fly[2]-slow hours shall not determinate
The dateless limit of thy dear exile.
The hopeless word of—never to return
Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

Nor. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,
And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth:
A dearer merit[3], not so deep a maim
As to be cast forth in the common air,
Have I deserv'd at your highness' hands.
The language I have learn'd these forty years,
My native English, now I must forego;
And now my tongue's use is to me no more,
Than an unstringed viol, or a harp;
Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,
Or, being open, put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony.
Within my mouth you have enjail'd my tongue,
Doubly portcullis'd, with my teeth and lips;
And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance
Is made my jailor to attend on me.
I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,
Too far in years to be a pupil now;
What is thy sentence, then, but speechless death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?

K. Rich. It boots thee not to be compassionate:
After our sentence plaining comes too late.

[1] So the quarto; the folio: death. [2] sly: in f. e. [3] *Reward.*

Nor. Then, thus I turn me from my country's light,
To dwell in solemn shades of endless night. [*Retiring.*

K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath with thee.
Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands;
Swear by the duty that ye owe to God,
(Our part therein we banish with yourselves)
To keep the oath that we administer:—
You never shall (so help you truth and God!)
Embrace each other's love in banishment;
Nor never[1] look upon each other's face;
Nor never[2] write, regreet, nor reconcile
This lowering tempest of your home-bred hate;
Nor never by advised purpose meet,
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill,
'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.

Boling. I swear.

Nor. And I, to keep all this.
[*They kiss the king's sword.*[3]

Boling. Norfolk, so fare[4], as to mine enemy.—
By this time, had the king permitted us,
One of our souls had wander'd in the air,
Banish'd this frail sepulchre of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banish'd from this land:
Confess thy treasons, ere thou fly the realm;
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
The clogging burden of a guilty soul.

Nor. No, Bolingbroke: if ever I were traitor,
My name be blotted from the book of life,
And I from heaven banish'd, as from hence.
But what thou art, God, thou, and I do know;
And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.—
Farewell, my liege.—Now no way can I stray:
Save back to England, all the world 's my way. [*Exit.*

K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy grieved heart: thy sad aspect
Hath from the number of his banished years
Pluck'd four away.—[*To* BOLINGBROKE] Six frozen winters spent,
Return with welcome home from banishment.

Boling. How long a time lies in one little word!
Four lagging winters and four wanton springs,
End in a word: such is the breath of kings.

[1] [2] So the quartos; the folio: ever. [3] Not in f e. [4] So the old copies; the 2d folio, and mod. eds. read: far.

Gaunt. I thank my liege, that in regard of me
He shortens four years of my son's exile;
But little vantage shall I reap thereby,
For, ere the six years, that he hath to spend,
Can change their moons, and bring their times about
My oil-dried lamp, and time-bewasted light,
Shall be extinct with age and endless night:
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death not let me see my son.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live

Gaunt. But not a minute, king, that thou canst give
Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow.
Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage:
Thy word is current with him for my death,
But, dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

K. Rich. Thy son is banish'd upon good advice,
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave:
Why at our justice seem'st thou, then, to lower?

Gaunt. Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour
You urg'd me as a judge; but I had rather,
You would have bid me argue like a father.
O! had it been a stranger, not my child,[1]
To smooth his fault I should have been more mild.
A partial slander sought I to avoid,
And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.
Alas! I look'd when some of you should say,
I was too strict to make mine own away;
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue,
Against my will to do myself this wrong.

K. Rich. Cousin, farewell;—and, uncle, bid him so:
Six years we banish him, and he shall go.

[*Flourish. Exeunt King* RICHARD, *and Train.*

Aum. Cousin, farewell: what presence must not know,
From where do you remain, let paper show.

Mar. My lord, no leave take I; for I will ride,
As far as land will let me, by your side.

Gaunt. O! to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words,
That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?

Boling. I have too few to take my leave of you,

[1] This and the two following lines are omitted in the folio

When the tongue's office should be prodigal
To breathe th' abundant dolour of the heart.
Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.
Boling. Joy absent, grief is present for that time.
Gaunt. What is six winters? they are quickly gone.
Boling. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.
Gaunt. Call it a travel, that thou tak'st for pleasure.
Boling. My heart will sigh when I miscall it so,
Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.
Gaunt. The sullen passage of thy weary steps
Esteem a foil, wherein thou art to set
The precious jewel of thy home-return.
Boling. Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make[1]
Will but remember me, what a deal of world
I wander from the jewels that I love.
Must I not serve a long apprenticehood
To foreign passages, and in the end,
Having my freedom, boast of nothing else
But that I was a journeyman to grief?
Gaunt. All places that the eye of heaven visits,
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.
Teach thy necessity to reason thus;
There is no virtue like necessity:
Think not the king did banish thee,
But thou the king: woe doth the heavier sit,
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
And not the king exil'd thee; or suppose,
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a fresher clime:
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st.
Suppose the singing birds musicians,
The grass whereon thou tread'st the presence strew'd,
The flowers fair ladies, and thy steps no more
Than a delightful measure, or a dance;
For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.
Boling. O! who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast?

[1] This and the next speech are omitted in the folio

Or wallow naked in December snow,
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?
O! no: the apprehension of the good,
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

Gaunt. Come, come, my son, I 'll bring thee on thy way:
Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.

Boling. Then, England's ground, farewell: sweet soil, adieu;
My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet!
Where-e'er I wander, boast of this I can,
Though banish'd, yet a trueborn Englishman. [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV.—The Same. A Room in the King's Castle.

Enter King RICHARD, BAGOT, *and* GREEN, *at one door*, AUMERLE *at another.*

K. Rich. We did observe.—Cousin Aumerle,
How far brought you high Hereford on his way?

Aum. I brought high Hereford, if you call him so,
But to the next highway, and there I left him.

K. Rich. And, say, what store of parting tears were shed?

Aum. 'Faith, none for me; except the north-east wind,
Which then blew bitterly against our faces,
Awak'd the sleeping rheum, and so by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

K. Rich. What said our cousin, when you parted with him?

Aum. Farewell: and, for my heart disdain'd my tongue
Should so profane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppression of such grief,
That words seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave.
Marry, would the word "farewell" have lengthen'd hours,
And added years to his short banishment,
He should have had a volume of farewells;
But, since t would not, he had none of me.

K. Rich. He is our cousin, cousin; but 't is doubt,

[1] The quarto, 1597, has: he

When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends..
Ourself, and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green,
Observ'd his courtship to the common people:
How he did seem to dive into their hearts,
With humble and familiar courtesy;
What reverence he did throw away on slaves;
Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles,
And patient underbearing of his fortune,
As 't were to banish their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster wench;
A brace of draymen bid God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With — "Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends;"—
As were our England in reversion his,
And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

Green. Well, he is gone; and with him go these thoughts.
Now for the rebels, which stand out in Ireland,
Expedient[1] manage must be made, my liege,
Ere farther leisure yield them farther means,
For their advantage, and your highness' loss.

K. Rich. We will ourself in person to this war:
And, for our coffers with too great a court,
And liberal largess, are grown somewhat light,
We are enforc'd to farm our royal realm;
The revenue whereof shall furnish us
For our affairs in hand. If that come short,
Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters;
Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,
They shall subscribe them for largs sums of gold,
And send them after to supply our wants,
For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter BUSHY.

Bushy, what news?

Bushy. Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my lord,
Suddenly taken, and hath sent post-haste,
To entreat your majesty to visit him.

K. Rich. Where lies he now?

Bushy. At Ely-house, my liege.

K. Rich. Now put it, God, in his physician's mind,
To help him to his grave immediately!

[1] *Expeditious.*

The lining of his coffers shall make coats
To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.—
Come, gentlemen, let 's all go visit him:
Pray God, we may make haste, and come too late!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—London. An Apartment in Ely-house

GAUNT *on a Couch; the Duke of* YORK, *and Others, standing by him.*

Gaunt. Will the king come, that I may breathe my last
In wholesome counsel to his unstaid youth?

York. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath;
For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

Gaunt. O! but they say, the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention like deep harmony:
Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain;
For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain
He that no more may say is listen'd more,
Than they whom youth and ease have taught to glose;
More are men's ends mark'd, than their lives before.
The setting sun and music at[1] the close,
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,
Writ in remembrance more than things long past.
Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

York. No; it is stopp'd with other flattering sounds,
As praises of his state: then, there are found[2]
Lascivious metres, to whose venom sound
The open ear of youth doth always listen:
Report of fashions in proud Italy;
Whose manners still our tardy apish nation
Limps after, in base imitation.
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,
So it be new there 's no respect how vile,
That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?
Then, all too late comes counsel to be heard,

[1] So the quartos; the folios: is. [2] The quarto, 1593, reads: As praises, of whose taste the w se are found (fond)

Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.
Direct not him, whose way himself will choose:
'T is breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.

Gaunt. Methinks, I am a prophet new inspir'd,
And thus, expiring, do foretell of him.
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,
For violent fires soon burn out themselves;
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short.
He tires betimes, that spurs too fast betimes;
With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder:
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This fortress, built by nature for herself,
Against infection, and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd by their breed, and famous by[1] their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
For Christian service and true chivalry,
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son:
This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leas'd out, I die pronouncing it,
Like to a tenement, or pelting[2] farm.
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds:
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.
Ah! would the scandal vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death.

[1] Folio, 1623: for. [2] *Petty.*

Enter King RICHARD, *and* QUEEN; AUMERLE, BUSHY GREEN, BAGOT, ROSS, *and* WILLOUGHBY.

York. The king is come: deal midly with his youth;
For young hot colts, being urg'd[1], do rage the more.

Queen. How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster?

K. Rich. What, comfort, man! How is 't with aged Gaunt?

Gaunt. O, how that name befits my composition!
Old Gaunt, indeed; and gaunt in being old:
Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;
And who abstains from meat, that is not gaunt?
For sleeping England long time have I watch'd;
Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt:
The pleasure that some fathers feed upon
Is my strict fast, I mean my children's looks;
And therein fasting hast thou made me gaunt.
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

K. Rich. Can sick men play so nicely with their names?

Gaunt. No; misery makes sport to mock itself:
Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,
I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.

K. Rich. Should dying men flatter with[2] those that live?

Gaunt. No, no; men living flatter those that die.

K. Rich. Thou, now a-dying, say'st—thou flatter'st me.

Gaunt. O! no; thou diest, though I the sicker be.

K. Rich. I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill

Gaunt. Now, He that made me knows I see thee ill;
Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.
Thy death-bed is no lesser than the land,
Wherein thou liest in reputation sick;
And thou, too careless patient as thou art,
Commit'st thy 'nointed body to the cure
Of those physicians that first wounded thee.
A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,
Whose compass is no bigger than thy head,
And yet, incaged in so small a verge,
The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.
O! had thy grandsire, with a prophet's eye,
Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame,

[1] rag'd: in f. e. [2] The folio omits: *with*.

Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,
Which art possess'd now to depose thyself.
Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,
It were a shame to let this land by lease;
But for thy world enjoying but this land,
Is it not more than shame to shame it so?
Landlord of England art thou now[1], not king:
Thy state of law is bondslave to the law,
And thou—[2]

K. Rich. A lunatic lean-witted fool,
Presuming on an ague's privilege,
Dar'st with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheek, chasing the royal blood
With fury from his native residence.
Now, by my seat's right royal majesty,
Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,
This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head,
Should run thy head from thy unreverend shoulders.

Gaunt. O! spare me not, my brother Edward's son
For that I was his father Edward's son:
That blood already, like the pelican,
Hast thou tapp'd out, and drunkenly carous'd.
My brother Gloster, plain well-meaning soul,
Whom fair befal in heaven 'mongst happy souls,
May be a precedent and witness good,
That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood.
Join with the present sickness that I have,
And thy unkindness be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too-long withered flower.
Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee:
These words hereafter thy tormentors be.—
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:
Love they to live, that love and honour have.
[*Exit, borne out by his Attendants*

K. Rich. And let them die, that age and sullens have
For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

York. I do beseech your majesty, impute his words
To wayward sickliness and age in him:
He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
As Harry, duke of Hereford, were he here.

[1] The folio: and. [2] So the quartos; the folio and most mod. eds
And—
K. Rich. And thou a lunatic, &c.

K. Rich. Right, you say true; as Hereford's love, so his:
As theirs, so mine; and all be as it is.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

North. My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your majesty.

K. Rich. What says he?

North. Nay, nothing; all is said.
His tongue is now a stringless instrument:
Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.

York. Be York the next that must be bankrupt so!
Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

K. Rich. The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he.
His time is spent; our pilgrimage must be.
So much for that.—Now for our Irish wars.
We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns,
Which live like venom, where no venom else,
But only they, hath privilege to live:
And for these great affairs do ask some charge,
Towards our assistance we do seize to us
The plate, coin, revenues, and movables,
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd.

York. How long shall I be patient? Ah! how long
Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?
Not Gloster's death, nor Hereford's banishment,
Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,
Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke
About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,
Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,
Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.
I am the last of noble Edward's sons,
Of whom thy father, prince of Wales, was first:
In war was never lion rag'd more fierce,
In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,
Than was that young and princely gentleman.
His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,
Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours;
But when he frown'd, it was against the French,
And not against his friends: his noble hand
Did win what he did spend, and spent not that
Which his triumphant father's hand had won:
His hands were guilty of no kindred blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.
O, Richard! York is too far gone with grief,

Or else he never would compare between.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, what 's the matter?

York. O, my liege!
Pardon me, if you please; if not, I, pleas'd
Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.
Seek you to seize, and gripe into your hands,
The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford?
Is not Gaunt dead, and doth not Hereford live?
Was not Gaunt just, and is not Harry true?
Did not the one deserve to have an heir?
Is not his heir a well-deserving son?
Take Hereford's rights away, and take from time
His charters and his customary rights;
Let not to-morrow, then, ensue to-day;
Be not thyself; for how art thou a king,
But by fair sequence and succession?
Now, afore God (God forbid, I say true!)
If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,
Call in the letters patents that he hath
By his attornies-general to sue
His livery,[1] and deny his offer'd homage,
You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,
You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts,
And prick my tender patience to those thoughts
Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

K. Rich. Think what you will: we seize into our hands
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

York. I 'll not be by the while. My liege, farewell:
What will ensue hereof, there 's none can tell;
But by bad courses may be understood,
That their events can never fall out good. [*Exit.*

K. Rich. Go, Bushy, to the earl of Wiltshire straight:
Bid him repair to us to Ely-house,
To see this business. To-morrow next
We will for Ireland; and 't is time, I trow:
And we create, in absence of ourself,
Our uncle York lord governor of England,

[1] On the death of every person who held by Knight's service, the escheator of the court summoned a jury, who inquired what estate he died seized, or possessed of, and what age his next heir was. If he was under age, he became a ward of the king; if of full age, he had a right to sue out a writ of *ouster la main*, that is, his *livery*, that the king's hand might be taken off, and the land delivered to him.—*Malone.*

For he is just, and always lov'd us well.—
Come on, our queen: to-morrow must we part;
Be merry, for our time of stay is short. [*Flourish.*

[*Exeunt*, KING, QUEEN, BUSHY, AUMERLE, GREEN, *and* BAGOT.

North. Well, lords, the duke of Lancaster is dead.

Ross. And living too, for now his son is duke.

Willo. Barely in title, not in revenues.

North. Richly in both, if justice had her right.

Ross. My heart is great; but it must break with silence,
Ere 't be disburden'd with a liberal tongue.

North. Nay, speak thy mind; and let him ne'er speak more,
That speaks thy words again to do thee harm!

Willo. Tends that thou 'dst speak, to the duke of Hereford?
If it be so, out with it boldly, man;
Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.

Ross. No good at all that I can do for him,
Unless you call it good to pity him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

North. Now, afore God, 't is shame such wrongs are borne
In him, a royal prince, and many more
Of noble blood in this declining land.
The king is not himself, but basely led
By flatterers; and what they will inform,
Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,
That will the king severely prosecute,
'Gainst us, our wives[1], our children, and our heirs.

Ross. The commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes,
And quite lost their hearts: the nobles hath he fin'd
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

Willo. And daily new exactions are devis'd;
As blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what:
But what, o' God's name, doth become of this?

North. Wars have not wasted it, for warr'd he hath not,
But basely yielded upon compromise
That which his noble[2] ancestors achiev'd with blows:
More hath he spent in peace, than they in wars.

Ross. The earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm.

[1] lives: in f. e. [2] Not in the folio.

Willo. The king 's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.
North. Reproach, and dissolution, hangeth over him.
Ross. He hath not money for these Irish wars,
His burdenous taxations notwithstanding,
But by the robbing of the banish'd duke.
North. His noble kinsman: most degenerate king!
But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm:
We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.
Ross. We see the very wreck that we must suffer;
And unavoided is the danger now,
For suffering so the causes of our wreck.
North. Not so: even through the hollow eyes of death,
I spy life peering; but I dare not say
How near the tidings of our comfort is.
Willo. Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.
Ross. Be confident to speak, Northumberland:
We three are but thyself; and, speaking so,
Thy words are but our[1] thoughts: therefore, be bold.
North. Then thus.—I have from Port le Blanc, a bay
In Brittany, receiv'd intelligence,
That Harry duke of Hereford, Reginald lord Cobham,
That late broke from the duke of Exeter,
His brother, archbishop late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, sir John Ramston,
Sir John Norbery, sir Robert Waterton, and Francis Quoint,
All these well furnish'd by the duke of Bretagne,
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And shortly mean to touch our northern shore:
Perhaps, they had ere this, but that they stay
The first departing of the king for Ireland.
If, then, we shall shake off our slavish yoke,
Imp[2] out our drooping country's broken wing,
Redeem from broking pawn the blemish d crown
Wipe off the dust that hides our scepter's gilt,
And make high majesty look like itself,
Away with me in post to Ravenspurg;
But if you faint, as fearing to do so,

[1] as: in f. e [2] Insert a new feather in place of a broken one

Stay and be secret, and myself will go.

Ross. To horse, to horse! urge doubts to them that fear.

Willo. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—The Same. An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter QUEEN, BUSHY, *and* BAGOT.

Bushy. Madam, your majesty is too much sad:
You promis'd, when you parted with the king,
To lay aside life[1]-harming heaviness,
And entertain a cheerful disposition.

Queen. To please the king, I did; to please myself
I cannot do it; yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
As my sweet Richard. Yet, again, methinks,
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Is coming towards me; and my inward soul
With nothing trembles: at some thing it grieves,
More than with parting from my lord, the king.

Bushy. Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
Which show like grief itself, but are not so:
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects;
Like perspectives[2], which, rightly gaz'd upon,
Show nothing but confusion: ey'd awry,
Distinguish form: so your sweet majesty,
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
Finds shapes of grief more than himself to wail;
Which, look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows
Of what it is not. Then, thrice gracious queen,
More than your lord's departure weep not: more 's not seen;
Or if it be, 't is with false sorrow's eye,
Which for things true weeps things imaginary.

Queen. It may be so; but yet my inward soul
Persuades me, it is otherwise: howe'er it be,

[1] So the quartos; the folios: *self*. [2] Knight says, these "perspectives" are pictures painted on a board, so cut as to present a number of sides or flats, when viewed obliquely. When "rightly gazed upon," i. e. in front, nothing can be seen; eyed awry, the picture is visible.

I cannot but be sad; so heavy sad,
As, though unthinking[1] on no thought I think,
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.
Bushy. 'T is nothing but conceit, my gracious lady
Queen. 'T is nothing less: conceit is still deriv'd
From some forefather grief; mine is not so,
For nothing hath begot my something woe[2];
Or something hath the nothing that I guess[3]:
'T is in reversion that I do possess,
But what it is, that is not yet known, what
I cannot name: 't is nameless woe, I wot.

Enter GREEN.

Green. God save your majesty:—and well met, gentlemen.—
I hope, the king is not yet shipp'd for Ireland.
Queen. Why hop'st thou so? 't is better hope he is,
For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope;
Then, wherefore dost thou hope, he is not shipp'd?
Green. That he, our hope, might have retir'd his power,
And driven into despair an enemy's hope,
Who strongly hath set footing in this land.
The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself,
And with uplifted arms is safe arriv'd
At Ravenspurg.
Queen. Now, God in heaven forbid!
Green. Ah! madam, 't is too true: and what is worse,
The lord Northumberland, his son young[4] Henry Percy,
The lords of Ross, Beaumond, and Willoughby,
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.
Bushy. Why have you not proclaim'd Northumberland,
And all the rest of the revolted faction, traitors?
Green. We have: whereupon the earl of Worcester
Hath broken his staff, resign'd his stewardship,
And all the household servants fled with him
To Bolingbroke.
Queen. So, Green, thou art the midwife to my woe,
And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir:
Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy,
And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.

[1] in thinking: in f. e. [2] grief: in f. e. [3] grieve: in f. e. [4] So the quartos; the folio: his young son.

Bushy. Despair not, madam.
Queen. Who shall hinder me?
I will despair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope: he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper-back of death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hope lingers in extremity.

Enter the Duke of YORK, *part-armed.*[1]

Green. Here comes the duke of York.
Queen. With signs of war about his aged neck.
O! full of careful business are his looks.—
Uncle, for God's sake, speak comfortable words.
York. Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts:
Comfort 's in heaven; and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives but crosses, care, and grief.
Your husband, he is gone to save far off,
Whilst others come to make him lose at home:
Here am I left to underprop his land,
Who, weak with age, cannot support myself.
Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made;
Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, your son was gone before I came.
York. He was?—Why, so:—go all which way it will.—
The nobles they are fled, the commons cold,
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.—
Sirrah, get thee to Plashy, to my sister Gloster;
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound.
Hold; take my ring.
Serv. My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship:
To-day, as I came by, I called there;
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.
York. What is 't, knave?
Serv. An hour before I came the duchess died.
York. God for his mercy! what a tide of woes
Comes rushing on this woeful land at once!
I know not what to do:—I would to God,
(So my untruth had not provok'd him to it)
The king had cut off my head with my brother's.—
What! are there no[2] posts dispatch'd for Ireland?—
How shall we do for money for these wars?—
Come, sister,—cousin, I would say: pray, pardon me.—

[1] Not in f. e. [2] Not in the folio.

Go, fellow, [*To the Servant.*] get thee home: provide some carts,
And bring away the armour that is there.—
[*Exit Servant.*
Gentlemen, will you go muster men?
If I know how, or which way, to order these affairs,
Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,
Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen:
Th' one is my sovereign, whom both my oath
And duty bids defend; th' other again,
Is my near[1] kinsman, whom the king hath wrong'd,
Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.
Well, somewhat we must do.—Come, cousin,
I 'll dispose of you.—Gentlemen, go muster up your men,
And meet me presently at Berkley[2].
I should to Plashy too,
But time will not permit.—All is uneven,
And every thing is left at six and seven.
[*Exeunt* YORK *and* QUEEN.

Bushy. The wind sits fair for news to go for Ireland,
But none returns. For us to levy power,
Proportionable to the enemy,
Is all impossible.

Green. Besides, our nearness to the king in love
Is near the hate of those love not the king.

Bagot. And that 's the wavering commons; for their love
Lies in their purses, and whoso empties them,
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Bushy. Wherein the king stands generally condemn'd.

Bagot. If judgment lie in them, then so do we,
Because we ever have been near the king.

Green. Well, I 'll for refuge straight to Bristol castle
The earl of Wiltshire is already there.

Bushy. Thither will I with you; for little office
Will the hateful commons perform for us,
Except like curs to tear us all to pieces.—
Will you go along with us?

Bagot. No: I will to Ireland to his majesty
Farewell: if heart's presages be not vain,
We three here part, that ne'er shall meet again.

[1] This word is not in f. e. [2] The folio . Berkley castle

Bushy. That 's as York thrives to beat back Boling broke.

Green. Alas, poor duke! the task he undertakes
Is numbering sands, and drinking oceans dry:
Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.
Farewell at once; for once, for all, and ever.

Bushy. Well, we may meet again.

Bagot. I fear me, never. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III.—The Wilds in Glostershire.

Enter BOLINGBROKE *and* NORTHUMBERLAND, *with Forces.*

Boling. How far is it, my lord, to Berkley now?

North. Believe me, noble lord,
I am a stranger here in Glostershire.
These high wild hills, and rough uneven ways,
Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome;
And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and delectable.
But, I bethink me, what a weary way
From Ravenspurg to Cotswold will be found
In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company,
Which, I protest, hath very much beguil'd
The tediousness and process of my travel:
But theirs is sweeten'd with the hope to have
The present benefit which I possess;
And hope to joy is little less in joy,
Than hope enjoy'd: by this the weary lords
Shall make their way seem short, as mine hath been
By sight of what I have, your company.

Boling. Of much less value is my company,
Than your good words. But who comes here?

Enter HARRY PERCY.

North. It is my son, young Harry Percy,
Sent from my brother Worcester, whencesoever.—
Harry, how fares your uncle?

Percy. I had thought, my lord, to have learn'd his health of you.

North. Why, is he not with the queen?

Percy. No, my good lord: he hath forsook the court,
Broken his staff of office, and dispers'd
The household of the king.

North. What was his reason?

He was not so resolv'd, when last we spake
Together.

Percy. Because your lordship was proclaimed traitor.
But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurg,
To offer service to the duke of Hereford;
And sent me over by Berkley, to discover
What power the duke of York had levied there;
Then, with directions to repair to Ravenspurg.

North. Have you forgot the duke of Hereford, boy?

Percy. No, my good lord; for that is not forgot,
Which ne'er I did remember: to my knowledge,
I never in my life did look on him.

North. Then learn to know him now: this is the duke.

Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you my service,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder days shall ripen, and confirm
To more approved service and desert.

Boling. I thank thee, gentle Percy; and be sure,
I count myself in nothing else so happy,
As in a soul remembering my good friends;
And as my fortune ripens with thy love,
It shall be still thy true love's recompense:
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it.

North. How far is it to Berkley? And what stir
Keeps good old York there, with his men of war?

Percy. There stands the castle, by yond' tuft of trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard;
And in it are the lords of York, Berkley, and Seymour,
None else of name, and noble estimate.

Enter Ross *and* Willoughby.

North. Here come the lords of Ross and Willoughby,
Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.

Boling. Welcome, my lords. I wot, your love pursues
A banish'd traitor: all my treasury
Is but yet unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,
Shall be your love and labour's recompense.

Ross. Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.

Willo. And far surmounts our labour to attain it.

Boling. Evermore thanks, th' exchequer of the poor:
Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here?

Enter BERKLEY.

North. It is my lord of Berkley, as I guess.

Berk. My lord of Hereford, my message is to you.

Boling. My lord, my answer is—to Lancaster,
And I am come to seek that name in England;
And I must find that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you say.

Berk. Mistake me not, my lord: 't is not my meaning,
To raze one title of your honour out.
To you, my lord, I come, what lord you will,
From the most gracious[1] regent of this land,
The duke of York, to know what pricks you on
To take advantage of the absent time,
And fright our native peace with self-borne arms.

Enter YORK *attended.*

Boling. I shall not need transport my words by you.
Here comes his grace in person.—My noble uncle.
[*Kneels.*

York. Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose duty is deceivable[2] and false.

Boling. My gracious uncle—

York. Tut, tut! Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle[3]:
I am no traitor's uncle; and that word "grace,"
In an ungracious mouth, is but profane.
Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs
Dar'd once to touch a dust of England's ground?
But more than that,[4]—why have they dar'd to march
So many miles upon our peaceful bosom,
Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war,
And ostentation of despoiling[5] arms?
Com'st thou because th' anointed king is hence?
Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,
And in my loyal bosom lies his power.
Were I but now the lord of such hot youth,
As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself,
Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,
From forth the ranks of many thousand French,
O! then, how quickly should this arm of mine,
Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee,
And minister correction to thy fault!

[1] So the quarto, 1597; the others and the folio: glorious. [2] *Deceptive.* [3] "no uncle" is not in the folio. [4] then, more why: in f. e [5] despised: in f. o.

Boling. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault:
On what condition stands it, and wherein?
York. Even in condition of the worst degree;
In gross rebellion, and detested treason:
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come
Before the expiration of thy time,
In braving arms against thy sovereign.
Boling. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford
But as I come, I come for Lancaster.
And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace,
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my father, for, methinks, in you
I see old Gaunt alive: O! then, my father,
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd
A wandering vagabond, my rights and royalties
Pluck'd from my arms perforce, and given away
To upstart unthrifts? Wherefore was I born?
If that my cousin king be king of England,
It must be granted I am duke of Lancaster.
You have a son, Aumerle, my noble kinsman;
Had you first died, and he been thus trod down,
He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,
To rouse his wrongers, chase them to the bay.
I am denied to sue my livery here,
And yet my letters patent give me leave:
My father's goods are all distrain'd, and sold;
And these, and all, are all amiss employ'd.
What would you have me do? I am a subject,
And challenge law: attornies are denied me,
And therefore personally I lay my claim
To my inheritance of free descent.
North. The noble duke hath been too much abused
Ross. It stands your grace upon to do him right.
Willo. Base men by his endowments are made great
York. My lords of England, let me tell you this:
I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to do him right;
But in this kind to come; in braving arms,
Be his own carver, and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrong,—it may not be:
And you, that do abet him in this kind,
Cherish rebellion, and are rebels all.
North. The noble duke hath sworn, his coming is
But for his own: and for the right of that,

We all have strongly sworn to give him aid,
And let him ne'er see joy that breaks that oath.
York. Well, well, I see the issue of these arms.
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
Because my power is weak, and all ill left;
But if I could, by him that gave me life,
I would attach you all, and make you stoop
Unto the sovereign mercy of the king:
But since I cannot, be it known unto you,
I do remain as neuter. So, farewell;
Unless you please to enter in the castle,
And there, my lords, repose you for this night.
Boling. An offer, uncle, that we will accept:
But we must win your grace, to go with us
To Bristol castle; which, they say, is held
By Bushy, Bagot, and their complices,
The caterpillars of the commonwealth,
Which I have sworn to weed and pluck away.
York. It may be I will go with you;—but yet I'll pause,
For I am loath to break our country's laws.
Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are:
Things past redress are now with me past care. [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV.—A Camp in Wales.

Enter SALISBURY, *and a Welsh Captain.*

Cap. My lord of Salisbury, we have stay'd ten days,
And hardly kept our countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the king;
Therefore, we will disperse ourselves. Farewell.
Sal. Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman:
The king reposeth all his confidence in thee.
Cap. 'T is thought, the king is dead: we will not stay
The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd,
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth,
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change:
Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap,
The one in fear to lose what they enjoy,
The other to enjoy by rage and war:
These signs forerun the death or fall[1] of kings
Farewell: our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well assur'd Richard, their king, is dead. [*Exit*

[1] The folio omits: or fall.

Sal. Ah, Richard! with the eyes o heavy mind,
I see th y glory, like a shooting star,
Fall to the base earth from the firmament.
Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest:
Thy friends are fled to wait upon thy foes,
And crossly to thy good all fortune goes. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Bolingbroke's Camp at Bristol.

Enter Bolingbroke, York, Northumberland, Percy, Willoughby, Ross: Bushy *and* Green, *prisoners.*

Boling. Bring forth these men.—
[Bushy *and* Green *stand forward.*[1]
Bushy, and Green, I will not vex your souls,
Since presently your souls must part your bodies,
With too much urging your pernicious lives,
For 't were no charity: yet, to wash your blood
From off my hands, here in the view of men
I will unfold some causes of your deaths.
You have misled a prince, a royal king,
A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you unhappied and disfigur'd clean:
You have, in manner, with your sinful hours,
Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him,
Broke the possession of a royal bed,
And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks
With tears, drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs.
Myself, a prince by fortune of my birth,
Near to the king in blood, and near in love,
Till you did make him misinterpret me,
Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,
And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment,
Whilst you have fed upon my signories,
Dispark'd my parks, and fell'd my forest woods,
From mine own windows torn my household coat,
Raz'd out my impress, leaving me no sign,
Save men's opinions, and my living blood.

[1] Not in f. e.

To show the world I am a gentleman.
This and much more, much more than twice all this,
Condemns you to the death.—See them deliver'd over
To execution, and the hand of death.

Bushy. More welcome is the stroke of death to me,
Than Bolingbroke to England.—Lords, farewell[1].

Green. My comfort is, that heaven will take our souls,
And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

Boling. My lord Northumberland, see them dispatch'd.

[*Exeunt* NORTHUMBERLAND *and Others, with* BUSHY *and* GREEN.

Uncle, you say the queen is at your house;
For God's sake, fairly let her be entreated:
Tell her I send to her my kind commends;
Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.

York. A gentleman of mine I have dispatch'd
With letters of your love to her at large.

Boling. Thanks, gentle uncle.—Come, my lords, away,
To fight with Glendower and his complices:
Awhile to work, and after holiday. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—The Coast of Wales. A Castle in view

Flourish: Drums and Trumpets. Enter King RICHARD *Bishop of* CARLISLE, AUMERLE, *and Soldiers.*

K. Rich. Barkloughly Castle call they this at hand?

Aum. Yea, my good[2] lord. How brooks your grace the air,
After late[3] tossing on the breaking seas?

K. Rich. Needs must I like it well: I weep for joy,
To stand upon my kingdom once again.—
Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs:
As a long parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears and smiles in meeting,
So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
And do thee favour with my royal hand.
Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense;
But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way,
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet,
Which with usurping steps do trample thee.

[1] These two words are not in the folios. [2] Not in f. e [3] you, ate: in f. e.

Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies:
And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,
Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder,
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.—
Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords:
This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones
Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king
Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms.

Bishop. Fear not, my lord: that power that made you king,
Hath power to keep you king, in spite of all.[1]
The means that heavens yield must be embrac'd,
And not neglected; else, if heaven would,
And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse,
The proffer'd means of succour and redress.

Aum. He means, my lord, that we are too remiss;
Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,
Grows strong and great in substance, and in power.

K. Rich. Discomfortable cousin! know'st thou not,
That when the searching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,
In murders and in outrage, boldly[2] here;
But when from under this terrestrial ball
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
And darts his light through every guilty hole,
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?
So when this thief, this traitor Bolingbroke,
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,[3]
Whilst we were wandering with the antipodes,
Shall see us rising in our throne, the east,
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day,
But, self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.
Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed king:
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord.

[1] The rest of the speech is not in the folio. [2] So quarto, 1597; all other old copies and mod. eds. read: bloody. [3] This line is not in the folio

For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd,
To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,
God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel: then, if angels fight,
Weak men must fall, for heaven still guards the right

Enter SALISBURY.

Welcome, my lord. How far off lies your power?

Sal. Nor near, nor farther off, my gracious lord,
Than this weak arm. Discomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me speak of nothing but despair.
One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth.
O! call back yesterday, bid time return,
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men:
To-day, to-day, unhappy day too late,
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state;
For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispers'd, or fled.

Aum. Comfort, my liege! why looks your grace so pale?

K. Rich. But now, the blood of twenty thousand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled;
And till so much blood thither come again,
Have I not reason to look pale and dead?
All souls that will be safe, fly from my side;
For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

Aum. Comfort, my liege! remember who you are.

K. Rich. I had forgot myself. Am I not king?
Awake, thou coward[1] majesty! thou sleepest.
Is not the king's name twenty[2] thousand names?
Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes
At thy great glory.—Look not to the ground,
Ye favourites of a king: are we not high?
High be our thoughts. I know, my uncle York
Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who comes here?

Enter SCROOP.

Scroop. More health and happiness betide my liege,
Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him.

K. Rich. Mine ear is open, and my heart prepar'd:
The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold.
Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 't was my care;

[1] So the quartos; the folio: sluggard. [2] So the quartos: the folio forty.

And what loss is it to be rid of care?
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?
Greater he shall not be: if he serve God,
We 'll serve him too, and be his fellow so.
Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend,
They break their faith to God, as well as us.
Cry woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay.
The worst is death, and death will have his day.

Scroop. Glad am I, that your highness is so arm'd
To bear the tidings of calamity.
Like an unseasonable stormy day,
Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,
As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears;
So high above his limits swells the rage
Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land
With hard bright steel, and hearts harder than steel.
White-beards have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps
Against thy majesty; and boys, with women's voices,
Strive to speak big, and clasp[1] their feeble[2] joints
In stiff unwieldy armour 'gainst[3] thy crown:
Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows
Of double-fatal yew against thy state;
Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills
Against thy seat: both young and old rebel,
And all goes worse than I have power to tell.

K. Rich. Too well, too well, thou tell'st a tale so ill.
Where is the earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?
What is become of Bushy? where is Green?
That they have let the dangerous enemy
Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?
If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it.
I warrant they have made peace with Bolingbroke.

Scroop. Peace have they made with him, indeed, my lord.

K. Rich. O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption!
Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!
Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my heart:
Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas!
Would they make peace? terrible hell make war
Upon their spotted souls for this offence![4]

Scroop. Sweet love, I see, changing his property,

[1] clap: in f. e. [2] female: in f. e. [3] arms against: in f. e. [4] This word is added in the folio

Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate.
Again uncurse their souls; their peace is made
With heads and not with hands: those whom you curse
Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound[1],
And lie full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.
Aum. Is Bushy, Green, and the earl of Wiltshire, dead?
Scroop. Yea, all of them at Bristol lost their heads.
Aum. Where is the duke, my father, with his power?
K. Rich. No matter where. Of comfort no man speak
Let 's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
Let 's choose executors, and talk of wills:
And yet not so,—for what can we bequeath,
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own but death,
And that small model of the barren earth,
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:
How some have been depos'd, some slain in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd,
Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd,
All murder'd;—for within the hollow crown,
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps death his court, and there the antick sits[2],
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable; and, humour'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and—farewell king!
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn reverence: throw away respect,
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
For you have but mistook me all this while:
I live with bread like you, feel want,
Taste grief, need friends: subjected thus,

[1] The folio: hand. [2] This image may have been taken from the seventh of the "*Imagines Mortis*," a series of designs in the style of Holbein's Dance of Death. It is in Knight's Pictorial Shakspere.

How can you say to me—I am a king?
Bishop. My lord, wise men ne'er sit and[1] wail their woes,
But presently prevent the ways to wail.
To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe,
And so your follies fight against yourself.[2]
Fear, and be slain; no worse can come to fight:
And fight and die is death destroying death;
Where fearing dying pays death servile breath.
Aum. My father hath a power, enquire of him,
And learn to make a body of a limb.
K. Rich. Thou chid'st me well.—Proud Bolingbroke, I come
To change blows with thee for our day of doom.
This ague-fit of fear is over-blown:
An easy task it is, to win our own.—
Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power?
Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.
Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of the sky
The state and inclination of the day;
So may you by my dull and heavy eye,
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.
I play the torturer, by small and small,
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken.
Your uncle York is join'd with Bolingbroke;
And all your northern castles yielded up,
And all your southern gentlemen in arms
Upon his party[3].
K. Rich. Thou hast said enough.—
Beshrew thee, cousin, [*To* AUMERLE.] which didst lead me forth
Of that sweet way I was in to despair!
What say you now? What comfort have we now?
By heaven, I 'll hate him everlastingly,
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Go to Flint castle: there I 'll pine away;
A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.
That power I have, discharge; and let them go
To ear[4] the land that hath some hope to grow,
For I have none.—Let no man speak again
To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

[1] These two words are not in the folio. [2] This line is not in the folio. [3] So the quarto; the folio: faction. [4] *Plough;* it is often so used.

Aum. My liege, one word.
K. Rich. He does me double wrong.
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
Discharge my followers: let them hence away,
From Richard's night to Bolingbroke's fair day.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Wales. A Plain before Flint Castle.

Enter, with Drum and Colours, BOLINGBROKE *and Forces;* YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, *and Others.*

Boling. So that by this intelligence we learn,
The Welshmen are dispers'd; and Salisbury
Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed
With some few private friends upon this coast.
North. The news is very fair and good, my lord:
Richard, not far from hence, hath hid his head.
York. It would beseem the lord Northumberland,
To say, king Richard:—Alack, the heavy day,
When such a sacred king should hide his head!
North. Your grace mistakes me; only to be brief,
Left I his title out.
York. The time hath been,
Would you have been so brief with him, he would
Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,
For taking so the head, your whole head's length.
Boling. Mistake not, uncle, farther than you should.
York. Take not, good cousin, farther than you should,
Lest you mistake: the heavens are o'er our heads.[1]
Boling. I know it, uncle; and oppose not myself
Against their will.—But who comes here?

Enter PERCY.

Welcome, Harry. What, will not this castle yield?
Percy. The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,
Against thy entrance.
Boling. Royally?
Why, it contains no king.
Percy. Yes, my good lord;
It doth contain a king: king Richard lies
Within the limits of yond' lime and stone;
And with him are the lord Aumerle, lord Salisbury,
Sir Stephen Scroop; besides a clergyman
Of holy reverence, who, I cannot learn.
North. O! belike it is the bishop of Carlisle.

[1] So the quartos, the folio: your head.

Boling. Noble lord, [*To* NORTH.
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle;
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parle
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver:
Henry Bolingbroke
On both his knees doth kiss king Richard's hand,
And sends allegiance, and true faith of heart,
To his most royal person; hither come
Even at his feet to lay my arms and power,
Provided that, my banishment repeal'd,
And lands restor'd again, be freely granted.
If not, I 'll use th' advantage of my power,
And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood,
Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen:
The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke
It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench
The fresh green lap of fair king Richard's land,
My stooping duty tenderly shall show.
Go; signify as much, while here we march
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.
Let 's march without the noise of threat'ning drum,
That from the castle's tatter'd[1] battlements
Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.
Methinks, king Richard and myself should meet
With no less terror than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thundering shock[2]
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.
Be he the fire, I 'll be the yielding water:
The rage be his, while on the earth I rain
My waters; on the earth, and not on him.—
March on, and mark king Richard how he looks.

A parley sounded, and answered by a Trumpet within. Flourish. Enter on the walls King RICHARD, *the Bishop of Carlisle,* AUMERLE, SCROOP, *and* SALISBURY.

Boling. See, see, king Richard doth himself appear,
As doth the blushing discontented sun
From out the fiery portal of the east,
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
To dim his glory, and to stain the track
Of his bright passage to the occident.

York. Yet looks he like a king: behold, his eye,
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth

[1] So the folio; part of the quartos read: tottered; both have the meaning of *ragged*. [2] So the quarto, 1597; the folio: smoke.

Controlling majesty. Alack, alack, for woe,
That any storm[1] should stain so fair a show!
K. Rich. We are amaz'd; and thus long have we stood [*To* NORTHUMBERLAND.
To watch the faithful[2] bending of thy knee,
Because we thought ourself thy lawful king:
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our presence?
If we be not, show us the hand of God
That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship:
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre,
Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.
And though you think that all, as you have done,
Have torn their souls by turning them from us,
And we are barren and bereft of friends,
Yet know, my master, God omnipotent,
Is mustering in his clouds on our behalf
Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike
Your children yet unborn, and unbegot,
That lift your vassal hands against my head,
And threat the glory of my precious crown.
Tell Bolingbroke, for yond', methinks, he stands,
That every stride he makes upon my land
Is dangerous treason. He is come to ope
The purple testament of bleeding war;
But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
Shall ill become the flower of England's face,
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To scarlet indignation, and bedew
Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.
North. The King of heaven forbid, our lord the king
Should so with civil and uncivil arms
Be rush'd upon. Thy thrice-noble cousin,
Harry Bolingbroke, doth humbly kiss thy hand;
And by the honourable tomb he swears,
That stands upon your royal grandsire's bones,
And by the royalties of both your bloods,
Currents that spring from one most gracious head,
And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt,
And by the worth and honour of himself,
Comprising all that may be sworn or said,

[1] harm: in f. e. [2] fearful: in f. e.

His coming hither hath no farther scope,
Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg
Enfranchisement immediate on his knees:
Which on thy royal party granted once,
His glittering arms he will commend to rust,
His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart
To faithful service of your majesty.
This swears he, as he is a prince, is just,
And, as a gentleman, I credit him.

K. Rich. Northumberland, say,—thus the king re- [turns:
His noble cousin is right welcome hither;
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction.
With all the gracious utterance thou hast,
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.—
[NORTHUMBERLAND *retires to* BOLINGBROKE.
We do debase ourself, cousin, [*To* AUMERLE.] do we not,
To look so poorly, and to speak so fair?
Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
Defiance to the traitor, and so die?

Aum. No, good my lord: let 's fight with gentle words,
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful swords.

K. Rich O God! O God! that e'er this tongue of mine,
That laid the sentence of dread banishment
On yond' proud man, should take it off again
With words of sooth. O! that I were as great
As is my grief, or lesser than my name,
Or that I could forget what I have been,
Or not remember what I must be now.
Swell'st thou, proud heart? I 'll give thee scope to beat, [*Unbuttoning.*[1]
Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

Aum. Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. What must the king do now? Must he submit?
The king shall do it. Must he be depos'd?
The king shall be contented. Must he lose
The name of king? o' God's name, let it go:
I 'll give my jewels for a set of beads,
My gorgeous palace for a hermitage,
My gay apparel for an alms-man's gown,
My figur'd goblets for a dish of wood,
My sceptre for a palmer's walking staff,

[1] Not in f. e

My subjects for a pair of carved saints,
And my large kingdom for a little grave,
A little little grave, an obscure grave:
Or I 'll be buried in the king's highway,
Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head;
For on my heart they tread, now whilst I live,
And, buried once, why not upon my head?—
Aumerle, thou weep'st; my tender-hearted cousin!—
We 'll make foul weather with despised tears;
Our sighs and they shall lodge the summer corn,
And make a dearth in this revolting land:
Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make some pretty match with shedding tears?
As thus;—to drop them still upon one place,
Till they have fretted us a pair of graves
Within the earth; and, therein laid, there lies
Two kinsmen digg'd their graves with weeping eyes.
Would not this ill do well?—Well, well, I see
I talk but idly, and you mock at me.—
Most mighty prince, my lord Northumberland,
What says king Bolingbroke? will his majesty
Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?
You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says ay.

North. My lord, in the base court[1] he doth attend
To speak with you: may 't please you to come down?

K. Rich. Down, down, I come; like glistering Phæton,
Wanting the manage of unruly jades.
[NORTH. *retires again to* BOLING.
In the base court? Base court, where kings grow base,
To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace.
In the base court? Come down? down, court! down, king!
For night-owls shriek, where mounting larks should sing.
[*Exeunt, from above*

Boling. What says his majesty?

North. Sorrow and grief of heart
Make him speak fondly, like a frantic man:
Yet he is come.

Enter King RICHARD, *and his Attendants, below.*

Boling. Stand all apart,

[1] *basse cour*, lower court.

And show fair duty to his majesty.—
My gracious lord,— [*Kneeling*

K. Rich. Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee,
To make the base earth proud with kissing it:
Me rather had, my heart might feel your love,
Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesy.
Up, cousin, up: your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at least, although your knee be low.

Boling. My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.

K. Rich. Your own is yours; and I am yours, and all.

Boling. So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,
As my true service shall deserve your love.

K. Rich. Well you deserve:—they well deserve to have,
That know the strong'st and surest way to get.—
Uncle, give me your hand: nay, dry your eyes;
Tears show their love, but want their remedies.—
Cousin, I am too young to be your father,
Though you are old enough to be my heir.
What you will have I 'll give, and willing too
For do we must what force will have us do.—
Set on towards London.—Cousin, is it so?

Boling. Yea, my good lord.

K. Rich. Then, I must not say no.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Langley. The Duke of York's Garden.

Enter the Queen, *and two Ladies.*

Queen. What sport shall we devise here in this garden,
To drive away the heavy thought of care?

1 *Lady.* Madam, we 'll play at bowls.

Queen. 'T will make me think the world is full of rubs,
And that my fortune runs against the bias.

1 *Lady.* Madam, we 'll dance.

Queen. My legs can keep no measure in delight,
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief:
Therefore, no dancing, girl; some other sport.

1 *Lady.* Madam, we 'll tell tales.

Queen. Of sorrow, or of joy?[1]

1 *Lady.* Of either, madam.

Queen. Of neither, girl;
For if of joy, being altogether wanting,

[1] All the old copies read: grief; Pope made the change

It doth remember me the more of sorrow;
Or if of grief, being altogether had,
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy;
For what I have I need not to repeat,
And what I want it boots not to complain.

1 *Lady.* Madam, I 'll sing.

Queen. 'T is well that thou hast cause
But thou shouldst please me better, wouldst thou weep.

1 *Lady.* I could weep, madam, would it do you good,

Queen. And I could sing, would weeping do me good,
And never borrow any tear of thee.
But stay, here come the gardeners:
Let 's step into the shadow of these trees.—
My wretchedness unto a row of pins,
They 'll talk of state: for every one doth so
Against a change. Woe is forerun with woe.

[QUEEN *and Ladies retire.*

Enter a Gardener and two Servants.

Gard. Go, bind thou up yond' dangling apricocks,
Which, like unruly children, make their sire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight:
Give some supportance to the bending twigs.—
Go thou, and like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of two-fast-growing sprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth:
All must be even in our government.—
You thus employ'd, I will go root away
The noisome weeds, that without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

1 *Serv.* Why should we, in the compass of a pale,
Keep law, and form, and due proportion,
Showing, as in a model, our firm estate,
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds; her fairest flowers chok'd up,
Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,
Her knots[1] disorder'd, and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars?

Gard. Hold thy peace.
He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring,
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf;
The weeds that his broad-spreading leaves did shelter
That seem'd in eating him to hold him up,
Are pluck'd up, root and all, by Bolingbroke;

[1] The *figures* formed by the flower-beds in the old formal gardens.

I mean, the earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

1 *Serv.* What! are they dead?

Gard. They are; and Bolingbroke
Hath seiz'd the wasteful king.—What[1] pity is it,
That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land,
As we this garden. At the time of year
We wound[2] the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees,
Lest, being over-proud in[3] sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itself:
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taste
Their fruits of duty. Superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,
Which waste and idle hours have quite thrown down.

1 *Serv.* What! think you, then, the king shall be depos'd?

Gard. Depress'd he is already; and depos'd,
'T is doubt, he will be: letters came last night
To a dear friend of the good duke of York's,
That tell black tidings.

Queen. O! I am press'd to death, through want of speaking. [*Coming forward.*
Thou, old Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden,
How dares thy harsh, rude tongue sound this unpleasing news?
What Eve, what serpent hath suggested thee
To make a second fall of cursed man?
Why dost thou say king Richard is depos'd?
Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than earth,
Divine his downfall? Say, where, when, and how,
Cam'st thou by these ill tidings? speak, thou wretch.

Gard. Pardon me, madam: little joy have I,
To breathe these news, yet what I say is true.
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of Bolingbroke: their fortunes both are weigh'd:
In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,
And some few vanities that make him light;
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,
Besides himself, are all the English peers,
And with that odds he weighs king Richard down.

[1] O! what, &c.: in f. e.

[2] We at time of year
Do wound, &c.: in f. e.

[3] So the quarto, 1597; all other old cop.: with.

Post you to London, and you 'll find it so;
I speak no more than every one doth know.
Queen. Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot,
Doth not thy embassage belong to me,
And am I last that knows it? O! thou think'st
To serve me last, that I may longest keep
Thy sorrow in my breast.—Come, ladies, go
To meet at London London's king in woe.—
What! was I born to this, that my sad look
Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke?—
Gardener, for telling me these news of woe.
Pray God, the plants thou graft'st may never grow.
[*Exeunt* QUEEN *and Ladies.*
Gard. Poor queen! so that thy state might be no worse,
I would my skill were subject to thy curse.
Here did she fall[1] a tear; here, in this place,
I 'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace:[2]
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
In the remembrance of a weeping queen. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—London. Westminster Hall.

The Lords spiritual on the right side of the Throne, the Lords temporal on the left; the Commons below. Enter BOLINGBROKE, AUMERLE, SURREY, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, FITZWATER, *another Lord, the Bishop of Carlisle, the Abbot of Westminster, and Attendants.*[3]

Boling. Call forth Bagot.—
Enter BAGOT, *guarded.*[4]
Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind,
What thou dost know of noble Gloster's death;
Who wrought it with the king, and who perform'd
The bloody office of his timeless end.
Bagot. Then, set before my face the lord Aumerle.

[1] So the quarto, 1597; the other quartos and folio: drop. [2] Also so called in Hamlet, A. IV., S. II. [3] f. e. add: *Officers behind, with* BAGOT. [4] Not in f. 1.

Boling. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.
Bagot. My lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue
Scorns to unsay what once it hath deliver'd.
In that dead time when Gloster's death was plotted,
I heard you say,—"Is not my arm of length,
That reacheth from the restful English court,
As far as Calais, to mine uncle's head?"
Amongst much other talk, that very time,
I heard you say, that you had rather refuse
The offer of an hundred thousand crowns,
Than Bolingbroke's return to England;
Adding withal, how blest this land would be
In this your cousin's death.
Aum. Princes, and noble lords,
What answer shall I make to this base man?
Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars,
On equal terms to give him chastisement?
Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd
With the attainder of his slanderous lips.—
There is my gage, the manual seal of death,
That marks thee out for hell: I say, thou liest,
And will maintain what thou hast said is false
In thy heart-blood, though being all too base
To stain the temper of my knightly sword.
Boling. Bagot, forbear: thou shalt not take it up.
Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this presence, that hath mov'd me so.
Fitz. If that thy valour stand on sympathy[1],
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine.
By that fair sun which shows me where thou stand'st,
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,
That thou wert cause of noble Gloster's death.
If thou deny'st it twenty times, thou liest;
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.
Aum. Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see that day
Fitz. Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.
Aum. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.
Percy. Aumerle, thou liest; his honour is as true
In this appeal, as thou art all unjust;
And, that thou art so, there I throw my gage,
To prove it on thee to th' extremest point
Of mortal breathing. Seize it if thou dar'st.

[1] *Equality of rank.*

Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandish more revengeful steel
Over the glittering helmet of my foe!
Lord. I task the earth to the like, forsworn Aumerle;
And spur thee on with full as many lies
As may be holla'd in thy treacherous ear
From sun to sun. There is my honour's pawn:
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.
Aum. Who sets me else? by heaven, I'll throw at all.
I have a thousand spirits in one breast,
To answer twenty thousand such as you.
Surrey. My lord Fitzwater, I do remember well
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.
Fitz. 'T is very true: you were in presence then;
And you can witness with me this is true.
Surrey. As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is true.
Fitz. Surrey, thou liest.
Surrey. Dishonourable boy!
That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword,
That it shall render vengeance and revenge,
Till thou, the lie-giver, and that lie, do lie
In earth as quiet as thy father's skull.
In proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn:
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.
Fitz. How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse!
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,
And spit upon him, whilst I say he lies,
And lies, and lies. There is my bond of faith,
To tie thee to my strong correction.
As I intend to thrive in this new world,
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal:
Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say,
That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men
To execute the noble duke at Calais.
Aum. Some honest Christian trust me with a gage.
That Norfolk lies, here do I throw down this,
If he may be repeal'd to try his honour.
Boling. These differences shall all rest under gage,
Till Norfolk be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be,
And, though mine enemy, restor'd again
To all his lands and signories. When he 's return'd,

[1] This and the next speech are not in the folio; all, but the quarto of 1597, read: take

Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.
Bishop. That honourable day shall ne'er be seen.
Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought
For Jesu Christ in glorious Christian field,
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens;
And toil'd with works of war, retir'd himself
To Italy, and there, at Venice, gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long.
Boling. Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead?
Bishop. As surely as I live, my lord.
Boling. Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the bosom
Of good old Abraham!—Lords appellants,
Your differences shall all rest under gage,
Till we assign to you your days of trial.

Enter YORK, *attended.*

York. Great duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
From plume-pluck'd Richard, who with willing soul
Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields
To the possession of thy royal hand.
Ascend his throne, descending now from him,
And long live Henry, of that name the fourth!
Boling In God's name I 'll ascend the regal throne
Bishop. Marry, God forbid!—
Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best beseeming me to speak the truth.
Would God, that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble Richard: then true nobless[1] would
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
What subject can give sentence on his king?
And who sits here that is not Richard's subject?
Thieves are not judg'd but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be seen in them;
And shall the figure of God's majesty,
His captain, steward, deputy elect,
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath.
And he not[2] present! O! forefend[3] it, God,

[1] So the quarto, 1597; all other editions: nobleness. [2] And he himself not, &c.: in f. e. [3] So all the quartos; the folio: forbid.

That, in a Christian climate, souls refin'd
Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed!
I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
Stirr'd up by God thus boldly for his king.
My lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king;
And if you crown him, let me prophesy
The blood of English shall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act:
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
And in this seat of peace tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind confound;
Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny,
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
The field of Golgotha, and dead men's skulls.
O! if you raise[1] this house against this house,
It will the woefullest division prove,
That ever fell upon this cursed earth.
Prevent,[2] resist it, let it be not so,
Lest child, child's children, cry against you—woe!

North. Well have you argued, sir; and, for your pains,
Of capital treason we arrest you here.—
My lord of Westminster, be it your charge
To keep him safely till his day of trial.
May it please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit.[3]

Boling. Fetch hither Richard, that in common view
He may surrender: so we shall proceed
Without suspicion.

York. I will be his conduct. [*Exit.*

Boling. Lords, you that here are under our arrest,
Procure your sureties for your days of answer.—
Little are we beholding to your love, [*To the Bishop.*
And look for little at your helping hands.

Re-enter YORK, *with King* RICHARD, *and Officers bearing the Crown, &c.*

K. Rich. Alack! why am I sent for to a king,
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my limbs:
Give sorrow leave awhile to tutor me
To this submission. Yet I well remember

[1] So the quartos; the folio: rear. [2] The folio inserts: and. [3] This line, and all that follows to RICHARD's exit, were first printed in the quarto of 1608.

The favours of these men: were they not mine?
Did they not sometime cry, All hail! to me?
So Judas did to Christ; but he, in twelve,
Found truth in all, but one: I, in twelve thousand, none
God save the king!—Will no man say, amen?
Am I both priest and clerk? well then, amen.
God save the king! although I be not he;
And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me.—
To do what service am I sent for hither?

York. To do that office of thine own good will,
Which tired majesty did make thee offer;
The resignation of thy state and crown
To Harry Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. Give me the crown.—Here, cousin, seize the crown; [*Crown brought.*[2]
Here, cousin, on this side my hand, and on that side, yours.
Now is this golden crown like a deep well,
That owes[3] two buckets, filling one another;
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen, and full of water:
That bucket down, and full of tears, am I,
Drinking my grief, whilst you mount up on high.

Boling. I thought you had been willing to resign.

K. Rich. My crown, I am; but still my griefs are mine.
You may my glories and my state depose,
But not my griefs: still am I king of those. [crown.

Boling. Part of your cares you give me with your

K. Rich. Your cares set up do not pluck my cares down.
My care is loss of care, by old care done,
Your care is gain of care, by new care won:
The cares I give, I have, though given away;
They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.

Boling. Are you contented to resign the crown?

K. Rich. Ay, no;—no, ay;—for I must nothing be;
Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.
Now mark me how I will undo myself.—
I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart:
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
With mine own hands I give away my crown,

[1] *Features.* [2] Not in f. e. [3] *Owns.*

With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duties, rites[1]:
All pomp and majesty I do forswear;
My manors, rents, revenues, I forego;
My acts, decrees, and statutes, I deny:
God pardon all oaths that are broke to me!
God keep all vows unbroke that swear[2] to thee!
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd,
And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all achiev'd!
Long may'st thou live in Richard's seat to sit,
And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit!
God save king Henry, unking'd Richard says,
And send him many years of sunshine days!—
What more remains?

North. No more, but that you read [*Offering a paper*
These accusations, and these grievous crimes,
Committed by your person and your followers,
Against the state and profit of this land;
That, by confessing them, the souls of men
May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

K. Rich. Must I do so? and must I ravel out
My weav'd up folly? Gentle Northumberland,
If thy offences were upon record,
Would it not shame thee, in so fair a troop,
To read a lecture of them? If thou wouldst,
There shouldst thou find one heinous article,
Containing the deposing of a king,
And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven.—
Nay, all of you, that stand and look upon me,
Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,
Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,
Showing an outward pity; yet you Pilates
Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin.

North. My lord, dispatch: read o'er these articles.

K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see
And yet salt water blinds them not so much,
But they can see a sort[3] of traitors here.
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
I find myself a traitor with the rest;
For I have given here my soul's consent,

[1] The folio: duteous oaths. [2] The folio: are made. [3] *Set*, or *company*.

To undeck the pompous body of a king;
Made glory base, and[1] sovereignty a slave,
Proud majesty a subject; state a peasant.

North. My lord,—

K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou haught, insulting man,
Nor no man's lord: I have no name, no title,
No, not that name was given me at the font,
But 't is usurp'd.—Alack, the heavy day!
That I have worn so many winters out,
And know not now what name to call myself.
O! that I were a mockery king of snow,
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
To melt myself away in water drops!—
Good king,—great king,—and yet not greatly good,
And if my name[2] be sterling yet in England,
Let it command a mirror hither straight,
That it may show me what a face I have,
Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

Boling. Go some of you, and fetch a looking-glass.

[*Exit an Attendant.*

North. Read o'er this paper, while the glass doth come.

K. Rich. Fiend! thou torment'st me ere I come to hell

Boling. Urge it no more, my lord Northumberland.

North. The commons will not then be satisfied.

K. Rich. They shall be satisfied: I 'll read enough,
When I do see the very book indeed,
Where all my sins are writ, and that 's—myself.

Re-enter Attendant with a Glass.

Give me the glass[3] and therein will I read.—
No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath sorrow struck
So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds?—O, flattering glass!
Like to my followers in prosperity,
Thou dost beguile me. Was this face the face,
That every day under his household roof
Did keep ten thousand men? Was this the face,
That like the sun did make beholder's wink?[4]
Was this the face, that fac'd so many follies,
And was at last out-fac'd by Bolingbroke?
A brittle glory shineth in this face:
As brittle as the glory is the face;

[*Dashes the Glass against the ground.*

[1] The folio: a. [2] The folio: word. [3] The rest of the line is added in the folio. [4] This sentence was added in the folio.

For there it is, crack'd in a hundred shivers.—
Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport:
How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.
Boling. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd
The shadow of your face.
K. Rich. Say that again.
The shadow of my sorrow? Ha! let 's see:—
'T is very true, my grief lies all within;
And these external manners of lament
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,
That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul;
There lies the substance: and I thank thee, king,
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st
Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause. I 'll beg one boon,
And then begone and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?
Boling. Name it, fair cousin.
K. Rich. Fair cousin! I am greater than a king,
For, when I was a king, my flatterers
Were then but subjects; being now a subject,
I have a king here to my flatterer.
Being so great, I have no need to beg.
Boling. Yet ask.
K. Rich. And shall I have it?
Boling. You shall.
K. Rich. Why then give me leave to go.
Boling. Whither?
K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sights.
Boling. Go, some of you; convey him to the Tower.
K. Rich. O, good! Convey?—Conveyers[1] are you all,
That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall.
[*Exeunt K.* RICHARD, *and Guard.*
Boling. On Wednesday next we solemnly set down
Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves.
[*Exeunt all but the Abbot, Bishop of Carlisle, and* AUMERLE.
Abbot. A woeful pageant have we here beheld.
Bishop. The woe 's to come: the children yet unborn
Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.
Aum. You holy clergymen, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?

[1] This word was applied to lawyers, or conveyancers, and thieves.

Abbot. My lord, before I freely speak my mind herein,
You shall not only take the sacrament
To bury mine intents, but also to effect
Whatever I shall happen to devise.
I see your brows are full of discontent,
Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears
Come home with me to supper; I will lay
A plot, shall show us all a merry day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—London. A Street leading to the Tower.

Enter QUEEN, *and Attendants.*

Queen. This way the king will come: this is the way
To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected tower,
To whose flint bosom my condemned lord
Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke.
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
Have any resting for her true king's queen.

Enter King RICHARD, *and Guard.*

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,
My fair rose wither: yet look up, behold,
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.—
Ah! thou, the model where old Troy did stand;
Thou map of honour; thou king Richard's tomb,
And not king Richard: thou most beauteous inn,
Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee,
When triumph is become an alehouse guest?

K. Rich. Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so,
To make my end too sudden: learn, good soul,
To think our former state a happy dream;
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are
Shows us but this. I am sworn brother, sweet,
To grim necessity; and he and I
Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to France,
And cloister thee in some religious house:
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours here have stricken down.

Queen. What! is my Richard both in shape and mind

Transform'd and weaken'd? Hath this Bolingbroke
Depos'd thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?
The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o'erpower'd; and wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly? kiss the rod,
And fawn on rage with base humility,
Which art a lion, and a king of beasts?

K. Rich. A king of beasts, indeed; if aught but beasts
I had been still a happy king of men.
Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for France:
Think I am dead; and that even here thou tak'st,
As from my death-bed, my last living leave.
In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire
With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales
Of woeful ages long ago betid;
And, ere thou bid good night, to quit their grief,
Tell thou the lamentable tale[2] of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds.
For why, the senseless brands will sympathize
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
And in compassion weep the fire out;
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,
For the deposing of a rightful king.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, *attended.*

North. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is chang'd.
You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.—
And, madam, there is order ta'en for you:
With all swift speed you must away to France.

K. Rich. Northumberland, thou ladder, wherewithal
The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,
The time shall not be many hours of age
More than it is, ere foul sin gathering head
Shall break into corruption. Thou shalt think,
Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all:
And he shall think, that thou, which know'st the way
To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er so little urg'd, another way
To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.
The love of wicked friends converts to fear;
That fear to hate; and hate turns one, or both,
To worthy danger and deserved death.

[1] Not in f. e. [2] The folio: fall.

North. My guilt be on my head, and there an end
Take leave, and part, for you must part forthwith.
K. Rich. Doubly divorc'd !—Bad men, ye violate
A twofold marriage ; 'twixt my crown and me,
And then, betwixt me and my married wife.—
Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me ;
[*They embrace.*
And yet not so, for with a kiss 't was made.[2]
Part us, Northumberland : I towards the north,
Where shivering cold and sickness pine the clime ;
My wife[3] to France : from whence, set forth in pomp,
She came adorned hither like sweet May,
Sent back like Hallowmas,[4] or shortest day.
Queen. And must we be divided ? must we part ?
K. Rich. Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from heart.
Queen. Banish us both, and send the king with me.
North. That were some love, but little policy.
Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me go.
K. Rich. So two, together weeping, make one woe.
Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here ;
Better far off, than near, being ne'er the near.
Go ; count thy way with sighs, I mine with groans.
Queen. So longest way shall have the longest moans.
K. Rich. Twice for one step I 'll groan, the way being short,
And piece the way out with a heavy heart.
Come, come, in wooing sorrow let 's be brief,
Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief.
One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part :
Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart. [*They kiss.*
Queen. Give me mine own again ; 't were no good part,
To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart.
[*They kiss again*
So, now I have mine own again, begone,
That I may strive to kill it with a groan.
K. Rich. We make woe wanton with this fond delay.
Once more, adieu ; the rest let sorrow say. [*Exeunt.*

[1] Not in f. e. [2] A kiss formed part of the ceremony of betrothal
Folio : queen. [4] November 1.

SCENE II.—The Same. A Room in the Duke of York's Palace.

Enter York, *and the Duchess.*

Duch. My lord, you told me, you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you break the story off,
Of our two cousins coming into London.
York. Where did I leave?
Duch. At that sad stop, my lord,
Where rude misgovern'd hands, from windows' tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on king Richard's head.
York. Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,
With slow but stately pace kept on his course,
While all tongues cried—"God save thee, Bolingbroke!"
You would have thought the very windows spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage; and that all the walls
With painted imagery had said at once,—
"Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!"
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,
Bespake them thus,—"I thank you, countrymen:"
And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.
Duch. Alas, poor Richard! where rode he the whilst?
York. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious;
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on gentle[1] Richard: no man cried, God save him;
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home;
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head,
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience,
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
And barbarism itself have pitied him.

[1] Not in the folio.

But heaven hath a hand in these events,
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.
To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
Whose state and honour I for aye allow.

Duch. Here comes my son Aumerle.

York. Aumerle that was;
But that is lost for being Richard's friend,
And, madam, you must call him Rutland now.
I am in parliament pledge for his truth,
And lasting fealty to the new-made king.

Enter AUMERLE.

Duch. Welcome, my son. Who are the violets now,
That strew the green lap of the new-come spring?

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not:
God knows, I had as lief be none, as one.

York. Well, bear you well in this new spring of time,
Lest you be cropp'd before you come to prime.
What news from Oxford? hold those justs and triumphs?

Aum. For aught I know, my lord, they do.

York. You will be there, I know.

Aum. If God prevent it not, I purpose so.

York. What seal is that, that hangs without thy bosom?
Yea, look'st thou pale? let me then[1] see the writing.

Aum. My lord, 't is nothing.

York. No matter, then, who sees it
I will be satisfied, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech your grace to pardon me.
It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not have seen.

York. Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see.
I fear, I fear,—

Duch. What should you fear?
'T is nothing but some bond he 's[2] enter'd into
For gay apparel 'gainst the triumph day.

York. Bound to himself? what doth he with a bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.—
Boy, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech you, pardon me: I may not show it.

York. I will be satisfied: let me see it, I say.
[*Snatches it and reads.*
Treason! foul treason!—villain! traitor! slave!

[1] Not in f. e [2] that ne is: in f. e.

Duch. What is the matter, my lord?
York. Ho! who is within there? Saddle my horse.
God for his mercy! what treachery is here!
Duch. Why, what is it, my lord?
York. Give me my boots, I say: saddle my horse.—
Now by mine honour, by my life, my troth,
I will appeach the villain.
Duch. What 's the matter?
York. Peace, foolish woman.
Duch. I will not peace.—What is the matter, Aumerle?
Aum. Good mother, be content: it is no more
Than my poor life must answer.
Duch. Thy life answer?
York. Bring me my boots! I will unto the king.
Enter Servant with boots.
Duch. Strike him, Aumerle.—Poor boy, thou art amaz'd.—
Hence, villain! never more come in my sight.—
[*Exit Servant.*
York. Give me my boots, I say.
Duch. Why, York, what wilt thou do?
Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?
Have we more sons, or are we like to have?
Is not my teeming date drunk up with time,
And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,
And rob me of a happy mother's name?
Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?
York. Thou fond[1], mad woman,
Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?
A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,
And interchangeably set down their hands,
To kill the king at Oxford.
Duch. He shall be none;
We 'll keep him here: then, what is that to him?
York. Away, fond woman! were he twenty times
My son, I would appeach him.
Duch. Hadst thou groan'd for him,
As I have done, thou wouldst be more pitiful.
But now I know thy mind: thou dost suspect,
That I have been disloyal to thy bed,
And that he is a bastard, not thy son.
Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind:

[1] *Foolish.*

He is as like thee as a man may be,
Not like to me, nor any of my kin,
And yet I love him.

York. Make way, unruly woman. [*Exit*

Duch. After, Aumerle! Mount thee upon his horse
Spur, post, and get before him to the king,
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.
I 'll not be long behind: though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as York:
And never will I rise up from the ground,
Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee. Away! begone
[*Exeunt*

SCENE III.—Windsor. A Room in the Castle.

Enter BOLINGBROKE *as King;* PERCY, *and other Lords*

Boling. Can no man tell me of my unthrifty son?
'T is full three months, since I did see him last:
If any plague hang over us, 't is he.
I would to God, my lords, he might be found.
Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,
For there they say, he daily doth frequent,
With unrestrained loose companions;
Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,
And beat our watch, and rob our passengers;
While he, young wanton, and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honour to support
So dissolute a crew.

Percy. My lord, some two days since I saw the prince,
And told him of these triumphs held at Oxford.

Boling. And what said the gallant?

Percy. His answer was,—he would unto the stews;
And from the common'st creature pluck a glove,
And wear it as a favour; and with that
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

Boling. As dissolute, as desperate: yet through both
I see some sparks of better hope, which elder days
May happily bring forth. But who comes here?

Enter AUMERLE, *in great haste.*

Aum. Where is the king?

Boling. What means our cousin, that he stares and looks
So wildly?

Aum. God save your grace. I do beseech your majesty,

To have some conference with your grace alone.

Boling. Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here alone.— [*Exeunt* PERCY *and Lords.*

What is the matter with our cousin now?

Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the earth, [*Kneels.*
My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unless a pardon, ere I rise, or speak.

Boling. Intended, or committed, was this fault?
If on the first, how heinous e'er it be,
To win thy after love I pardon thee.

Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn the key,
That no man enter till my tale be done.

Boling. Have thy desire. [AUMERLE *locks the door.*

York. [*Within.*] My liege, beware! look to thyself:
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.

Boling. Villain, I 'll make thee safe. [*Drawing.*

Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand: thou hast no cause to fear.

York. [*Within.*] Open the door, secure, fool-hardy king:
Shall I for love speak treason to thy face?
Open the door, or I will break it open.

[BOLINGBROKE *opens the door,*[1] *and locks it again*
Enter YORK.

Boling. What is the matter, uncle? speak;
Recover breath: tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.

York. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know
The treason that my haste forbids me show.

Aum. Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise past.
I do repent me; read not my name there:
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

York. It was, villain, ere thy hand did set it down.—
I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king:
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence.
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.

Boling. O, heinous, strong, and bold conspiracy!—
O, loyal father of a treacherous son!
Thou sheer, immaculate, and silver fountain,
From whence this stream through muddy passages
Hath held[2] his current, and defil'd himself!

[1] The rest of this stage direction is not in f. e. [2] Folio: had

Thy overflow of good converts to bad;
And thy abundant goodness shall excuse
This deadly blot in thy digressing son.

York. So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd,
And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,
As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.
Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,
Or my sham'd life in his dishonour lies:
Thou kill'st me in his life; giving him breath,
The traitor lives, the true man 's put to death.

Duch. [*Within.*] What ho! my liege! for God's sake let me in.

Boling. What shrill-voic'd suppliant makes this eager cry?

Duch. A woman, and thine aunt, great king; 't is I
Speak with me, pity me, open the door:
A beggar begs, that never begg'd before.

Boling. Our scene is altered, from a serious thing,
And now chang'd to "The Beggar and the King."[1]—
My dangerous cousin, let your mother in:
I know, she 's come to pray for your foul sin.

York. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,
More sins for this forgiveness prosper may.
This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rest sound;
This, let alone, will all the rest confound.

Enter DUCHESS.

Duch. O king! believe not this hard-hearted man:
Love, loving not itself, none other can.

York. Thou frantic woman, what dost thou make here?
Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?

Duch. Sweet York, be patient. Hear me, gentle liege. [*Kneels.*

Boling. Rise up, good aunt

Duch. Not yet, I thee beseech:
For ever will I walk[2] upon my knees,
And never see day that the happy sees,
Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.

Aum. Unto my mother's prayers, I bend my knee. [*Kneels*

York. Against them both, my true joints bended be. [*Kneels.*

[1] A popular ballad. [2] Folio: kneel

Ill may'st thou thrive, if thou grant any grace![1]
Duch. Pleads he in earnest? look upon his face;
His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest;
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast:
He prays but faintly, and would be denied;
We pray with heart, and soul, and all beside:
His weary joints would gladly rise, I know;
Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow:
His prayers are full of false hypocrisy;
Ours of true zeal and deep integrity.
Our prayers do out-pray his; then, let them have
That mercy which true prayers ought to have.
Boling. Good aunt, stand up.
Duch. Nay, do not say—stand up;
But, pardon first, and afterwards, stand up.
An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,
Pardon should be the first word of thy speech.
I never long'd to hear a word till now;
Say—pardon, king; let pity teach thee how:
The word is short, but not so short as sweet;
No word like pardon, for kings' mouths so meet.
York. Speak it in French, king: say, *pardonnez-moi.*
Duch. Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy?
Ah, my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord,
That set'st the word itself against the word!
Speak, pardon, as 't is current in our land;
The chopping[2] French we do not understand.
Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there,
Or in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear,
That hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,
Pity may move thee pardon to rehearse.
Boling. Good aunt, stand up.
Duch. I do not sue to stand.
Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.
Boling. I pardon him, as God shall pardon me.
Duch. O, happy vantage of a kneeling knee!
Yet am I sick for fear: speak it again;
Twice saying pardon doth not pardon twain,
But makes one pardon strong.
Boling. I pardon him with all my heart.
Duch. A god on earth thou art. [*Rises.*[3]
Boling. But for our trusty brother-in-law, and the abbot,

[1] This line is not in the folio. [2] *Changing.* [3] Not in f. e.

With all the rest of that consorted crew,
Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.—
Good uncle, help to order several powers
To Oxford, or where else[1] these traitors be:[2]
They shall not live within this world, I swear,
But I will have them, so[3] I once know where.
Uncle, farewell,—and cousin mine[4], adieu:
Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.

Duch. Come, my old son; I pray God make thee new. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Sir PIERCE *of* EXTON, *and a Servant.*

Exton. Didst thou not mark the king, what words he spake?
"Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?"
Was it not so?

Serv. Those were his very words. [twice,

Exton. "Have I no friend?" quoth he: he spake it
And urg'd it twice together, did he not?

Serv. He did.

Exton. And, speaking it, he wishtly[5] look'd on me;
As who should say,—I would thou wert the man
That would divorce this terror from my heart;
Meaning the king at Pomfret. Come, let 's go:
I am the king's friend, and will rid his foe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Pomfret. The Dungeon of the Castle.

Enter King RICHARD.

K. Rich. I have been studying how I may compare[6]
This prison, where I live, unto the world:
And for because the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it: yet I 'll hammer 't out.
My brain I 'll prove the female to my soul;
My soul, the father: and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
And these same thoughts people this little world;
In humours like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better sort,
As thoughts of things divine, are intermix'd

[1] where'er: in f. e. [2] are: in f. e. [3] if: in f. e. [4] too: in f. e
[5] So the quartos, 1597 and 8; the two latter ones and folio: wistly
[6] So the quarto, 1597; other eds.: "how to compare."

With scruples, and do set the word[1] itself
Against the word ;[2]
As thus,—" Come, little ones ;" and then again,—
" It is as hard to come, as for a camel
To thread the postern of a small[3] needle's eye."
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders : how these vain weak nails
May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls ;
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves,
That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
Nor shall not be the last ; like silly beggars,
Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame
That many have, and others must sit there :
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their own misfortune on the back
Of such as have before endur'd the like.
Thus play I, in one person, many people,
And none contented : sometimes am I king ;
Then, treason makes me wish myself a beggar,
And so I am : then, crushing penury
Persuades me I was better when a king :
Then, am I king'd again ; and, by and by,
Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
And straight am nothing.—But whate'er I am,
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
With being nothing.—Music do I hear ? [*Music*
Ha, ha ! keep time.—How sour sweet music is,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept !
So is it in the music of men's lives :
And here have I the daintiness of ear,
To check time broke in a disorder'd string,
But for the concord of my state and time,
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
I wasted time, and now doth time waste me ;
For now hath time made me his numbering clock ;
My thoughts are minutes, and with sighs they jar[4],
Their watches on unto mine eyes the outward watch,[5]
Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.

[1] [2] So the quartos ; the folio : faith [3] Not in folio ; *needle* is to be pronounced, as it often was, as one syllable. *Tick.* [4] *Dial-plate.*

Now, for the sound, that tells what hour it is,
Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart,
Which is the bell: so sighs, and tears, and groans,
Show minutes, times, and hours; but my time
Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the clock.[1]
This music mads me: let it sound no more,
For though it hath holpe madmen to their wits,
In me, it seems, it will make wise men mad.
Yet, blessing on his heart that gives it me!
For 't is a sign of love, and love to Richard
Is a strange brooch[2] in this all-hating world.

Enter Groom.

Groom. Hail, royal prince!

K. Rich. Thanks, noble peer;
The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.
What art thou? and how comest thou hither,
Where no man never comes, but that sad[3] dog
That brings me food to make misfortune live?

Groom. I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,
When thou wert king; who, travelling towards York,
With much ado, at length have gotten leave
To look upon my sometime royal master's face.
O! how it yern'd my heart, when I beheld
In London streets that coronation day,
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary!
That horse that thou so often hast bestrid,
That horse that I so carefully have dress'd!

K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle friend,
How went he under him?

Groom. So proud, as if he had disdain'd the ground.

K. Rich. So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back?
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not stumble? Would he not fall down,
(Since pride must have a fall) and break the neck
Of that proud man that did usurp his back?
Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,
Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse;
And yet I bear a burden like an ass,
Spur-gall'd and tir'd by jauncing Bolingbroke.

[1] The *figure* that struck the hours in old clocks. [2] An allusion, say the commentators, to these ornaments being out of fashion. [3] *Grave*

Enter Keeper, with a Dish.

Keep. Fellow, give place: here is no longer stay.
[*To the Groom.*

K. Rich. If thou love me, 't is time thou wert away.

Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say. [*Exit.*

Keep. My lord, will 't please you to fall to?

K. Rich. Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.

Keep. My lord, I dare not: Sir Pierce of Exton, who lately came from the king, commands the contrary.

K. Rich. The devil take Henry of Lancaster, and thee! Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.
[*Strikes the Keeper.*

Keep. Help, help, help!

Enter Sir PIERCE *of* EXTON, *and Servants, armed.*

K. Rich. How now! what means death in this rude assault?
Villain, thine own hand yields thy death's instrument.
[*Snatching a weapon, and killing one.*
Go thou and fill another room in hell.
[*He kills another:* EXTON *strikes him down.*
That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire,
That staggers thus my person.—Exton, thy fierce hand
Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own land.
Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high,
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die. [*Dies.*

Exton. As full of valour, as of royal blood:
Both have I spilt: O, would the deed were good!
For now the devil, that told me I did well,
Says that this deed is chronicled in hell.
This dead king to the living king I 'll bear.—
Take hence the rest, and give them burial here.
[*Exeunt with the bodies.*

SCENE VI.—Windsor. An Apartment in the Castle.

Flourish. Enter BOLINGBROKE, *and* YORK, *with Lords and Attendants.*

Boling. Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear
Is, that the rebels have consum'd with fire
Our town of Ciceter in Glostershire;
But whether they be ta'en, or slain, we hear not.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

Welcome, my lord. What is the news with you?[1]

[1] These two words are not in f. e.

North. First, to thy sacred state wish I all happiness
The next news is,—I have to London sent
The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent:
The manner of their taking may appear
At large discoursed in this paper here.
[*Presenting a Paper*

Boling. We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains,
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

Enter FITZWATER.

Fitz. My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London
The heads of Brocas, and Sir Bennet Seely,
Two of the dangerous consorted traitors,
That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

Boling. Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot;
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter PERCY, *with the Bishop of Carlisle.*

Percy. The grand conspirator, abbot of Westminster,
With clog of conscience, and sour melancholy,
Hath yielded up his body to the grave;
But here is Carlisle living, to abide
Thy kingly doom, and sentence of his pride.

Boling. Bishop of Carlisle, this shall be your doom[1]:—
Choose out some secret place, some reverend room,
More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life;
So, as thou liv'st in peace, die free from strife:
For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

Enter EXTON, *with Attendants bearing a Coffin.*

Exton. Great king, within this coffin I present
Thy buried fear: herein all breathless lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Bordeaux, by me hither brought.

Boling. Exton, I thank thee not; for thou hast wrought
A deed of slander[2] with thy fatal hand
Upon my head, and all this famous land.
[deed.

Exton. From your own mouth, my lord, did I this

Boling. They love not poison that do poison need,
Nor do I thee: though I did wish him dead,
I hate the murderer, love him murdered.
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor princely favour:
With Cain go wander through the shade of night,

[1] Carlisle, this is your doom: in f. e. [2] So the quarto, 1597; the others, and folio: slaughter.

And never show thy head by day nor light.—
Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,
That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow:
Come, mourn with me for that I do lament,
And put on sullen black. Incontinent
I 'll make a voyage to the Holy land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand.
March sadly after: grace my mourning here,
In weeping after this untimely bier. [*Exeunt*

FIRST PART

OF

KING HENRY IV.

"The History of Henrie the Fovrth; With the battell at Shrewsburie, betweene the King and Lord Henry Percy, surnamed Henrie Hotspur of the North. With the humorous conceits of Sir Iohn Falstalffe. At London, printed by P. S. for Andrew Wise, dwelling in Paules Churchyard, at the signe of the Angell. 1598." 4to. 40 leaves.

"The History of Henry the Fovrth; With the battell at Shrewsburie, betweene the King and Lord Henry Percy, surnamed Henry Hotspur of the North. With the humorous conceits of Sir Iohn Falstalffe. Newly corrected by W. Shake-speare. At London, Printed by S. S. for Andrew Wise, dwelling in Paules Churchyard, at the signe of the Angell. 1599." 4to. 40 leaves.

"The History of Henrie the Fourth, With the battell at Shrewsburie, betweene the King, and Lord Henry Percy, surnamed Henry Hotspur of the North. With the humorous conceits of Sir Iohn Falstalffe. Newly corrected by W. Shake-speare. London Printed by Valentine Simmes, for Mathew Law, and are to be solde at his shop in Paules Churchyard, at the signe of the Fox. 1604." 4to. 40 leaves.

"The History of Henry the fourth, With the battell of Shrewseburie, betweene the King, and Lord Henry Percy, surnamed Henry Hotspur of the North. With the humorous conceites of Sir Iohn Falstalffe. Newly corrected by W. Shake-speare. London, Printed for Mathew Law, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules Churchyard, neere unto S. Augustines gate, at the signe of the Foxe. 1608." 4to. 40 leaves.

The 4to edition of 1613 also consists of 40 leaves: and the only differences between its title-page and that of 1608 are the date, and the statement that it was "Printed by W. W."

In the folio of 1623, "The First Part of Henry the Fourth, with the Life and Death of Henry Sirnamed Hot-spvrre," occupies twenty-six pages, viz. from p. 46 to p. 73 inclusive In the later folios it is reprinted in the same form.

INTRODUCTION.

At the time when Shakespeare selected the portion of history included in the following play, as a fit subject for dramatic representation, the stage was in possession of an old play, entitled, "The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth," of which three early impressions, one printed in 1598, and two others without date, have come down to us: a copy of one edition without date is in the Collection of the Duke of Devonshire; and, judging from the type and other circumstances, we may conclude that it was anterior to the impression of 1598, and that it made its appearance shortly after 1594, on the 14th of May of which year it was entered on the Stationers' Registers. Richard Tarlton, who died in 1588, was an actor in that piece, but how long before 1588 it had been produced, we have no means of ascertaining. It is, in fact, in prose, although many portions of it are printed to look like verse, because, at the date when it first came from the press, blank-verse had become popular on the stage, and the bookseller probably was desirous of giving the old play a modern appearance. Our most ancient public dramas were composed in rhyme: to rhyme seems to have succeeded prose; and prose, about the date when Shakespeare is believed to have originally come to London, was displaced by blank-verse, intermixed with couplets and stanzas. "The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth" seems to belong to the middle period; and as Stephen Gosson, in his "School of Abuse," 1579, leads us to suppose that at that time prose was not very usual in theatrical performances, it may be conjectured that "The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth" was not written until after 1580.

That a play upon the events of the reign of Henry V. was upon the stage in 1592, we have the indisputable evidence of Thomas Nash, in his notorious work, "Pierce Penniless, his Supplication," which went through three editions in the same year: we quote from the first, (Sign. H 2.) where he says, "What a glorious thing it is to have Henry the Fifth represented on the Stage, leading the French King prisoner, and forcing him and the Dolphin to sweare fealtie." We know also that a drama, called "Harry the V.," was performed by Henslowe's Company on the 28th November, 1595, and it appears likely that it was a revival of "The Famous Victories," with some important additions, which gave it the attraction of a new play; for the receipts (as we find by Henslowe's

Diary) were of such an amount as was generally only produced by a first representation. Out of this circumstance may have arisen the publication of the early undated edition in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire. The reproduction of "The Famous Victories" by a rival company, and the appearance of it from the press, possibly led Shakespeare to consider in what way, and with what improvements, he could avail himself of some of the same incidents for the theatre to which he belonged. This event would at once make the subject popular, and hence, perhaps, the re-impression of "The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth" in 1598[1]. The year 1596 may possibly have been the date when Shakespeare wrote his "Henry IV." Part i.

It is to be observed, that the incidents which are summarily dismissed in one old play, are extended by our great dramatist over three—the two parts of "Henry IV." and "Henry V." It is impossible to institute any parallel between "The Famous Victories" and Shakespeare's dramas; for, besides that the former has reached us evidently in an imperfect shape, the immeasurable superiority of the latter is such, as to render any attempt to trace resemblance rather a matter of contrast than comparison. Who might be the writer of "The Famous Victories," it would be idle to speculate; but it is decidedly inferior to most of the extant works of Marlowe, Greene, Peele, Kyd, Lodge, or any other of the more celebrated predecessors of Shakespeare.

Sir John Oldcastle is one of the persons in "The Famous Victories;" and no doubt can be entertained that the character of Sir John Falstaff, in the first part of Shakespeare's "Henry IV.," was originally called Sir John Oldcastle. If any hesitation could formerly have been felt upon this point, it must have been recently entirely removed by Mr. Halliwell's very curious and interesting tract, "On the character of Sir John Falstaff, as originally exhibited by Shakespeare," 12mo. 1841. How the identity of Oldcastle and Falstaff could ever have been questioned after the discovery of the following passage in a play by Nathaniel Field, called, "Amends for Ladies," 1618, it is difficult to comprehend: the lines seem to us decisive:—

> ——————"Did you never see
> The play where the fat knight, hight Oldcastle,
> Did tell you truly what this honour was?"

This can allude to nothing but to Falstaff's speech in Act v. sc. 2, of the ensuing play; and it would also show (as Mr. Halliwell points out) that Falstaff sometimes "retained the

[1] The third edition of "The Famous Victories" was printed after James I. came to the throne: it has no date, but it states on the title-page that "it was acted by the King's Majesty's servants." This assertion was probably untrue, the object of the stationer being to induce buyers to believe that it was the same play as Shakespeare's work, which was certainly performed by "the King's Majesty's servants." From this impression Steevens reprinted it in the "Six Old Plays," 8vo, 1779.

name of Oldcastle after the author had altered it to that of Falstaff[2]." This fact is remarkable, recollecting that "Amends for Ladies" could hardly have been written before 1611, that prior to that date no fewer than four editions of "Henry IV." Part i., had been printed, on the title-pages of which Falstaff was prominently introduced, and that he was called by no other name from the beginning to the end of that drama. The case is somewhat different with respect to Shakespeare's "Henry IV." Part ii., which contains a singular confirmatory piece of evidence that Falstaff was still called Oldcastle after that continuation of the "history" had been written and performed. In Act i. sc. 2 of the drama, *Old.* is given as the prefix to one of Falstaff's speeches. The error is met with in no other part of the play, and when the MS. for the quarto, 1600, was corrected for the press, this single passage escaped observation, and the ancient reading was preserved until it was expunged in the folio of 1623. Malone and Steevens, in opposition to Theobald, argue that *Old.* was not meant for Oldcastle, but was the commencement of the name of some actor: none such belonged to Shakespeare's company, and the probability is all in favour of Theobald's supposition.

This change must have been made by Shakespeare anterior to the spring of 1598, because we then meet with the subsequent entry in the Stationers' Registers, relating to the earliest edition of "Henry IV." Part i.

> "25 Feb. 1597.
>
> Andrew Wisse] A booke intitled the Historye of Henry the iiii^th^, with his battaile of Shrewsburye against Henry Hottspurre of the Northe with the conceipted Mirth of Sir John Falstaffe[3]."

As the year did not then end until the 25th March, the 25th February, 1597, was of course the 25th February, 1598; and pursuant to the above entry, Andrew Wise published the first edition of "The History of Henry IV." with the date of 1598: we may infer, therefore, that it was ready, or nearly ready, to be issued at the time the memorandum was made at Stationers' Hall: on the title-page, "the humorous conceits of Sir John Falstalffe" are made peculiarly obvious. It is certain, then, that before the play was printed, the name of Oldcastle had been altered to that of Falstaff. The reason for the change is asserted to have been, that some descendants of "Sir John Oldcastle, the good Lord Cobham," (as he is called upon the title-page of a play which relates to his history, printed in 1600[4],) remonstrated against the ridicule

[2] The same conclusion may perhaps be drawn from the mention of 'fat Sir John Oldcastle," in "The Meeting of Gallants at an Ordinarie," 1604, 4to, a tract recently reprinted, under the editorial care of Mr. Halliwell, for the Percy Society.

[3] There is another entry, under date 27th Jnne, 1603, by which "Henry the 4 the first pte." seems to have been transferred by Wise to Law, for whom the edition of 1604 was in fact printed.

[4] Mr. Halliwell does not seem to have been aware, when speaking of "The First part of the true and honorable History of the Life of Sir John Oldcastle, the good Lord Cobham," a play attributed to

thrown upon the character of the protestant martyr, by the introduction into Shakespeare's drama of a person bearing the same name. Such, unquestionably, may have been the case; but it is possible also that Shakespeare, finding that his play, and his Sir John Oldcastle were often confounded with "The Famous Victories" and with Sir John Oldcastle of that drama, made the change with a view that they should be distinguished. That he did not quite succeed, is evident from the quotation we have made from Field's "Amends for Ladies."

Respecting the manner in which Falstaff was attired on the stage in the time of Shakespeare, we meet with a curious passage in a manuscript, the handwriting of Inigo Jones, the property of the Duke of Devonshire. The Surveyor of the Works, describing the dress of a person who was to figure in one of the court masques, early in the reign of James I., says, that he is to be dressed "like a Sir John Falstaff, in a robe of russet, quite low, with a great belly, like a swollen man, long moustachios, the shoes short, and out of them great toes, like naked feet: buskins, to show a great swollen leg." We are, perhaps, only to understand from this description, that the appearance of the character was to bear a general resemblance to that of Sir John Falstaff, as exhibited on the stage at the Globe or Blackfriars' Theatres.

Although we are without any contemporaneous notices of the performance of Shakespeare's "Henry IV." Part i., there cannot be a doubt that it was extraordinarily popular. It went through five distinct impressions in 4to, in 1598, 1599, 1604, 1608, and 1613, before it was printed in the first folio. There was also an edition in 1639, which deserves notice, because it was not a reprint of the play as it had appeared either in the first or second folios, but of the 4to. of 1613, that text being for some reason preferred. Meres introduces "Henry the IVth" into his list in 1598, and we need feel little doubt that he alluded to Part i., because, on the preceding page, (fo. 281, b) he makes a quotation from one of Falstaff's speeches,—"there is nothing but roguery in villainous man," —though without acknowledging the source from which it was taken. We may be tolerably sure, however, that "Henry IV." Part ii., had then been produced by Shakespeare, but it is not distinguished by Meres, and he also makes no mention of "Henry V.," the events of whose reign, to his marriage with Catherine of France, were included in the old play of "The Famous Victories."

With regard to the text of this play, it is unquestionably found in its purest state in the earliest 4to. of 1598, and to that we have mainly adhered, assigning reasons in our notes when we have varied from it. The editors of the folio, 1623, copied implicitly the 4to. impression nearest to their own day,

Shakespeare on the title-page of most of the copies printed in 1600, that two other copies of it have recently been discovered, which have no author's name. Hence it might be inferred, that the original title-page was cancelled at the instance of our great dramatist, and another substituted.

that of 1613, adopting many of its defects, and, as far as we can judge, resorting to no MS. authority, nor to the previous quartos of 1598, 1599, 1604, and 1608. Several decided errors, made in reprint of 1599, were repeated and multiplied in the subsequent quarto impressions, and from thence found their way into the folio. Near the end of Act i. we meet with a curious proof of what we have advanced: we there find a line, thus distinctly printed in the 4to, 1598:—

"I'le steale to Glendower and Lo: Mortimer:"

that is, "I'll steal to Glendower and *Lord* Mortimer," Lo: being a common abbreviation of "Lord;" but the compositor of the 4to, 1599, strangely misunderstanding it, printed it as follows:—

"Ile steale to Glendower and loe Mortimer;"

as if Lo: of the 4to, 1598, were to be taken as the interjection, lo! then usually printed *loe*, and so the blunder was followed in the subsequent quartos, including that of 1613, from whence it was transferred, literatim, to the folio, 1623. The error is repeated in the folio, 1632; but Norton, the printer of the 4to, 1639, who, as has been remarked, did not adopt the text of either of the folios, saw that there must be a blunder in the line, and although he did not know exactly how to set it right, he at least made sense of it, by giving it,

"I'll steal to Glendower and *to* Mortimer."

We only adduce this instance as one proof, out of many which might be brought forward, to establish the superiority of the text of the 4to. of 1598, to any of the subsequent reimpressions.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.
HENRY, Prince of Wales.
PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER.
EARL OF WESTMORELAND.
SIR WALTER BLUNT.
THOMAS PERCY, Earl of Worcester.
HENRY PERCY, Earl of Northumberland:
HENRY PERCY, surnamed HOTSPUR, his Son.
EDMUND MORTIMER, Earl of March.
SCROOP, Archbishop of York.
ARCHIBALD, Earl of Douglas.
OWEN GLENDOWER.
SIR RICHARD VERNON.
SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.
SIR MICHAEL, a friend of the Archbishop of York
POINS.
GADSHILL.
PETO.
BARDOLPH.

LADY PERCY, Wife to Hotspur.
LADY MORTIMER, Daughter to Glendower.
MRS. QUICKLY, Hostess of a Tavern in Eastcheap.

Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.

SCENE, England.

THE FIRST PART

OF

KING HENRY IV.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY, WESTMORELAND, *Sir* WALTER BLUNT, *and Others.*

K. Hen. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
To be commenc'd in strands afar remote.
No more the thirsty entrance[1] of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flowrets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces; those opposed eyes,
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual, well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies:
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,
Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross,
We are impressed, and engag'd to fight,
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy,
Whose arms were moulded in their mother's womb,
To chase these pagans, in those holy fields,

[1] Coleridge adopts Theobald's view, that the "dry penetrability" of the soil of England was referred to.

Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd
For our advantage on the bitter cross.
But this our purpose is a twelve-month old,
And bootless 't is to tell you we will go:
Therefore we meet not now. Then, let me hear
Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
What yesternight our council did decree,
In forwarding this dear expedience[1].

West. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
And many limits of the charge[2] set down
But yesternight; when, all athwart, there came
A post from Wales loaden with heavy news·
Whose worst was, that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the irregular and wild Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Welchman taken,
A thousand of his people butchered;
Upon whose dead corpse there was such misuse,
Such beastly, shameless transformation,
By those Welchwomen done, as may not be
Without much shame re-told or spoken of.

K. Hen. It seems, then, that the tidings of this broil
Brake off our business for the Holy Land.

West. This, match'd with other, did,[3] my gracious lord;
For[4] more uneven and unwelcome news
Came from the north, and thus it did import.
On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,
Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,
That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
At Holmedon met;
Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour,
As by discharge of their artillery,
And shape of likelihood, the news was told;
For he that brought them, in the very heat
And pride of their contention did take horse,
Uncertain of the issue any way.

K. Hen. Here is a dear, a true-industrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
Stain'd with the variation of each soil
Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours;

[1] *Expedition.* [2] *Calculations* of the expense. [3] The folio· like The folio: Far.

And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.
The earl of Douglas is discomfited;
Ten thousand bold Scots, two-and-twenty knights
Balk'd[1] in their own blood, did Sir Walter see
On Holmedon's plains; of prisoners, Hotspur took
Mordake, earl of Fife, and eldest son
To beaten Douglas, and the earl of Athol,
Of Murray, Angus, and the bold[2] Menteith;
And is not this an honourable spoil?
A gallant prize? ha! cousin, is it not?

West. 'Faith, 't is[3] a conquest for a prince to boast of.

K. Hen. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me sin,
In envy that my lord Northumberland
Should be the father to so blest a son:
A son, who is the theme of honour's tongue;
Amongst a grove the very straightest plant;
Who is sweet fortune's minion, and her pride:
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonour stain the brow
Of my young Harry. O! that it could be prov'd
That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,
And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet:
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.
But let him from my thoughts.—What think you, coz,
Of this young Percy's pride? the prisoners,
Which he in this adventure hath surpris'd,
To his own use he keeps; and sends me word,
I shall have none but Mordake earl of Fife.

West. This is his uncle's teaching, this is Worcester,
Malevolent to you in all aspects;
Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up
The crest of youth against your dignity.

K. Hen. But I have sent for him to answer this;
And for this cause awhile we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.
Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we
Will hold at Windsor: so inform the lords;
But come yourself with speed to us again,

[1] *Raised in ridges, heaped.* [2] These two words are not in f. a [3] in f. e.

In faith,
It is, &c.

For more is to be said, and to be done,
Than out of anger can be uttered.

West. I will, my liege. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Same. Another Apartment in the Palace.

Enter HENRY, *Prince of Wales, and* FALSTAFF.

Fal. Now, Hal; what time of day is it, lad?

P. Hen. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly, which thou wouldst truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houses, and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-colour'd taffeta, I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed you come near me, now, Hal; for we, that take purses, go by the moon and the seven stars, and not by Phœbus,—he, "that wandering knight so fair."[1] And, I pr'ythee, sweet wag, when thou art king,—as, God save thy grace,—majesty, I should say, for grace thou wilt have none,—

P. Hen. What, none?

Fal. No, by my troth; no so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

P. Hen. Well, how then; come, roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us, that are squires of the night's body, be called thieves of the day's beauty: let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon; and let men say, we be men of good government, being governed as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we steal.

P. Hen. Thou say'st well, and it holds well, too; for the fortune of us, that are the moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the sea, being governed as the sea is, by the moon. As for proof now: a purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing—

[1] *The Knight of the Sun*, whose romantic adventures were translated and published in 1585.

lay by: and spent with crying—bring in; now, in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder, and, by and by, in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the Lord, thou say'st true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

P. Hen. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle.[1] And is not a buff jerkin[2] a most sweet robe of durance?

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag? what, in thy quips, and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

P. Hen. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

P. Hen. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No: I'll give thee thy due; thou hast paid all there.

P. Hen. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and, where it would not, I have used my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so used it, that it is[3] here apparent that thou art heir apparent.—But, I pr'ythee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king, and resolution thus fobbed, as it is, with the rusty curb of old father antick, the law? Do not thou, when thou art a king, hang a thief.

P. Hen. No: thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.

P. Hen. Thou judgest false already: I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

P. Hen. For obtaining of suits?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits, whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib[4]-cat, or a lugged bear.

[1] An allusion to the name of Oldcastle, which Falstaff appears to have originally borne. Farmer says it is from, lad of Castile. [2] This was the dress of constables at the time of the play. [3] were it not here: in f. e [4] *Gib*, was an old name for a tom-cat.

P. Hen Or an old lion, or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.[1]

P. Hen. What sayest thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?[2]

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavoury similies; and art, indeed, the most comparative, rascallest, sweet young prince.—But, Hal, I pr'ythee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God, thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought. An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir; but I marked him not; and yet he talked very wisely; but I regarded him not, and yet he talked wisely, and in the street too.

P. Hen. Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Fal. O! thou hast damnable iteration, and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal:—God forgive thee for it. Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; by the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain: I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

P. Hen. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

Fal. Zounds! where thou wilt, lad, I 'll make one; an I do not, call me a villain, and baffle me

P. Hen. I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying, to purse-taking.

Enter POINS, *at a distance.*

Fal. Why, Hal, 't is my vocation, Hal: 't is no sin for a man to labor in his vocation. Poins!—Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match[3].—O! if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain, that ever cried, Stand! to a true man.

P. Hen. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal.—What says monsieur Remorse? What says Sir John Sack[4]-and-Sugar? Jack, how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul,

[1] The Lincolnshire bagpipe is often mentioned by old writers. [2] A filthy and stagnant ditch, with a morass on one side, and Bedlam Hospital on the other, extending between Bishopsgate and Cripplegate. [3] Folio: watch; to "set a match" was, to make an appointment. [4] *Sharris sac*, appears to have been dry Sherry.

that thou soldest him on Good-Friday last, for a cup of Madeira and a cold capon's leg?

P. Hen. Sir John stands to his word: the devil shall have his bargain, for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs; he will give the devil his due.

Poins. Then, art thou damned for keeping thy word with the devil.

P. Hen. Else he had been damned for cozening the devil.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill. There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have visors for you all, you have horses for yourselves. Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester; I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap: we may do it as secure as sleep. If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home, and be hanged.

Fal. Hear ye, Yedward: if I tarry at home, and go not, I 'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

P. Hen. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

Fal. There 's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou cam'st not of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.[1]

P. Hen. Well then, once in my days I 'll be a madcap.

Fal. Why, that's well said,

P. Hen. Well, come what will, I 'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the Lord, I 'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

P. Hen. I care not.

Poins. Sir John, I pr'ythee, leave the prince and me alone: I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion, and him the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may (for recreation sake) prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell: you shall find me in Eastcheap.

P. Hen. Farewell, thou latter spring! Farewell,

[1] Such was the value of a coin called a *royal*.

All-hallown[1] summer! [*Exit* FALSTAFF.

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow: I have a jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill, shall rob those men that we have already way-laid: yourself and I will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head off from my shoulders.

P. Hen. How shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves, which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we 'll set upon them.

P. Hen. Yea, but 't is like, that they will know us, by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Poins. Tut! our horses they shall not see; I 'll tie them in the wood: our visors we will change, after we leave them; and, sirrah[2], I have cases of buckram for the nonce,[3] to inmask our noted outward garments.

P. Hen. Yea, but I doubt they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back; and for the third, if he 'll fight longer than he sees reason, I 'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us, when we meet at supper: how thirty at least he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof of this lies the jest.

P. Hen. Well, I 'll go with thee: provide us all things necessary, and meet me to-morrow night in Eastcheap, there I 'll sup. Farewell.

Poins. Farewell, my lord. [*Exit* POINS.

P. Hen. I know you all, and will a while uphold
The unyok'd humour of your idleness:
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That when he please again to be himself,

[1] All-hallown, or All-Saints' day, occurs on the first of November. [2] This word was often used, as here, to persons not inferiors. "Sir, hal" is supposed to be the derivation. [3] Derived from, "for the once."—*Gifford.*

Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promised,
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;
And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
I 'll so offend, to make offence a skill,
Redeeming time, when men think least I will. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—The Same. Another Apartment in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY, NORTHUMBERLAND, WORCESTER, HOTSPUR, *Sir* WALTER BLUNT, *and Others.*

K. Hen. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to stir at these indignities,
And you have found me; for, accordingly,
You tread upon my patience: but, be sure,
I will from henceforth rather be myself,
Mighty, and to be feared, than my condition,
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
And therefore lost that title of respect,
Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.

Wor. Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves
The scourge of greatness to be used on it;
And that same greatness, too, which our own hands
Have holp to make so portly.

North. My good[1] lord,—

K. Hen. Lord[2] Worcester, get thee gone; for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye.
O, sir! your presence is too bold and peremptory,
And majesty might never yet endure
The moody frontier[3] of a servant brow.
You have good leave to leave us: when we need

[1] [2] This word is not in f. e. [3] A term of military defence, here used in the sense of opposition.

Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.—
[*Exit* WORCESTER
You were about to speak. [*To* NORTH
North. Yea, my good lord.
Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,
Which Harry Percy, here, at Holmedon took,
Were, as he says, not with such strength denied
As is deliver'd to your majesty:
Either envy, therefore, or misprision
Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.
Hot. My liege, I did deny no prisoners:
But, I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reap'd,
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest home:
He was perfumed like a milliner,
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet[1]-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took 't away again;
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took in it snuff:—and still he smil'd, and talk'd,
And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me; among the rest, demanded
My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience,
Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what,
He should, or should not; for he made me mad,
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds, God save the mark
And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
This[2] villainous salt-petre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,

[1] A box of open work containing *essences*. [2] Folio: That

Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald, unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answer'd indirectly, as I said;
And, I beseech you, let not his report
Come current for an accusation,
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

Blunt The circumstance considered, good my lord,
Whate'er Lord Harry Percy then had said,
To such a person, and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest re-told,
May reasonably die, and never rise
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.

K. Hen. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners,
But with proviso, and exception,
That we, at our own charge, shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against that great magician, damn'd Glendower,
Whose daughter, as we fear, that earl of March
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers, then,
Be emptied to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason, and indent[1] with foes[2],
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
No, on the barren mountains let him starve;
For I shall never hold that man my friend,
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost,
To ransom home revolted Mortimer!

Hot. Revolted Mortimer!
He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war: to prove that true,
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower.
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink,
Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;

[1] Make an *indenture*, *agree*. [2] fears: in f. e

Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank
Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.
Never did base and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor never could the noble Mortimer
Receive so many, and all willingly:
Then, let him not be slander'd with revolt.

K. Hen. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie him:
He never did encounter with Glendower.
I tell thee,
He durst as well have met the devil alone,
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art thou not asham'd? But, sirrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer.
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you.—My lord Northumberland,
We license your departure with your son.—
Send us your prisoners, or you 'll hear of it.

[*Exeunt King* HENRY, BLUNT, *and Train.*

Hot. And if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them.—I will after straight,
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,
Albeit I make a hazard[1] of my head. [*Offers to go.*[2]

North. What! drunk with choler? stay, and pause awhile:
Here comes your uncle.

Re-enter WORCESTER

Hot. Speak of Mortimer!
'Zounds! I will speak of him: and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him:
Yea, on his part[3], I 'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop i' the dust,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high i' the air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

North. Brother, [*To* WORCESTER.] the king hath made your nephew mad.

Wor. Who struck this heat up after I was gone?

[1] Folio: Although it be with hazard. [2] Not in f. e. [3] Folio: In his behalf.

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners,
And when I urg'd the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale,
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.
Wor. I cannot blame him. Was he not proclaim'd,
By Richard. that dead is, the next of blood?
North. He was: I heard the proclamation:
And then it was when the unhappy king
(Whose wrongs in us God pardon!) did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition;
From whence he intercepted did return
To be depos'd, and shortly murdered.
Wor. And for whose death, we in the world's wide mouth
Live scandaliz'd, and foully spoken of.
Hot. But, soft! I pray you, did king Richard, then,
Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer
Heir to the crown?
North. He did: myself did hear it.
Hot. Nay, then, I cannot blame his cousin king,
That wish'd him on the barren mountains starve
But shall it be, that you, that set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man,
And for his sake wear the detested blot
Of murd'rous subornation, shall it be,
That you a world of curses undergo,
Being the agents, or base second means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?—
O! pardon me[1], that I descend so low,
To show the line, and the predicament,
Wherein you range under this subtle king.
Shall it for shame be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power,
Did gage them both in an unjust behalf,
(As both of you, God pardon it! have done)
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?
And shall it, in more shame, be farther spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off
By him, for whom these shames ye underwent?
No! yet time serves, wherein you may redeem

[1] Folio: if.

Your tarnish'd[1] honours, and restore yourselves
Into the good thoughts of the world again.
Revenge the jeering, and disdain'd contempt,
Of this proud king; who studies day and night
To answer all the debt he owes to you,
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.
Therefore, I say,—

Wor. Peace, cousin! say no more.
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I 'll read you matter deep and dangerous;
As full of peril and adventurous spirit,
As to o'erwalk a current, roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

Hot. If he fall in, good night!—or sink or swim,
Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honour cross it, from the north to south,
And let them grapple:—O! the blood more stirs,
To rouse a lion, than to start a hare.

North. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon;
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks,
So he that doth redeem her thence might wear
Without corrival all her dignities:
But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship!

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend.—
Good cousin, give me audience for a while.[2]

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same noble Scots,
That are your prisoners,—

Hot. I 'll keep them all.
By God, he shall not have a Scot of them:
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not.
I 'll keep them, by this hand.

Wor. You start away,
And lend no ear unto my purposes.
Those prisoners you shall keep.

[1] bar ished: in f. e. [2] The folio inserts here as a separate line "And .ist tc me."

Hot. Nay, I will; that 's flat
He said he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I 'll holla—Mortimer!
Nay, I 'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.

Wor. Hear you, cousin, a word.

Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:
And that same sword-and-buckler[1] prince of Wales,
But that I think his father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I would have him poison'd[2] with a pot of ale.

Wor. Farewell, kinsman. I will talk to you,
When you are better temper'd to attend.

North. Why, what a wasp-stung[3] and impatient fool
Art thou to break into this woman's mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!

Hot. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourg'd with rods,
Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.
In Richard's time,—what do ye call the place?—
A plague upon 't—it is in Gloucestershire;—
'T was where the mad-cap duke his uncle kept,
His uncle York,—where I first bow'd my knee
Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,
'Sblood! when you and he came back from Ravenspurg

North. At Berkley castle.

Hot. You say true.—
Why, what a candied deal of courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
Look,—"when his infant fortune came to age,"
And,—"gentle Harry Percy,"—and, "kind cousin,"—
O, the devil take such cozeners!—God forgive me!—
Good uncle, tell your tale: I[4] have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to 't again,
We 'll stay your leisure.

Hot. I have done, i' faith.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.

[1] Servants and riotous persons were thus accoutred. [2] Folio: poison'd him [3] Folio: wasp-tongued. [4] Folio: for I.

Deliver them up without their ransom straight,
And make the Douglas' son your only mean
For powers in Scotland; which, for divers reasons
Which I shall send you written, be assur'd,
Will easily be granted you.—My lord,
[*To* NORTHUMBERLAND
Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,
Shall secretly into the bosom creep
Of that same noble prelate, well belov'd,
The archbishop.
Hot. Of York, is it not?
Wor. True; who bears hard
His brother's death at Bristol, the lord Scroop.
I speak not this in estimation,
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and set down;
And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.
Hot. I smell it:
Upon my life, it will do wondrous well.
North. Before the game 's afoot, thou still let'st slip
Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot.—
And then the power of Scotland, and of York,
To join with Mortimer, ha?
Wor. And so they shall.
Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.
Wor. And 't is no little reason bids us speed,
To save our heads by raising of a head;
For, bear ourselves as even as we can,
The king will always think him in our debt,
And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home:
And see already how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.
Hot. He does, he does: we 'll be reveng'd on him
Wor. Cousin, farewell.—No farther go in this,
Than I by letters shall direct your course.
When time is ripe, (which will be suddenly)
I 'll steal to Glendower, and lord Mortimer;
Where you, and Douglas, and our powers at once,
As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

North. Farewell, good brother: we shall thrive, I trust.

Hot. Uncle, adieu.—O! let the hours be short,
Till fields, and blows, and groans applaud our sport.
[*Exeunt*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Rochester. An Inn Yard.

Enter a Carrier, with a Lantern in his hand.

1 *Car.* Heigh ho! An 't be not four by the day, I 'll be hanged: Charles' wain is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not packed. What, ostler!

Ost. [*Within.*] Anon, anon.

1 *Car.* I pr'ythee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few flocks in the point; the poor jade is wrung in the withers out of all cess[1].

Enter another Carrier.

2 *Car.* Peas and beans are as dank here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots: this house is turned upside down since Robin ostler died.

1 *Car.* Poor fellow! he never joyed since the price of oats rose: it was the death of him.

2 *Car.* I think, this be the most villainous house in all London road for fleas: I am stung like a tench.

1 *Car.* Like a tench? by the mass, there is ne'er a king in Christendom could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.

2 *Car.* Why, they will allow us ne'er a jordan, and then we leak in the chimney; and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach.

1 *Car.* What, ostler! come away and be hanged; come away.

2 *Car.* I have a gammon of bacon, and two razes[2] of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing-cross.

1 *Car.* 'Odsbody! the turkeys in my pannier are quite starved.—What, ostler!—A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? An 't were not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate

[1] *Measure.* [2] *Roots.*

of thee, I am a very villain.—Come, and be hanged:—hast no faith in thee?

Enter GADSHILL.

Gads. Good morrow, carriers. What 's o'clock?

1 *Car.* I think it be two o'clock.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 *Car.* Nay, soft, I pray ye: I know a trick worth two of that, i' faith.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thine.

2 *Car.* Ay, when? canst tell?—Lend me thy lantern, quoth a?—marry, I 'll see thee hanged first.

Gads. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

2 *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee.—Come, neighbour Mugs, we 'll call up the gentlemen: they will along with company, for they have great charge. [*Exeunt Carriers.*

Gads. What. ho! chamberlain!

Cham. [*Within.*] At hand, quoth pick-purse[1].

Gads. That 's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain; for thou variest no more from picking of purses, than giving direction doth from labouring; thou lay'st the plot how.

Enter Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, master Gadshill. It holds current, that I told you yesternight: there 's a franklin in the wild of Kent, hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company, last night at supper; a kind of auditor; one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter: they will away presently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with saint Nicholas' clerks[2], I 'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No, I 'll none of it: I pr'ythee, keep that for the hangman; for, I know thou worship'st saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

Gads. What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I 'll make a fat pair of gallows; for, if I hang, old sir John hangs with me, and thou knowest he 's no starveling. Tut! there are other Trojans that thou dreamest not of, the which, for sport sake, are content

[1] *A proverb* of the time [2] A cant name for *robbers.*

to do the profession some grace, that would, if matters should be looked into, for their own credit sake, make all whole. I am joined with no foot land-rakers, no long-staff, sixpenny strikers: none of these mad, mustachio purple-hued malt-worms; but with nobility and sanguinity[1]; burgomasters, and great ones—yes,[2] such as can hold in; such as will strike sooner than speak; and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray: and yet I lie; for they pray continually to their saint, the commonwealth; or, rather, not pray to her, but prey on her, for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.

Cham. What! the commonwealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

Gads. She will, she will; justice hath liquored her. We steal as in a castle, cock-sure; we have the receipt of fern-seed,[3] we walk invisible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith, I think you are more beholding to the night, than to fern-seed, for your walking invisible.

Gads. Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in our purchase,[4] as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

Gads. Go to; *homo* is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable Farewell, you muddy knave. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Road by Gadshill.

Enter Prince HENRY, *and* POINS; BARDOLPH *and* PETO, *at some distance.*

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter: I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet.[5]

P. Hen. Stand close.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Poins! Poins, and be hanged! Poins!

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal! What a brawling dost thou keep?

Fal. Where 's Poins, Hal?

P. Hen. He is walked up to the top of the hill: I 'll go seek him. [*Pretends to seek* POINS.

[1] tranquillity: in f. e. [2] great oneyers: in f. e. [3] Of old, believed to be invisible, from its very minute size. [4] A cant term, in frequent use, for *booty*. [5] A gummed velvet, being very stiff, fretted, or worn rapidly

Fal. I am accursed to rob in that thief's company. the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squire further afoot I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two-and-twenty years, and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I' ll be hanged; it could not be else: I have drunk medicines.—Poins!—Hal!—a plague upon you both! —Bardolph!—Peto!—I 'll starve, ere I 'll rob a foot further. An 't were not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is three score and ten miles afoot with me, and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough. A plague upon 't, when thieves cannot be true to one another! [*They whistle.*] Whew!—A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues: give me my horse, and be hanged.

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down: lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood! I 'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt[2] me thus?

P. Hen. Thou liest: thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I pr'ythee, good prince Hal, help me to my horse; good king's son.

P. Hen. Out, you rogue! shall I be your ostler?

Fal. Go, hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I 'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison: when a jest is so forward, and afoot too,—I hate it.

Enter GADSHILL.

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Poins. O! 't is our setter: I know his voice.

[1] *Foot-rule.* [2] *Trick.*

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. What news?

Gads. Case ye, case ye; on with your visors: there 's money of the king's coming down the hill; 't is going to the king's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you rogue: 't is going to the king's tavern.

Gads. There 's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hanged.

P. Hen. Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins and I will walk lower: if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. But how many be there of them?

Gads. Some eight, or ten.

Fal. Zounds! will they not rob us?

P. Hen. What, a coward, sir John Paunch?

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grand father; but yet no coward, Hal.

P. Hen. Well, we leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge: when thou needest him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hanged.

P. Hen. Ned, [*Aside to* POINS.] where are our disguises?

Poins. Here, hard by: stand close.

[*Exeunt P.* HENRY *and* POINS.

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole[1], say I: every man to his business.

Enter Travellers.

1 *Trav.* Come, neighbour: the boy shall lead our horses down the hill; we 'll walk afoot awhile, and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand!

Trav Jesu bless us!

Fal. Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats. Ah, whoreson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth: down with them; fleece them.

1 *Trav.* O! we are undone, both we and ours, for ever.

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied knaves. Are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs; I would, your store were here. On, bacons, on! What! ye knaves, young men must live

[1] *Lot.*

You are grand-jurors are ye? We 'll jure ye, i' faith
[*Exeunt* Fal. *&c. driving the Travellers out*
Re-enter Prince Henry *and* Poins.

P. Hen. The thieves have bound the true men. Now could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close; I hear them coming.

Re-enter Thieves.

Fal. Come, my masters; let us share, and then to horse before day. An the prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there 's no equity stirring: there 's no more valour in that Poins, than in a wild duck.

P. Hen. Your money. [*Rushing out upon them.*

Poins. Villains.

[*As they are sharing, the Prince and* Poins *set upon them. They all run away, and* Falstaff, *after a blow or two, runs away too, leaving the booty behind them.*]

P. Hen. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:
The thieves are scatter'd, and possessed with fear
So strongly, that they dare not meet each other;
Each takes his fellow for an officer.
Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along:
Wer 't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roar'd! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Warkworth. A Room in the Castle.

Enter Hotspur, *reading a Letter.*

—"But for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house."—He could be contented,—why is he not then? In respect of the love he bears our house:—he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. "The purpose you undertake, is dangerous:"—Why, that 's certain: 't is dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we 'll pluck this flower, safety. "The purpose you undertake, is dangerous; the friends you have named, uncertain; the time itself unsorted, and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition."—Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow, cowardly hind, and you lie. What

a lackbrain is this! By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid: our friends true and constant a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation: an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this? Why, my lord of York commends the plot, and the general course of the action. 'Zounds! and I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month, and are they not, some of them, set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. Oh! I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimmed milk with so honourable an action. Hang him! let him tell the king: we are prepared. I will set forward to-night.

Enter Lady PERCY.

How now, Kate? I must leave you within these two hours.

Lady. O, my good lord! why are you thus alone?
For what offence have I this fortnight been
A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?
Tell me, sweet lord, what is 't that takes from thee
Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth,
And start so often when thou sit'st alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks,
And given my treasures, and my rights of thee,
To thick-ey'd musing, and curs'd melancholy?
In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars;
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;
Cry, "Courage!—to the field!" And thou hast talk'd
Of sallies, and retires; of trenches, tents,
Of palisadoes, frontiers,[1] parapets;
Of basilisks[2] of cannon,[3] culverin;[4]

[1] The fortifications protecting frontiers. [2] Weighed nine thousand pounds and carried a ball of sixty. [3] Weighed seven thousand and carried a ball of sixty. [4] Weighed four thousand, and carried a ball of eighteen.

Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,
And all th' occurrents[1] of a heady fight.
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,
And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep,
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,
Like bubbles on a late disturbed stream:
And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden hest.[2] O! what portents are these?
Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Hot. What, ho! is Gilliams with the packet gone?

Enter Servant.

Serv. He is, my lord, an hour ago.

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff?

Serv. One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

Hot. What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

Serv. It is, my lord.

Hot. That roan shall be my throne.
Well, I will back him straight: O, *esperance!*[3]
Bid Butler lead him forth into the park. [*Exit Servant.*

Lady. But hear you, my lord.

Hot. What say'st thou, my lady?

Lady. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why my horse,
My love, my horse.

Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape!
A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen,
As you are are toss'd with. In faith,
I 'll know your business, Harry, that I will.
I fear, my brother Mortimer doth stir
About his title; and hath sent for you,
To line his enterprise: but if you go—

Hot So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

Lady. Come, come, you paraquito, answer me
Directly unto this question that I ask.
In faith, I 'll break thy little finger, Harry,
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away!
Away, you trifler!—Love?—I love thee not,
I care not for thee, Kate. This is no world,

[1] currents: in f. e. [2] So the quarto; the folio: haste. [3] The motto of the Percy family.

To play with mammets,[1] and to tilt with lips:
We must have bloody noses, and crack'd crowns,
And pass them current too.—Gods me, my horse!—
What say'st thou, Kate? what wouldst thou have with me?

Lady. Do you not love me? do you not, indeed?
Well, do not then; for since you love me not,
I will not love myself. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me, if you speak in jest, or no?

Hot. Come, to the park, Kate[2]; wilt thou see me ride?
And when I am o' horseback, I will swear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;
I must not have you henceforth question me
Whither I go, nor reason whereabout.
Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,
This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.
I know you wise; but yet no farther wise
Than Harry Percy's wife: constant you are;
But yet a woman: and for secrecy,
No lady closer; for I well believe
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

Lady. How! so far?

Hot. Not an inch farther. But hark you, Kate?
Whither I go, thither shall you go too;
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.
Will this content you, Kate?

Lady. It must, of force. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Eastcheap. A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern.

Enter Prince HENRY *and* POINS.

P. Hen. Ned, pr'ythee, come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where hast been, Hal?

P. Hen. With three or four loggerheads, amongst three or four-score hogsheads. I have sounded the very base string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers, and can call them all by their Christian names, as—Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their salvation, that though I be but prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy, and tell me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Fal

[1] *Puppets, dolls* [2] to the park, Kate: not in f. e

staff; but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy, (by the lord, so they call me,) and when I am king of England, I shall command all the good lads in East-cheap. They call drinking deep, dying scarlet; and when you breathe in your watering[1] they cry hem! and bid you play it off.—To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned,—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this penny-worth of sugar, clapped even now into my hand by an under-skinker[2]; one that never spake other English in his life, than—"Eight shillings and sixpence," and—"You are welcome;" with this shrill addition,—"Anon, anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon," or so. But, Ned, to drive away the time till Falstaff come, I pr'ythee, do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling—Francis! that his tale to me may be nothing but—anon. Step aside, and I 'll show thee a precedent.

Poins. Francis!

P. Hen. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis! [*Exit* POINS.

Enter FRANCIS

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.—Look down into the Pomegranate, Ralph.

P. Hen. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My lord.

P. Hen. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Fran. Forsooth, five years, and as much as to—

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. Five years! by 'r lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy indenture, and to show it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

Fran. O lord, sir! I 'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find it in my heart.

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. How old art thou, Francis?

[1] take breath in your drinking. [2] One who serves drink, *a drawer*

Fran. Let me see,—about Michaelmas next I shall be—

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, sir.—Pray you, stay a little, my lord.

P. Hen. Nay, but hark you, Francis. For the sugar thou gavest me,—'t was a pennyworth, was 't not?

Fran. O lord, sir! I would it had been two.

P. Hen. I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon.

P. Hen. Anon, Francis? No, Francis; but to-morrow, Francis; or, Francis, on Thursday; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis—

Fran. My lord?

P. Hen. Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin, crystal-button, knot-pated,[1] agate-ring, puke[2]-stocking, caddis[3]-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch,—

Fran. O lord, sir, who do you mean?

P. Hen. Why then, your brown bastard[4] is your only drink: for, look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully. In Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What, sir?

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

P. Hen. Away, you rogue! Dost not thou hear them call?

[*Here they both call him; the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What! stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling? Look to the guests within. [*Exit* FRAN.] My lord, old sir John, with half a dozen more, are at the door: shall I let them in?

P. Hen. Let them alone awhile, and then open the door. [*Exit Vintner.*] Poins!

Re-enter POINS.

Poins. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door. Shall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye; what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what 's the issue?

[1] Having the hair cut close. [2] *Puce.* [3] *Galloon.* [4] A strong and sweet *Spanish wine.* It was both brown and white.

P. Hen. I am now of all humours, that have show'd themselves humours, since the old days of goodman Adam to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight. [*Re-enter* FRANCIS, *with Wine.*] What 's o'clock, Francis?

Fran. Anon, anon, sir. [*Exit.*

P. Hen. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! His industry is—up-stairs, and down-stairs; his eloquence, the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the North; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife,—"Fie upon this quiet life? I want work." "O my sweet Harry," says she, "How many hast thou killed to-day?" "Give my roan horse a drench," says he, and answers, "Some fourteen," an hour after; "a trifle, a trifle."—I pr'ythee, call in Falstaff; I 'll play Percy, and that damned brawn shall play dame Mortimer his wife. "Rivo!" says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, *and* PETO.

Poins. Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen!—Give me a cup of sack, boy. —Ere I lead this life long, I 'll sew nether-stocks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*

P. Hen. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun! if thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here 's lime in this sack too: there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man: yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it; a villainous coward.—Go thy ways, old Jack: die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring[1]. There live not three good men unhanged in England, and one of them is fat, and grows old: God help the while! a bad world, I say. I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or any thing. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

[1] One that has cast his spawn.

P Hen. How now, wool-sack! what mutter you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I 'll never wear hair on my face more. You prince of Wales!

P. Hen. Why, you whoreson round man, what 's the matter!

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me to that? and Poins there?

Poins. 'Zounds! ye fat paunch, and ye call me coward, I 'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I 'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward; but I would give a thousand pound, I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders; you care not who sees your back. Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me.—Give me a cup of sack: I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

P. Hen. O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunk'st last.

Fal. All 's one for that. [*He drinks.*] A plague of all cowards, still say I.

P. Hen. What 's the matter?

Fal. What 's the matter? there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning[1].

P. Hen. Where is it, Jack! where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us[2].

P. Hen. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet: four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw: *ecce signum.* [*Drawing it.*[3]] I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards!—Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

P. Hen. Speak, sirs: how was it?

Bard. We four set upon some dozen,—

[1] So the first two quartos; the folios omit: day. The phrase is still in use in the eastern counties of England. [2] So all old copies; many mod. eds. omit: of. [3] Not in f. e.

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my lord.

Bard. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Bard. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us,—

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

P. Hen. What! fought ye with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish; if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

P. Hen.[1] Pray God, you have not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for: I have peppered two of them: two, I am sure, I have paid; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal,—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward:—here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me,—

P. Hen. What, four? thou saidst but two even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Hen. Seven? why, there were but four even now.

Fal. In buckram.

Poins. Ay, four in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

P. Hen. Pr'ythee, let him alone: we shall have more anon. [*To* Poins.[2]

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Hen. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of,—

P. Hen. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken,—

[1] All the quartos but the last, give this speech to P. Henry; the last quarto, and the folio, to Poins. [2] Not in f. e.

Poins. Down fell their hose.[1]

Fal. Began to give me ground; but I followed me close, came in, foot and hand, and with a thought, seven of the eleven I paid.

P. Hen. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two.

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves, in Kendal-green, came at my back, and let drive at me;—for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

P. Hen. These lies are like the father that begets them; gross as a mountain; open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-keech.[2]—

Fal. What! art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

P. Hen. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason: what sayest thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the strappado[3] or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

P. Hen. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin: this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh;—

Fal. Away, you starveling, you elf-skin[4], you dried neat's-tongue, bull's pizzle, you stock-fish,—O, for breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing-tuck;—

P. Hen. Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again; and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

P. Hen. We two saw you four set on four; you

[1] *Points* is taken by POINS in the sense of *tags*, or *strings*, by which the clothes were fastened. [2] Old copies: catch; changed by some editions to "ketch," *a tub*, and by others to "keech," the *fat of an animal* rolled up in a ball. [3] This punishment consists in drawing the sufferer up to an elevation, by a strap passed under his elbows, and then letting him drop suddenly—usually dislocating his shoulder blade. [4] Hanmer suggests eel-skin.

bound them, and were masters of their wealth.—Mark now, how plain a tale shall put you down.—Then did we two set on you four, and, with a word, out-fac'd you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house.—And, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say, it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let 's hear, Jack: what trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye, as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: was it for me to kill the heir apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest, I am as valiant as Hercules; but beware instinct: the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money.—Hostess, clap to the doors: watch to-night, pray to-morrow.—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What! shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

P. Hen. Content;—and the argument shall be, thy running away.

Fal. Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me.

Enter Hostess.

Host. O Jesu! My lord the prince,—

P. Hen. How now, my lady the hostess! what say'st thou to me?

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door would speak with you: he says, he comes from your father.

P. Hen. Give him as much as will make him a royal man[1], and send him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Host. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight?—Shall I give him his answer?

[1] A play upon the names of coins, the *noble*, 6*s.* 8*d*, and the *royal*, 10*s*

P. Hen. Pr'ythee, do, Jack.

Fal. 'Faith, and I 'll send him packing. [*Exit.*

P. Hen. Now, sirs; by 'r lady, you fought fair;—so did you, Peto;—so did you, Bardolph. you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince, no:—fie!

Bard. 'Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

P. Hen. 'Faith, tell me now in earnest: how came Falstaff's sword so hacked?

Peto Why, he hacked it with his dagger, and said, he would swear truth out of England, but he would make you believe it was done in fight; and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear grass, to make them bleed: and then to beslubber our garments with it, and to swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven year before; I blushed to hear his monstrous devices.

P. Hen. O villain! thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner[1], and ever since thou hast blushed extempore. Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ran'st away: what instinct hadst thou for it?

Bard. My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

P. Hen. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

P. Hen. Hot livers and cold purses.

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

P. Hen. No, if rightly taken, halter.

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Here comes lean Jack; here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast![2] How long is 't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thy own knee?

Fal. My own knee? when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring: a plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There 's villainous news abroad: here was sir John Bracy from your father: you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy; and he of Wales, that gave Amaimon the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his

[1] *In the fact.* [2] *Cotton-wool*, used for stuffing dresses.

true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook,[1]—what, a plague, call you him?—

Poins. O! Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen; the same; and his son-in-law, Mortimer; and old Northumberland; and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular.

P. Hen. He that rides at high speed, and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

P. Hen. So did he never the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

P. Hen. Why, what a rascal art thou, then, to praise him so for running?

Fal. O' horseback, ye cuckoo! but, afoot, he will not budge a foot.

P. Hen. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps more. Worcester is stolen away to-night; thy father's beard is turned white with the news: you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackarel.

P. Hen. Why then, it is like, if there come a hot June, and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundred.

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou sayest true; it is like, we shall have good trading that way.—But, tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly afeard? thou being heir apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again, as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

P. Hen. Not a whit, i' faith: I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, practise an answer.

P. Hen. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? Content.—This chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

P. Hen. Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy

[1] A *pike*, with a hook below its point.—*Knight.*

golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown!

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved.—Give me a cup of sack, to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in king Cambyses'[1] vein.

P. Hen. Well, here is my leg.[2]

Fal. And here is my speech.—Stand aside, nobility.

Host. O, Jesu! this is excellent sport, i' faith.

Fal. Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.

Host. O, the father! how he holds his countenance.

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful[3] queen, For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Host. O, Jesu! he doth it as like one of these harlotry players as ever I see.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot! peace, good tickle-brain! —Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows, so[4] youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly, a villainous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If, then, thou be son to me, here lies the point—why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher[5], and eat blackberries? a question not to be asked. Shall the sun of England prove a thief, and take purses? a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile: so doth the company thou keepest; for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in woes also.—And yet there is a virtuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

[1] An allusion to the "Lamentable Tragedy" of Cambises, by Thomas Preston. [2] *My obeisance.* [3] Old copies: trustful; Rowe made the change. [4] The later quartos and folio: yet. [5] One who lurks out of sight, a *truant.*

P. Hen. What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

Fal. A goodly[1] portly man i' faith, and a corpulent: of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r lady, inclining to threescore, and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me, now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

P. Hen. Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I 'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker[2], or a poulterer's hare

P. Hen. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand.—Judge, my masters.

P. Hen. Now, Harry! whence come you?

Fal. My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

P. Hen. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false.—Nay, I 'll tickle thee for a young prince, i' faith.

P. Hen. Swearest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old man: a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that hulk[3] of humours, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swoln parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard[4] of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree-ox[5], with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning[6], but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villainy? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

[1] So the old copies; Malone changed the word to "good." [2] A *sucking rabbit*. [3] trunk: in f. e. [4] A *large barrel*; also, a *drinking vessel*. [5] An allusion to the Manningtree Fair. [6] *Skilful*.

Fal. I would your grace would take me with you, whom means your grace?

P. Hen. That villainous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

P. Hen. I know thou dost.

Fal. But to say, I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, the more the pity, his white hairs do witness it: but that he is, saving your reverence, a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know, is damned: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord: banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins; but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and, therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company: banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

P. Hen. I do, I will. [*A knocking heard*

[*Exeunt Hostess*, FRANCIS, *and* BARDOLPH.

Re-enter BARDOLPH, *running*.

Bard. O! my lord, my lord! the sheriff, with a most monstrous watch, is at the door.

Fal. Out, you rogue! play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter Hostess.

Host. O Jesu! my lord, my lord!—

P. Hen. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddle-stick. What's the matter?

Host. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house. Shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

P. Hen. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

Fal. I deny your major. If you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up. I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.

[1] Let me understand you.

P. Hen. Go, hide thee behind the arras[1] —the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face, and a good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had; but their date is out, and therefore I 'll hide me.

[*Exeunt all but the Prince and* Peto.

P. Hen. Call in the sheriff.

Enter Sheriff and Carrier.

Now, master sheriff, what 's your will with me?

Sher. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry
Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

P. Hen. What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord,
A gross fat man.

Car. As fat as butter.

P. Hen. The man, I do assure you, is not here,
For I myself at this time have employ'd him.
And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee,
That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,
Send him to answer thee, or any man,
For any thing he shall be charg'd withal:
And so, let me entreat you, leave the house.

Sher. I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

P. Hen. It may be so: if he have robb'd these men,
He shall be answerable; and so, farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

P. Hen. I think it is good morrow, is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.

[*Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier.*

P. Hen. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's. Go, call him forth.

Peto. Falstaff!—fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

P. Hen. Hark, how hard he fetches breath. Search his pockets. [Peto *searches.*] What hast thou found?

Peto. Nothing but papers, my lord.

P. Hen. Let 's see what they be: read them.

Peto. [*Reads.*] Item, A capon, ... 2*s.* 2*d.*
Item, Sauce . . . . . 4*d.*

[1] The arras was usually hung at some distance from the wall.

[2] There is no direction in the old copies, except *Exit.* Subsequent dialogue Peto takes part; mod. eds. change the name here and in the rest of the scene, to Poins.

Item, Sack, two gallons, ... 5*s* 8*d*.
Item, Anchovies, and sack after supper, . . 2*s*. 6*d*.
Item, Bread, ... *ob*.[1]

P. Hen. O monstrous! but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!—What there is else, keep close: we'll read it at more advantage. There let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning. we must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and, I know, his death will be a march of twelve-score. The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so good morrow, Peto.

Peto. Good morrow, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Bangor. A Room in the Archdeacon's House.

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, MORTIMER, *and* GLENDOWER.

Mort. These promises are fair, the parties sure,
And our induction[2] full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer, and cousin Glendower, will you sit down?—And, uncle Worcester.—A plague upon it! I have forgot the map.

Glend. No, here it is.
Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur;
For by that name as oft as Lancaster
Doth speak of you,
His cheek looks pale, and with a rising sigh
He wisheth you in heaven.

Hot. And you in hell, as often as he hears Owen Glendower spoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him: at my nativity,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets[3]; and at my birth,
The frame and huge[4] foundation of the earth
Shak'd like a coward.

[1] *Obolum*, the old mode of noting a half-penny. [2] *Introduction.* [3] A small frame-work of iron filled with some flaming substance, and raised on a pole as a *beacon*, or a *torch*. [4] From the quarto 1598

Hot. Why, so it would have done at the same season, if your mother's cat had but kitten'd, though yourself had never been born.

Glend. I say, the earth did shake when I was born.

Hot. And I say the earth was not of my mind,
If you suppose as fearing you it shook.

Glend. The heavens were all on fire; the earth did tremble.

Hot. O! then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire,
And not in fear of your nativity.
Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions: oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of cholic pinch'd and vex'd
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb: which, for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldame earth, and topples down
Steeples, and moss-grown towers. At your birth,
Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,
In passion shook.

Glend. Cousin, of many men
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave
To tell you once again,—that at my birth,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes;
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clamorous in the frighted fields.
These signs have mark'd me extraordinary,
And all the courses of my life do show,
I am not in the roll of common men.
Where is he living,—clipp'd in with the sea
That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,—
Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me?
And bring him out, that is but woman's son,
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
And hold me pace in deep experiments.

Hot. I think, there is no man speaks better Welsh. I'll to dinner.

Mort. Peace, cousin Percy! you will make him mad.

Glend. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any man;
But will they come, when you do call for them?

Glend. Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command the devil.

Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil,

By telling truth: tell truth, and shame the devil.—
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,
And I'll be sworn, I have power to shame him hence.
O! while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil.

Mort. Come, come;
No more of this unprofitable chat.

Glend. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head
Against my power: thrice from the banks of Wye,
And sandy-bottom'd Severn, have I sent him
Bootless home, and weather-beaten back.

Hot. Home without boots, and in foul weather too!
How 'scap'd he agues, in the devil's name?

Glend. Come, here 's the map: shall we divide our right,
According to our three-fold order ta'en?

Mort. The archdeacon hath divided it
Into three limits, very equally.
England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,
By south and east is to my part assign'd:
All westward, Wales, beyond the Severn shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower:—and, dear coz, to you
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.
And our indentures tripartite are drawn,
Which being sealed interchangeably,
(A business that this night may execute)
To-morrow, cousin Percy, you, and I,
And my good lord of Worcester, will set forth,
To meet your father, and the Scottish power,
As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.
My father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days.—
Within that space you may have drawn together
[*To Glendower*
Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.

Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, lords;
And in my conduct shall your ladies come:
From whom you now must steal, and take no leave;
For there will be a world of water shed,
Upon the parting of your wives and you.

Hot. Methinks, my moiety[1], north from Burton here,
In quantity equals not one of yours.

[1] Often used, as here, as a general term for *share*.

See, how this river comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle[1] out.
I 'll have the current in this place damm'd up,
And here the snug and silver Trent shall run,
In a new channel, fair and evenly:
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

Glend. Not wind? it shall; it must: you see, it doth.

Mort. Yea, but mark, how he bears his course, and runs me up
With like advantage on the other side;
Gelding the opposed continent, as much
As on the other side it takes from you.

Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this north side win this cape of land;
And then he runs all straight and evenly[2].

Hot. I 'll have it so: a little charge will do it.

Glend. I will not have it alter'd.

Hot. Will not you?

Glend. No, nor you shall not.

Hot. Who shall say me nay?

Glend. Why, that will I.

Hot. Let me not understand you then
Speak it in Welsh.

Glend. I can speak English, lord, as well as you,
For I was train'd up in the English court;
Where, being but young, I framed to the harp
Many an English ditty, lovely well,
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament;
A virtue that was never seen in you.

Hot. Marry, and I 'm glad of it with all my heart.
I had rather be a kitten, and cry mew,
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers:
I had rather hear a brazen can'stick[3] turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry.
'T is like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.

Glend. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.

Hot. I do not care.

[1] *Portion.* [2] runs straight and even: in f. e. [3] candle-stick: in folio.

I 'll give thrice so much land to any well deserving friend;
But, in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I 'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?
Glend. The moon shines fair, you may away by night:
I 'll haste the writer, and withal, I 'll break
With your young wives[1] of your departure hence.
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,
So much she doteth on her Mortimer. [*Exit.*
Mort. Fie, cousin Percy! how you cross my father.
Hot. I cannot choose: sometime he angers me
With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies;
And of a dragon, and a finless fish,
A clip-wing'd griffin, and a moulten raven,
A couching lion, and a ramping cat,
And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,—
He held me, last night, at the least nine hours,
In reckoning up the several devils' names,
That were his lackeys: I cried, "humph," and "well,' "go to,"
But mark'd him not a word. O! he 's as tedious
As a tired horse, a railing wife;
Worse than a smoky house: I had rather live
With cheese and garlick in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,
In any summer-house in Christendom.
Mort. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman;
Exceedingly well read, and profited
In strange concealments; valiant as a lion,
And wondrous affable, and as bountiful
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin?
He holds your temper in a high respect,
And curbs himself even of his natural scope,
When you do cross his humour; 'faith, he does.
I warrant you, that man is not alive,
Might so have tempted him as you have done,
Without the taste of danger and reproof:
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

[1] In f e.:
and withal,
Break with your wives, &c.

Wor. In faith, my wilful lord, you are to blame,[1]
And since your coming hither have done enough
To put him quite beside his patience.
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault:
Though sometimes it show greatness, courage, blood,
And that 's the secret grace it renders you,
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain:
The least of which, haunting a nobleman,
Loseth men's hearts, and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am school'd: good manners be your speed.
Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

Re-enter GLENDOWER, *with the Ladies.*

Mort. This is the deadly spite that angers me;
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

Glend. My daughter weeps: she will not part with you;
She 'll be a soldier too; she 'll to the wars.

Mort. Good father, tell her, that she, and my aunt Percy,
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

[GLENDOWER *speaks to her in Welsh, and she answers him in the same.*

Glend. She 's desperate here;
A peevish[2] self-will'd harlotry, and one
That no persuasion can do good upon.

[*She speaks to* MORTIMER *in Welsh.*

Mort. I understand thy looks: that pretty Welsh
Which thou pour'st down from these welling heavens,
I am too perfect in; and, but for shame
In such a parley would I answer thee.

[*She speaks again*

I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,
And that 's a feeling disputation:
But I will never be a truant, love,
Till I have learn'd thy language; for thy tongue
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,
With ravishing division, to her lute.

[1] In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blame: in f. e. [2] *Silly.*

Glend. Nay, if thou melt, then will she e'en run mad
[*She speaks again.*

Mort. O! I am ignorance itself in this.

Glend. She bids you on the wanton rushes lay you [down.
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your eye-lids crown the god of sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness;
Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep,
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team
Begins his golden progress in the east.

Mort. With all my heart I 'll sit, and hear her sing:
By that time will our book[2], I think, be drawn.

Glend. Do so;
And those musicians that shall play to you,
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence;
And straight they shall be here. Sit, and attend.

Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down: Come, quick, quick; that I may lay my head in thy lap.

Lady P. Go, ye giddy goose. [*The music plays.*

Hot. Now I perceive, the devil understands Welsh; And 't is no marvel, he is so humorous.
By 'r lady, he 's a good musician.

Lady P. Then, should you be nothing but musical, For you are altogether governed by humours.
Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing
In Welsh.

Hot. I had rather hear, lady, my brach[3], howl in Irish.

Lady P. Wouldst thou have thy head broken?

Hot. No.

Lady P. Then be still.

Hot. Neither; 't is a woman's fault.

Lady P. Now, God help thee!

Hot. To the Welsh lady's bed.

Lady P. What 's that?

Hot. Peace? she sings. [*A Welsh Song by Lady M*

Hot. Come, Kate, I 'll have your song too.

Lady P. Not mine, in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours, in good sooth! 'Heart!

[1] Rushes were strewn on floors as a covering. [2] Often used, as here, for an *agreement*. [3] *Small hound.*

You swear like to a comfit-maker's wife.
Not yours, in good sooth; and, as true as I live;
As God shall mend me; and, as sure as day:
And giv'st such sarcenet surety for thy oaths,
As if thou never walk'dst farther than Finsbury.
Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,
A good-mouth-filling oath; and leave in sooth,
And such protests of pepper-gingerbread,
To velvet-guards,[1] and Sunday-citizens.
Come, sing.

Lady P. I will not sing.

Hot. 'T is the next way to turn tailor, or be red-breast teacher. An the indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two hours; and so come in when ye will. [*Exit.*

Glend. Come on[2], lord Mortimer; you are as slow,
As hot lord Percy is on fire to go.
By this our book is drawn: we 'll seal, and part[3]
To horse immediately.

Mort. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY, *Prince of Wales, and Lords.*

K. Hen. Lords, give us leave. The Prince of Wales and I,
Must have some private conference: but be near at hand,
For we shall presently have need of you.—
[*Exeunt Lords.*
I know not whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done,
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood
He 'll breed revengement and a scourge for me;
But thou dost, in thy passages of life,
Make me believe, that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven,
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate, and low desires,
Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal, and grafted to,

[1] Velvet-guards, or edges, seem to have been a distinguishing peculiarity of the dress of London city wives.—*Knight.* [2] Come, come: in f. e. [3] then: in f. e.

Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

P. Hen. So please your majesty, I would, I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuse
As well as, I am doubtless, I can purge
Myself of many I am charg'd withal:
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof of many tales devis'd,
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear
By smiling pick-thanks and base newsmongers,
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd, and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.

K. Hen. God pardon thee!—yet let me wonder, Harry,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger brother is supplied;
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the court, and princes of my blood:
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd; and the soul of every man
Prophetically doth fore-think thy fall.
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession,
And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir,
But like a comet I was wonder'd at;
That men would tell their children, "This is he:"
Others would say,—"Where? which is Bolingbroke?"
And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,
And dress'd myself in such humility,
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned king.
Thus did I keep my person fresh, and new;
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen but wonder'd at: and so my state,
Seldom, but sumptuous, showed like a feast,
And won by rareness such solemnity.

The skipping king, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters, and rash bavin[1] wits,
Soon kindled, and soon burn'd; discarded state;[2]
Mingled his royalty with carping fools;
Had his great name profaned with their scorns;
And gave his countenance, against his name,
To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the push
Of every beardless vain comparative:
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enfeoff'd himself to popularity:
That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
They surfeited with honey; and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.
So, when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes,
As, sick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty,
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes;
But rather drowz'd, and hung their eyelids down,
Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect
As cloudy men use to their adversaries,
Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.
And in that very line, Harry, stand'st thou:
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege,
With vile participation: not an eye
But is a-weary of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more;
Which now doth that I would not have it do,
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

P. Hen. I shall hereafter, my thrice-gracious lord,
Be more myself.

K. Hen. For all the world,
As thou art to this hour, was Richard then,
When I from France set foot at Ravenspurg;
And even as I was then is Percy now.
Now by my scepter, and my soul to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to the state,
Than thou the shadow of succession:
For of no right, nor colour like to right,
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm,

[1] A *faggot of brushwood.* [2] carded his state: in f. e.

Turns head against the lion's armed jaws,
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on
To bloody battles, and to bruising arms.
What never-dying honour hath he got
Against renowned Douglas; whose high deeds,
Whose hot incursions, and great name in arms,
Holds from all soldiers chief majority,
And military title capital,
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ.
Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathing clothes,
This infant warrior, in his enterprises
Discomfited great Douglas; ta'en him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
The archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,
Capitulate[1] against us, and are up.
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?
Thou that art like enough, through vassal fear,
Base inclination, and the start of spleen,
To fight against me under Percy's pay,
To dog his heels, and court'sy at his frowns,
To show how much thou art degenerate.

P. Hen. Do not think so; you shall not find it so.
And God forgive them, that so much have sway'd
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you that I am your son;
When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And stain my favour[2] in a bloody mask,
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it.
And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
That this same child of honour and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
And your unthought-of Harry chance to meet.
For every honour sitting on his helm,
'Would they were multitudes; and on my head

[1] They draw up articles, or *capita*. [2] *Countenance*. The old copies: favours, i. e., *features*.

My shames redoubled! for the time will come,
That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;
And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every glory up,
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
This, in the name of God, I promise here:
The which, if he be pleas'd I shall perform,
I do beseech your majesty, may salve
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance:
If not, the end of life cancels all bands;
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

K. Hen. A hundred thousand rebels die in this!
Thou shalt have charge, and sovereign trust herein.

Enter BLUNT.

How now, good Blunt? thy looks are full of speed.

Blunt. So is[1] the business that I come to speak of.
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word,
That Douglas, and the English rebels met,
The eleventh of this month, at Shrewsbury.
A mighty and a fearful head they are,
If promises be kept on every hand,
As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

K. Hen. The earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day
With him my son, lord John of Lancaster;
For this advertisement is five days old.—
On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set forward;
On Thursday we ourselves will march:
Our meeting is Bridgnorth; and, Harry, you
Shall march through Glostershire; by which account,
Our business valued, some twelve days hence
Our general forces at Bridgnorth shall meet,
Our hands are full of business: let 's away;
Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay. [*Exeunt*

[1] hath: in f. e.

SCENE III.—Eastcheap. A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern.

Enter FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle?—Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown: I am wither'd like an old apple-John. Well, I 'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking[1]; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse. The inside of a church! Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it.—Come, sing me a bawdy song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough: swore little; diced not above seven times a week; went to a bawdy-house not above once in a quarter—of an hour; paid money that I borrowed three or four times; lived well, and in good compass; and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass; out of all reasonable compass, sir John.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I 'll amend my life. Thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern not[2] in the poop,—but 't is in the nose of thee: thou art the knight of the burning lamp.

Bard. Why, sir John, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No; I 'll be sworn, I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a death's head, or a *memento mori*: I never see thy face, but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face: my oath should be, By this fire, that 's God's angel: but thou art altogether given over, and wert, indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou ran'st up Gadshill in the night to catch my horse, if I

[1] In good flesh. [2] This word is not in f. e

did not think thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wild-fire, there 's no purchase in money. O! thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern: but the sack that thou hast drunk me, would have bought me lights as good cheap, at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire any time this two and thirty years: God reward me for it!

Bard. 'Sblood! I would my face were in your belly.

Fal. God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burned.

Enter Hostess.

How now, dame Partlet the hen? have you inquired yet who picked my pocket?

Host. Why, sir John, what do you think, sir John? Do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have searched, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Fal. You lie, hostess: Bardolph was shaved, and lost many a hair; and I 'll be sworn, my pocket was picked. Go to, you are a woman; go.

Host Who I? No. I defy thee: God's light! I was never called so in mine own house before.

Fal. Go to; I know you well enough.

Host. No, sir John; you do not know me, sir John I know you, sir John: you owe me money, sir John, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it. I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them.

Host. Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, sir John, for your diet, and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four and twenty pound.

Fal. He had his part of it: let him pay.

Host. He? alas! he is poor: he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor? look upon his face; what call you rich? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks. I 'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I

shall have my pocket picked? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's, worth forty mark.

Host. O Jesu! I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper.

Fal. How! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup; 'Sblood! and he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

Enter Prince HENRY *and* POINS[1], *marching.* FALSTAFF *meets the Prince, playing on his truncheon, like a fife.*

Fal. How now, lad! is the wind in that door, i' faith? must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate-fashion?

Host. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

P. Hen. What sayest thou, mistress Quickly? How does thy husband? I love him well: he is an honest man.

Host. Good my lord, hear me.

Fal. Pr'ythee let her alone, and list to me.

P. Hen. What sayest thou, Jack?

Fal. The other night I fell asleep, here, behind the arras, and had my pocket picked: this house is turned bawdy-house; they pick pockets.

P. Hen. What didst thou lose, Jack?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal ring of my grandfather's.

P. Hen. A trifle: some eight-penny matter.

Host. So I told him, my lord; and I said I heard your grace say so: and, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is, and said, he would cudgel you.

P. Hen. What! he did not?

Host. There 's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

Fal. There 's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune; nor no more truth in thee, than in a drawn fox: and for womanhood, maid Marian[2] may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

Host. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thank God on.

Host. I am nothing to thank God on, I would thou shouldst know it: I am an honest man's wife; and,

[1] POINS, is not in the old copies. [2] Robin Hood's companion—she was often introduced as a character in Morris dances

setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knave thou?

Fal. What beast? why an otter.

P. Hen. An otter, sir John: why an otter?

Fal. Why? she 's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

Host. Thou art an unjust man in saying so: thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave thou!

P. Hen. Thou sayest true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

Host. So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day, you ought him a thousand pound.

P. Hen. Sirrah! do I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal. A thousand pound, Hal! a million: thy love is worth a million; thou owest me thy love.

Host. Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph?

Bard. Indeed, sir John, you said so.

Fal. Yea; if he said my ring was copper.

P. Hen. I say, 't is copper: darest thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, Hal, thou knowest, as thou art but man, I dare; but as thou art prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

P. Hen. And why not, as the lion.

Fal. The king himself is to be feared as the lion. Dost thou think I 'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, an I do, I pray God, my girdle break!

P. Hen. O! if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, sirrah, there 's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty, in this bosom of thine; it is filled up with guts and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! Why, thou whoreson, impudent, embossed rascal, if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded; if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these, I am a villain; and yet you will stand to it; you will not pocket up wrong Art thou not ashamed?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? thou knowest in the state of innocence, Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do, in the days of villainy? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty. You confess, then, you picked my pocket?

P. Hen. It appears so by the story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee. Go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest, I am pacified.—Still?—Nay, pr'ythee begone. [*Exit Hostess.*] Now, Hal, to the news at court: for the robbery, lad,—how is that answered?

P. Hen. O! my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee.—The money is paid back again.

Fal. O! I do not like that paying back; 't is a double labour.

P. Hen. I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou dost, and do it with unwashed hands too.

Bard. Do, my lord.

P. Hen. I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would, it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O! for a fine thief, of the age of two-and-twenty, or thereabouts! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels; they offend none but the virtuous: I laud them, I praise them.

P. Hen. Bardolph!

Bard. My lord.

P. Hen. Go bear this letter to lord John of Lancaster,
To my brother John; this to my lord of Westmoreland.—
Go, Poins, to horse, to horse! for thou, and I,
Have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time.—
Jack, meet me to-morrow in the Temple-hall
At two o'clock in the afternoon:
There shalt thou know thy charge; and there receive
Money, and order for their furniture.
The land is burning, Percy stands on high,
And either they, or we, must lower lie.

[*Exeunt Prince*, POINS, *and* BARDOLPH.

Fal. Rare words! brave world!—Hostess, my breakfast; come.—
O! I could wish this tavern were my drum. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, *and* DOUGLAS.

Hot. Well said, my noble Scot: if speaking truth,
In this fine age were not thought flattery,
Such attribution should the Douglas have,
As not a soldier of this season's stamp
Should go so general current through the world.
By God, I cannot flatter: I defy
The tongues of soothers; but a braver place
In my heart's love hath no man than yourself.
Nay, task me to my word; approve me, lord.

Doug. Thou art the king of honour:
No man so potent breathes upon the ground,
But I will beard him.

Hot. Do so, and 't is well —

Enter a Messenger, with letters.

What letters hast thou there?—I can but thank you.

Mess. These letters come from your father.

Hot. Letters from him! why comes he not himself?

Mess. He cannot come, my lord: he 's grievous sick.

Hot. 'Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick,
In such a justling time? Who leads his power?
Under whose government come they along?

Mess. His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord.

Wor. I pr'ythee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?

Mess. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much fear'd by his physicians.

Wor. I would the state of time had first been whole,
Ere he by sickness had been visited:
His health was never better worth than now.

Hot. Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprise:
'T is catching hither, even to our camp.
He writes me here,—that inward sickness—
And that his friends by deputation could not
So soon be drawn; nor did he think it meet,
To lay so dangerous and dear a trust
On any soul remov'd, but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,
That with our small conjunction we should on,

To see how fortune is dispos'd to us;
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Because the king is certainly possess'd
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?
Wor. Your father's sickness is a maim to us.
Hot. A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off:—
And yet, in faith, 't is not; his present want
Seems more than we shall find it.—Were it good,
To set the exact wealth of all our states
All at one cast? to set so rich a main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?
It were not good; for therein should we read
The very bottom and the soul of hope,
The very list, the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes.
Doug. 'Faith, and so we should,
Where now remains a sweet reversion:
We now[1] may boldly spend upon the hope
Of what is to come in:
A comfort of retirement lives in this.
Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
If that the devil and misehance look big
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.
Wor. But yet, I would your father had been here.
The quality and hair[2] of our attempt
Brooks no division: it will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike
Of our proceedings, kept the earl from hence.
And think, how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction,
And breed a kind of question in our cause:
For, well you know, we of the offering side
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement,
And stop all sight-holes, every loop from whence
The eye of reason may pry in upon us.
This absence of your father's draws a curtain,
That shows the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt of.
Hot. You strain too far.
I, rather, of his absence make this use:—
It lends a lustre, and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterprise,

[1] This word is not in f. e. [2] *Complexion, character.*

Than if the earl were here: for men must think,
If we, without his help, can make a head
To push against the kingdom, with his help,
We should o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.—
Yet all goes well; yet all our joints are whole.

Doug. As heart can think: there is not such a word
Spoke of in Scotland as this term[1] of fear.

Enter Sir RICHARD VERNON.

Hot. My cousin Vernon! welcome, by my soul.

Ver. Pray God my news be worth a welcome, lord.
The earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards; with him, prince John.

Hot. No harm: what more?

Ver. And farther, I have learn'd,
The king himself in person is set forth,
Or hitherwards intendeth speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.

Hot. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,
The nimble-footed mad-cap prince of Wales,
And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside,
And bid it pass?

Ver. All furnish'd, all in arms,
All plum'd like estridges, that wing the wind,
Bated[2] like eagles having lately bath'd;
Glittering in golden coats, like images;
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls
I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Hot. No more, no more: worse than the sun in March,
This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come;
They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoky war,
All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them:
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,

[1] dream: in folio. [2] A term of archery, *to beat the air*

And yet not ours.—Come, let me taste[1] my horse,
Who is to bear me, like a thunderbolt,
Against the bosom of the prince of Wales:
Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a corse.—
O, that Glendower were come!

Ver. There is more news:
I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

Doug. That 's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.

Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

Hot. What may the king's whole battle reach unto?

Ver. To thirty thousand.

Hot. Forty let it be:
My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of us may serve so great a day.
Come, let us take a muster speedily:
Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.

Doug. Talk not of dying: I am out of fear
Of death, or death's hand, for this one half year. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A public Road, near Coventry.

Enter FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry: fill me a bottle of sack. Our soldiers shall march through; we 'll to Sutton-Colfield to-night.

Bard. Will you give me money, captain?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.

Fal. An if it do, take it for thy labour; and if it make twenty, take them all, I 'll answer the coinage Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end.

Bard. I will, captain: farewell. [*Exit.*

Fal. If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a soused gurnet[2]. I have misused the king's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I pressed me none but good householders, yeomen's sons: inquired me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the bans; such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lief hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver, worse than a struck fowl,

[1] *Try.* The two later quartos and folio, read: take; which Knight follows. [2] A fish of the piper kind.—*Verplanck.*

or a hurt wild-duck. I pressed me none but such toasts and butter,[1] with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth,[2] where the glutton's dogs licked his sores; and such as, indeed, were never soldiers, but discarded unjust serving men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world, and a long peace; ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old pieced[3] ancient: and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets, and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat:—nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There's but[4] a shirt and a half in all my company: and the half shirt is two napkins, tacked together, and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at St. Albans, or the red-nosed inn-keeper of Daventry. But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

Enter Prince HENRY *and* WESTMORELAND.

P. Hen. How now, blown Jack! how now, quilt!

Fal. What, Hal! how now, mad wag! what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire?—My good lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy: I thought your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

West. 'Faith, sir John, 't is more than time that I were there and you too; but my powers are there already. The king, I can tell you, looks for us all: we must away all night[5].

Fal. Tut, never fear me: I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

[1] According to Fynes Morison's Itinerary (1617), Londoners, were "in reproach" called Cockneys, and eaters of buttered toasts. [2] Used for covering walls. [3] laced: in f. e. [4] Old copies: not; mod. eds.: but. [5] So the quartos; folio: to-night.

P. Hen. I think, to steal cream indeed: for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack; whose fellows are these that come after?

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

P. Hen. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut! good enough to toss[1]; food for powder, food for powder; they 'll fill a pit, as well as better tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

West. Ay, but, sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare; too beggarly.

Fal. 'Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that: and for their bareness, I am sure, they never learned that of me.

P. Hen. No, I 'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs, bare. But, sirrah, make haste. Percy is already in the field.

Fal. What, is the king encamped?

West. He is, sir John: I fear we shall stay too long.

Fal. Well,
To the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a feast,
Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III.—The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, DOUGLAS, *and* VERNON

Hot. We 'll fight with him to-night.

Wor. It may not be

Doug. You give him, then, advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.

Wor. Good cousin, be advis'd: stir not to-night.

Ver. Do not, my lord.

Doug. You do not counsel well.
You speak it out of fear, and a cold heart.

Ver. Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life,
And I dare well maintain it with my life,
If well-respected honour bid me on,
I hold as little counsel with weak fear,
As you, my lord, or any Scot that lives:[2]
Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle,
Which of us fears.

Doug. Yea, or to-night.

[1] Toss on a pike. [2] that this day lives: in f. e.

Ver. Content.
Hot. To-night, say I.
Ver. Come, come, it may not be.
I wonder much,
Being men of such great leading as you are,
That you foresee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition: certain horse
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up:
Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day;
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horse is half the half himself.
Hot. So are the horses of the enemy,
In general, journey-bated, and brought low;
The better part of ours are full of rest.
Wor. The number of the king exceedeth ours:
For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.
[*The Trumpet sounds a parley*
Enter Sir WALTER BLUNT.
Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the king,
If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.
Hot. Welcome, sir Walter Blunt; and would to God
You were of our determination!
Some of us love you well; and even those some
Envy your great deservings, and good name,
Because you are not of our quality,
But stand against us like an enemy.
Blunt. And God defend but still I should stand so,
So long as out of limit and true rule,
You stand against anointed majesty.
But, to my charge.—The king hath sent to know
The nature of your griefs; and whereupon
You conjure from the breast of civil peace
Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land
Audacious cruelty? If that the king
Have any way your good deserts forgot,
Which he confesseth to be manifold,
He bids you name your griefs, and with all speed,
You shall have your desires with interest,
And pardon absolute for yourself, and these,
Herein misled by your suggestion.
Hot. The king is kind; and, well we know, the king
Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.

My father, with[1] my uncle, and myself,
Did give him that same royalty he wears;
And when he was not six-and-twenty strong,
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home,
My father gave him welcome to the shore:
And, when he heard him swear, and vow to God,
He came but to be duke of Lancaster,
To sue his livery,[2] and beg his peace,
With tears of innocency, and terms of zeal,
My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,
Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.
Now, when the lords and barons of the realm
Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,
The more and less came in with cap and knee;
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages,
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
Gave him their heirs, as pages follow'd him,
Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.
He presently, as greatness knows itself,
Steps me a little higher than his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurg;
And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain edicts, and some strait decrees,
That lie too heavy on the commonwealth;
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
Over his country's wrongs; and, by this face,
This seeming brow of justice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for:
Proceeded farther; cut me off the heads
Of all the favourites, that the absent king
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was personal in the Irish war.

Blunt. Tut! I came not to hear this.

Hot. Then, to the point
In short time after he depos'd the king;
Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life;
And, in the neck of that, task'd the[3] whole state,
To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March
(Who is, if every owner were due[4] plac'd,

[1] and: in f. e. [2] The delivery of his property to him. See Richard II., p. 334, n. 1. [3] *Tax'd.* [4] well: in f. e.

Indeed his king) to be engag'd[1] in Wales,
There without ransom to lie forfeited;
Disgrac'd me in my happy victories;
Sought to entrap me by intelligence;
Rated my uncle from the council-board;
In rage dismiss'd my father from the court;
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong,
And, in conclusion, drove us to seek out
This head of safety; and, withal, to pry
Into his title, the which we find
Too indirect for long-continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the king?

Hot. Not so, sir Walter: we 'll withdraw awhile.
Go to the king; and let there be impawn'd
Some surety for a safe return again,
And in the morning early shall mine uncle
Bring him our purposes; and so farewell.

Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and love.

Hot. And, may be, so we shall.

Blunt. 'Pray God you do! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—York. A Room in the Archbishop's House.

Enter the Archbishop of York, *and Sir* Michael.

Arch. Hie, good sir Michael; bear this sealed brief,
With winged haste to the lord marshal:
This to my cousin Scroop; and all the rest
To whom they are directed. If you knew
How much they do import, you would make haste.

Sir M. My good lord,
I guess their tenour.

Arch. Like enough, you do.
To-morrow, good sir Michael, is a day,
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must bide the touch; for, sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly given to understand,
The king, with mighty and quick-raised power,
Meets with lord Harry: and, I fear, sir Michael,
What with the sickness of Northumberland,
Whose power was in the first proportion,
And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,
Who with them was a rated sinew[2] too,

[1] Delivered a *gage* or *hostage*. [2] So the quartos; the folio . was rated firmly.

And comes not in, o'er-rul'd by prophecies,
I fear, the power of Percy is too weak
To wage an instant trial with the king.
Sir M. Why, my good lord, you need not fear;
There is Douglas, and lord Mortimer.
Arch. No, Mortimer is not there. [Percy
Sir M. But there is Mordake, Vernon, lord Harry
And there 's my lord of Worcester; and a head
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.
Arch. And so there is; but yet the king hath drawn
The special head of all the land together:
The prince of Wales, lord John of Lancaster,
The noble Westmoreland, and warlike Blunt,
And many more corrivals, and dear men
Of estimation and command in arms.
Sir M. Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well oppos'd.
Arch. I hope no less, yet needful 't is to fear;
And, to prevent the worst, sir Michael, speed;
For, if lord Percy thrive not, ere the king
Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,
For he hath heard of our confederacy,
And 't is but wisdom to make strong against him:
Therefore, make haste. I must go write again
To other friends; and so farewell, sir Michael. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The King's Camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter King HENRY, *Prince* HENRY, *Prince* JOHN *of Lancaster, Sir* WALTER BLUNT, *and Sir* JOHN FALSTAFF.

K. Hen. How bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yond' busky[1] hill: the day looks pale
At his distemperature.
P. Hen. The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes;
And by his hollow whistling in the leaves
Foretels a tempest, and a blustering day.
K. Hen. Then, with the losers let it sympathise

[1] *Bosky, wooded.*

For nothing can seem foul to those that win.—
[*Trumpet sounds.*

Enter WORCESTER *and* VERNON.

How now, my lord of Worcester! 't is not well,
That you and I should meet upon such terms
As now we meet. You have deceiv'd our trust,
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel:
This is not well, my lord; this is not well.
What say you to it? will you again unknit
This churlish knot of all-abhorred war,
And move in that obedient orb again,
Where you did give a fair and natural light,
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,
A prodigy of fear, and a portent
Of broached mischief to the unborn times?

Wor. Hear me, my liege.
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag-end of my life
With quiet hours; for, I do protest,
I have not sought the day of this dislike.

K. Hen. You have not sought it! say,[1] how comes it then?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

P. Hen. Peace, chewet,[2] peace!

Wor. It pleas'd your majesty, to turn your looks
Of favour, from myself, and all our house;
And yet I must remember you, my lord.
We were the first and dearest of your friends.
For you my staff of office did I break
In Richard's time; and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
When yet you were in place, and in account,
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
It was myself, my brother, and his son,
That brought you home, and boldly did outdare
The dangers of the time. You swore to us,
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state,
Nor claim no farther than your new-fall'n right,
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster.
To this we swore our aid; but, in short space,
It rain'd down fortune showering on your head,
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,

[1] This word is not in f. e. [2] A *dish* or *pie* of minced meat.

What with our help, what with the absent king,
What with the injuries of a wanton time,
The seeming sufferances that you had borne,
And the contrarious winds that held the king
So long in his unlucky Irish wars,
That all in England did repute him dead:
And, from this swarm of fair advantages,
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd
To gripe the general sway into your hand;
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster,
And, being fed by us, you us'd us so
As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,
Useth the sparrow, did oppress our nest,
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,
That even our love durst not come near your sight,
For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing
We were enforc'd, for safety sake, to fly
Out of your sight, and raise this present head:
Whereby we stand opposed by such means
As you yourself have forg'd against yourself,
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

K. Hen. These things, indeed, you have articulate[1],
Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches,
To face the garment of rebellion
With some fine colour, that may please the eye
Of fickle changelings, and poor discontents,
Which gape, and rub the elbow, at the news
Of hurlyburly innovation:
And never yet did insurrection want
Such water-colours to impaint his cause;
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
Of pellmell havoc and confusion.

P. Hen. In both our armies, there is many a soul
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
The prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praise of Henry Percy: by my hopes,
This present enterprise set off his head,
I do not think, a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive

[1] *Article by article*

To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry,
And so, I hear, he doth account me too;
Yet this before my father's majesty:
I am content, that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation,
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight. [thee.

K. Hen. And, prince of Wales, so dare we venture
Albeit considerations infinite
Do make against it.—No, good Worcester, no,
We love our people well; even those we love,
That are misled upon your cousin's part;
And, will they take the offer of our grace,
Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man
Shall be my friend again, and I 'll be his.
So tell your cousin, and bring me word
What he will do; but if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,
And they shall do their office. So, be gone.
We will not now be troubled with reply:
We offer fair, take it advisedly.

[*Exeunt* WORCESTER *and* VERNON.

P. Hen. It will not be accepted, on my life.
The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
Are confident against the world in arms.

K. Hen. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge,
For, on their answer, will we set on them;
And God befriend us as our case is just!

[*Exeunt* KING, BLUNT, *and Prince* JOHN.

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and bestride me, so; 't is a point of friendship.

P. Hen. Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well.

P. Hen. Why, thou owest God a death. [*Exit.*

Fal. 'T is not due yet: I would be loath to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 't is no matter; honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honour set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery,

then? No. What is honour? A word. What is in that word, honour? What is that honour? Air. A trim reckoning!—Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No Is it insensible, then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it:—therefore, I 'll none of it: honour is a mere scutcheon, and so ends my catechism. [*Exit*

SCENE II.—The Rebel Camp.

Enter WORCESTER *and* VERNON.

Wor. O, no! my nephew must not know, sir Richard
The liberal kind offer of the king.
Ver. 'T were best, he did.
Wor. Then are we all undone
It is not possible, it cannot be,
The king should keep his word in loving us;
He will suspect us still, and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults:
Suspicion[2] all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes;
For treason is but trusted like the fox,
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
Look how we can, or sad or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks;
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.
My nephew's trespass may be well forgot,
It hath the excuse of youth, and heat of blood;
And an adopted name of privilege,
A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen.
All his offences live upon my head,
And on his father's: we did train him on;
And, his corruption being ta'en from us,
We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.
Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know
In any case the offer of the king.
Ver. Deliver what you will, I 'll say, 'tis so.
Here comes your cousin.

Enter HOTSPUR *and* DOUGLAS; *Officers and Soldiers, behind.*

Hot. My uncle is return'd:—Deliver up

[1] So the first two quartos; the others and folio omit: in. [2] Old copies: Supposition; Pope made the change.

My lord of Westmoreland.—Uncle, what news?
Wor. The king will bid you battle presently.
Doug. Defy him by the lord of Westmoreland
Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.
Doug. Marry, and shall, and very willingly. [*Exit.*
Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the king.
Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid!
Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus;
By now forswearing that he is forsworn:
He calls us rebels, traitors; and will scourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Re-enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen! to arms! for I have thrown
A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,
And Westmoreland, that was engag'd, did hear it,
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.
Wor. The prince of Wales stepp'd forth before the king,
And, nephew, challenged you to single fight.
Hot. O! would the quarrel lay upon our heads,
And that no man might draw short breath to-day,
But I, and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me,
How show'd his tasking[1]? seem'd it in contempt?
Ver. No, by my soul: I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man,
Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue,
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle,
Making you ever better than his praise,
By still dispraising praise, valued with you;
And, which became him like a prince indeed,
He made a blushing cital[2] of himself;
And chid his truant youth with such a grace,
As if he master'd then a double spirit,
Of teaching, and of learning, instantly.
There did he pause: but let me tell the world,
If he outlive the envy of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonness.
Hot. Cousin, I think thou art enamoured

[1] The folio, and all but first quarto: talking. [2] *Mention*

Upon his follies: never did I hear
Of any prince so wild o'[1] liberty.
But be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
That he shall shrink under my courtesy.—
Arm, arm, with speed!—And, fellows, soldiers, friends,
Better consider what you have to do,
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess My lord, here are letters for you.

Hot. I cannot read them now.—
O gentlemen! the time of life is short;
To spend that shortness basely, were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
An if we live, we live to tread on kings;
If die, brave death, when princes die with us.
Now, for our consciences, the arms are fair,
When the intent of bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My lord, prepare; the king comes on apace

Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profess not talking. Only this—
Let each man do his best: and here draw I
A sword, whose[2] temper I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now.—*Esperance!*—Percy!—and set on!—
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
And by that music let us all embrace;
'Fore heaven and earth,[3] some of us never shall
A second time do such a courtesy.

[*The Trumpets sound. They embrace, and exeunt*

SCENE III.—Plain near Shrewsbury.

Excursions, and Parties fighting. Alarum to the Battle
Then enter DOUGLAS *and* BLUNT, *meeting.*

Blunt. What is thy name, that in battle thus
Thou crossest me? what honour dost thou seek
Upon my head?

Doug. Know, then, my name is Douglas;

[1] So the three earliest quartos; the last, and folio: at. [2] The folio inserts: worthy. [3] For heaven to earth: in f. e

And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,
Because some tell me that thou art a king.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Doug. The lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought
Thy likeness; for, instead of thee, king Harry,
This sword hath ended him: so shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

Blunt. I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot[1];
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death. [*They fight, and* BLUNT *is slain.*

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. O Douglas! hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,
I never had triumph'd upon[2] a Scot.

Doug. All's done, all's won: here breathless lies the king.

Hot. Where?

Doug. Here.

Hot. This, Douglas? no; I know this face full well:
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt,
Semblably furnish'd like the king himself.

Doug. A fool go with thy soul, where'er it goes!
A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear:
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?

Hot. The king hath many masking[3] in his coats.

Doug. Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats.
I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
Until I meet the king.

Hot. Up, and away!
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day. [*Exeunt.*

Alarums. Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Though I could 'scape shot-free at London, I fear the shot here; here's no scoring, but upon the pate.—Soft! who art thou? Sir Walter Blunt:—there's honour for you; here's no vanity.—I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too: God keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels.—I have led my raggamuffins where they are peppered: there's not[4] three of my hundred and fifty left alive, and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

[1] So the three early quartos; the folio: born to yield, thou haughty Scot. [2] So the first and second quartos; the others, and folio: over [3] marching: in f. e. [4] So old copies; mod. eds.: but.

Enter Prince HENRY.

P. Hen. What! stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword:
Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are yet unreveng'd. I pr'ythee, lend me thy sword.

Fal. O Hal! I pr'ythee, give me leave to breathe a while.—Turk Gregory[1] never did such deeds in arms, as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

P. Hen. He is, indeed; and living to kill thee. I pr'ythee lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou get'st not my sword: but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

P. Hen. Give it me. What, is it in the case?

Fal. Ay, Hal; 't is hot, 't is hot: there 's that will sack a city. [*The Prince draws out a bottle of sack.*

P. Hen. What! is 't a time to jest and dally now? [*Throws it at him, and exit.*

Fal. Well, if Percy be alive, I 'll pierce him. If he do come in my way, so: if he do not, if I come in his, willingly, let him make a carbonado[2] of me. I like not such grinning honour as sir Walter hath: give me life; which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlooked for, and there 's an end. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—Another Part of the Field.

Alarums. Excursions. Enter the KING, *Prince* HENRY, *Prince* JOHN, *and* WESTMORELAND.

K. Hen. I pr'ythee,
Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too much.—
Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

P. John. Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

P. Hen. I do beseech your majesty, make up,
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

K. Hen. I will do so.—My lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.

West. Come, my lord, I 'll lead you to your tent.

P Hen. Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help
And heaven forbid, a shallow scratch should drive
The prince of Wales from such a field as this,
Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!

[1] Gregory VII. [2] A piece of meat ready for broiling.

P. John. We breathe too long.—Come, cousin Westmoreland,
Our duty this way lies: for God's sake, come.
[*Exeunt Prince* JOHN *and* WESTMORELAND.

P. Hen. By God thou hast deceiv'd me, Lancaster,
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit:
Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John,
But now, I do respect thee as my soul.

K. Hen. I saw him hold lord Percy at the point,
With lustier maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown warrior.

P. Hen. O! this boy
Lends mettle to us all. [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Another king! they grow like Hydra's heads.
I am the Douglas, fatal to all those
That wear those colours on them:—what art thou,
That counterfeit'st the person of a king?

K. Hen. The king himself; who, Douglas, grieves at heart,
So many of his shadows thou hast met,
And not the very king. I have two boys
Seek Percy, and thyself, about the field:
But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee; and defend thyself.

Doug. I fear thou art another counterfeit,
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king:
But mine I am sure thou art, whoe'er thou be,
And thus I win thee.
[*They fight: the* KING *being in danger, enter* P. HENRY.

P Hen. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again! the spirits
Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms:
It is the prince of Wales that threatens thee,
Who never promiseth, but he means to pay.—
They fight: DOUGLAS *flies.*
Cheerly, my lord: how fares your grace?—
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,
And so hath Clifton; I'll to Clifton straight.

K. Hen. Stay, and breathe a while.
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion;
And show'd thou mak'st some tender of my life,
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

P. Hen. O God! they did me too much injury,
That ever said I hearken'd for your death.
If it were so, I might have let alone
The insulting hand of Douglas over you;
Which would have been as speedy in your end,
As all the poisonous potions in the world,
And sav'd the treacherous labour of your son.

K. Hen. Make up to Clifton: I'll to sir Nicholas Gawsey. [*Exit King* HENRY.

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

P. Hen. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

P. Hen. Why, then I see
A very valiant rebel of that name.
I am the prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,
To share with me in glory any more:
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;
Nor can one England brook a double reign,
Of Harry Percy, and the prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is come
To end the one of us; and would to God,
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

P. Hen. I'll make it greater, ere I part from thee;
And all the budding honours on thy crest
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities. [*They fight.*

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Well said, Hal! to it, Hal!—Nay, you shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

Enter DOUGLAS: *he fights with* FALSTAFF, *who falls down as if he were dead, and exit* DOUGLAS. HOTSPUR *is wounded, and falls.*

Hot. O, Harry! thou hast robb'd me of my youth.
I better brook the loss of brittle life,
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;
They wound my thoughts worse than thy[1] sword my flesh:—
But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool;
And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. O! I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue.—No, Percy, thou art dust,

[1] So all but the last quarto; that, and the folio: the.

And food for— [*Dies.*

P. Hen. For worms, brave Percy. Fare thee well, great heart!—
Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now, two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough:—this earth that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so dear[1] a show of zeal:—
But let my favours hide thy mangled face,
And, even in thy behalf, I 'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven:
Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph.—
[*Seeing* FALSTAFF *on the ground*
What! old acquaintance! could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell:
I could have better spar'd a better man.
O! I should have a heavy miss of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity.
Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray.—
Embowell'd will I see thee by and by;
Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie. [*Exit.*

Fal. [*Rising.*] Embowelled! if thou embowel me to-day, I 'll give you leave to powder[2] me, and eat me too, to-morrow. 'Sblood! 't was time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too Counterfeit? I lie; I am no counterfeit: to die, is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is discretion, in the which better part, I have saved my life. 'Zounds! I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead. How, if he should counterfeit too, and rise? By my faith, I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I 'll make him sure; yea, and I 'll swear I killed him. Why may not he rise, as well as I?

[1] So the first quarto: the others, and folio: great. [2] *Salt.*

Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me ·
therefore, sirrah, with a new wound in your thigh come
you along with me. [*He takes* HOTSPUR *on his back.*

Re-enter Prince HENRY *and Prince* JOHN.

P. Hen. Come, brother John; full bravely hast thou
flesh'd
Thy maiden sword.

P. John. But, soft! whom have we here?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

P. Hen. I did; I saw him dead, breathless, and
bleeding
On the ground.—
Art thou alive, or is it phantasy
That plays upon our eyesight? I pr'ythee, speak;
We will not trust our eyes, without our ears.
Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain: I am not a double man; but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack. There is Percy. [*Throwing down the body.*[1]] if your father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

P. Hen. Why, Percy I killed myself, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou?—Lord, lord, how this world is given to lying!—I grant you I was down and out of breath, and so was he; but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so; if not, let them that should reward valour bear the sin upon their own heads. I 'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it, 'zounds! I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

P. John. This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.

P. Hen. This is the strangest fellow, brother John.—
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back:
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I 'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

[*A Retreat is sounded*

The trumpet sounds retreat; the day is ours.
Come, brother, let us to the highest of the field,
To see what friends are living, who are dead.

[*Exeunt Prince* HENRY *and Prince* JOHN

[1] Not in f. e.

Fal. I 'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, God reward him; if I do grow great,[1] I 'll grow less; for I 'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman should do.

[*Exit, dragging out* PERCY's *Body.*[2]

SCENE V.—Another Part of the Field.

The Trumpets sound. Enter King HENRY, *Prince* HENRY, *Prince* JOHN, WESTMORELAND, *and Others, with* WORCESTER, *and* VERNON, *prisoners.*

K. Hen. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.—
Ill-spirited Worcester, did we not send grace,
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?
And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary?
Misuse the tenour of thy kinsman's trust?
Three knights upon our party slain to-day,
A noble earl, and many a creature else,
Had been alive this hour,
If, like a Christian, thou hadst truly borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I have done, my safety urg'd me to,
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Which not to be avoided falls on me.[3]

K. Hen. Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon too;
Other offenders we will pause upon.—

[*Exeunt* WORCESTER *and* VERNON, *guarded.*

How goes the field?

P. Hen. The noble Scot, lord Douglas, when he saw
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The noble Percy slain, and all his men
Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest;
And falling from a hill he was so bruis'd,
That the pursuers took him. At my tent
The Douglas is, and I beseech your grace,
I may dispose of him.

K. Hen. With all my heart.

P. Hen. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you
This honourable bounty shall belong.
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomless, and free:

[1] Folio inserts: again. [2] *Bearing off the Body:* in f. e [3] Since not to be avoided, it falls on me.

His valour, shown upon our crests to-day,
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

P. John. I thank your grace for this high courtesy,
Which I shall put in act without delay.[1]

K. Hen. Then this remains,—that we divide our power.—
You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland,
Towards York shall bend you, with your dearest speed,
To meet Northumberland, and the prelate Scroop,
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms:
Myself, and you, son Harry, will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendower and the earl of March.
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,
Meeting the check of such another day:
And since this business so fair is done,
Let us not leave till all our own be won. [*Exeunt.*

[1] Which I shall give away immediately: in t. e. This speech is found in the four earliest, but not in the two latest quartos, or the folio

SECOND PART

OF

KING HENRY IV.

"The Second part of Henrie the fourth, continuing to his death, and coronation of Henrie the fift. With the humours of Sir Iohn Falstaffe, and swaggering Pistoll. As it hath been sundrie times publikely acted by the right honourable, the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. Written by William Shakespeare. London Printed by V. S. for Andrew Wise, and William Aspley. 1600." 4to. 43 leaves.

Other copies of the same edition, in quarto, not containing Sign. E 5 and E 6, have only 41 leaves.

In the folio, 1623, "The Second Part of Henry the Fourth, containing his Death: and the Coronation of King Henry the Fift," occupies twenty-nine pages in the division of "Histories," viz. from p. 74 to p. 102 inclusive, the last two not being numbered. Pages 89 and 90, by an error of the press, are numbered 91 and 92. In the reprint of the folio, 1632, this mistake is repeated. In the two later folios the pagination continued from the beginning to the end of the volume.

INTRODUCTION.

We may state with more certainty than usual, that "Henry IV." Part ii. was written before the 25th Feb. 1598. In the preliminary notice of "Henry IV." Part i. it is mentioned, that Act ii. sc. 2, of the "history" before us contains a piece of evidence that Falstaff was still called Oldcastle when it was written; viz. that the prefix of *Old.* is retained in the quarto, 1600, before a speech which belongs to Falstaff, and which is assigned to him in the folio of 1623. Now, we know that the name of Oldcastle was changed to that of Falstaff anterior to the entry of "Henry IV." Part i. in the books of the Stationers' Company on the 25th Feb. 1597–8. This circumstance overturns Malone's theory, that "Henry IV." Part ii. was not written until 1599. It requires no proof that it was produced after "Richard II." because that play is quoted in it.

The memorandum in the Stationers' Registers, prior to the publication of the following play, is inserted literatim in Vol. ii. p. 183: it bears date on 23d Aug. 1600, and it was made by Andrew Wise and William Aspley, who brought out "The Seconde Parte of the History of Kinge Henry the iiiith," 4to, in that year.

There was only one edition of "Henry IV." Part ii. in 1600, but some copies vary importantly. The play was evidently produced from the press in haste; and besides other large omissions, a whole scene, forming the commencement of Act iii. was left out. Most of the copies are without these pages, but they are found in those of the Duke of Devonshire and Malone. The stationer must have discovered the error after the publication, and sheet E was accordingly reprinted, in order to supply the defect.

The folio 1623 was taken from a complete copy of the edition of 1600; and, moreover, the actor-editors, probably from a play-house manuscript in their hands, furnished many other lines wanting in the quarto. On the other hand, the quarto, 1600, contains several passages not found in the folio, 1623. Our text includes both, (properly distinguished in the notes) in order that no syllable which came from the pen of Shakespeare may be lost. Even if we suppose our great dramatist to have himself rejected certain portions, preserved in the quarto, the exclusion of them by a modern editor would be unpardonable, as they form part of the history of the poet's mind.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.
HENRY, Prince of Wales; } His Sons
THOMAS, Duke of Clarence; } His Sons
PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER; } His Sons
PRINCE HUMPHREY OF GLOUCESTER; } His Sons
EARL OF WARWICK; } Of the King's Party.
EARL OF WESTMORELAND; } Of the King's Party.
GOWER; HARCOURT; } Of the King's Party.
Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench.
A Gentleman attending on the Chief Justice.
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND; } Opposites to the King.
SCROOP, Archbishop of York; } Opposites to the King.
LORD MOWBRAY; } Opposites to the King.
LORD HASTINGS; } Opposites to the King.
LORD BARDOLPH; } Opposites to the King.
SIR JOHN COLEVILLE. } Opposites to the King.
TRAVERS and MORTON, Retainers of Northumberland.
FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, and a Page.
POINS and PETO.
SHALLOW and SILENCE, Country Justices.
DAVY, Servant to Shallow.
MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, and BULCALF, Recruits.
FANG and SNARE, Sheriff's Officers.
RUMOUR, the Presenter.
A Porter. A Dancer, Speaker of the Epilogue.

LADY NORTHUMBERLAND. LADY PERCY.
Hostess QUICKLY. DOLL TEAR-SHEET.

Lords, and Attendants; Officers, Soldiers, Messenger, Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c.

SCENE, England.

SECOND PART

OF

KING HENRY IV.

INDUCTION.

Warkworth. Before Northumberland's Castle.

Enter RUMOUR, *painted full of Tongues.*[1]

Rum. Open your ears; for which of you will stop
The vent of hearing, when loud rumour speaks?
I, from the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth:
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
I speak of peace, while covert enmity,
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world:
And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful musters, and prepar'd defence;
Whilst the big year, swoln with some other grief,
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;
And of so easy and so plain a stop,
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still-discordant wavering multitude
Can play upon it. But what need I thus
My well-known body to anatomize
Among my household? Why is Rumour here?
I run before king Harry's victory;
Who in a bloody field by Shrewsbury
Hath beaten down young Hotspur, and his troops,

[1] This direction is only in the quarto, 1600. Rumour, or Fame was often so represented.

Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I
To speak so true at first? my office is
To noise abroad, that Harry Monmouth fell
Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword;
And that the king before the Douglas' rage
Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
This have I rumour'd through the pleasant[1] towns
Between that royal field of Shrewsbury
And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,
Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,
Lies crafty-sick: the posts come tiring on,
And not a man of them brings other news
Than they have learn'd of me; from Rumour's tongues
They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true wrongs. [*Exit.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—The Same.

Enter Lord BARDOLPH.[2]

Bard. Who keeps the gate here? ho! Where is the earl?

Enter Warder, above.[3]

Ward. What shall I say you are?

Bard. Tell thou the earl,
That the lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

Ward. His lordship is walk'd forth into the orchard:
Please it your honour, knock but at the gate,
And he himself will answer. [*Exit Warder.*[4]

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

Bard. Here comes the earl.

North. What news, lord Bardolph? every minute now
Should be the father of some stratagem.
The times are wild: contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
And bears down all before him.

Bard. Noble earl,

[1] peasant: in f. e. [2] *Porter before the Gate; Enter, &c.:* in f. e. [3] [4] Not in f. e.

I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.
North. Good, an God will!
Bard. As good as heart can wish.
The king is almost wounded to the death,
And in the fortune of my lord, your son,
Prince Harry slain outright; and both the Blunts
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas; young prince John,
And Westmoreland and Stafford, fled the field;
And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk sir John,
Is prisoner to your son. O! such a day,
So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,
Came not till now to dignify the times,
Since Cæsar's fortunes.
North. How is this deriv'd?
Saw you the field? came you from Shrewsbury?
Bard. I spake with one, my lord, that came from thence;
A gentleman well-bred, and of good name,
That freely render'd me these news for true.
North. Here comes my servant, Travers, whom I sent
On Tuesday last to listen after news.
Bard. My lord, I over-rode him on the way,
And he is furnish'd with no certainties,
More than he haply may retail from me.

Enter TRAVERS.

North. Now, Travers, what good tidings come with you?
Tra. My lord, sir John Umfrevile turn'd me back
With joyful tidings; and, being better hors'd,
Out-rode me. After him came spurring hard
A gentleman, almost forspent with speed,
That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horse.
He ask'd the way to Chester; and of him
I did demand, what news from Shrewsbury:
He told me that rebellion had bad luck,
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold.
With that he gave his able horse the head,
And, bending forward, struck his armed heels
Against the panting sides of his poor jade
Up to the rowel-head; and, starting so,
He seem'd in running to devour the way,
Staying no longer question.
North. Ha!—Again.

[1] So the quarto; folio: from.

Said he, young Harry Percy's spur was cold?
Of Hotspur, coldspur? that rebellion
Had met ill-luck!
Bard. My lord, I 'll tell you what:
If my young lord your son have not the day,
Upon mine honour, for a silken point,[1]
I 'll give my barony; never talk of it.
North. Why should that gentleman, that rode by Travers,
Give, then, such instances of loss?
Bard. Who, he?
He was some hilding[2] fellow, that had stolen
The horse he rode on, and, upon my life,
Spoke at a venture. Look, here comes more news.

Enter MORTON.

North. Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,
Foretels the nature of a tragic volume:
So looks the strond, whereon th' imperious flood
Hath left a witness'd usurpation.
Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?
Mor. I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord;
Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask,
To fright our party.
North. How doth my son and brother?
Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him, half his Troy was burn'd:
But Priam found the fire, ere he his tongue,
And I my Percy's death, ere thou report'st it.
This thou wouldst say,—Your son did thus, and thus
Your brother, thus; so fought the noble Douglas;
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds,
But in the end, to stop mine ear indeed,
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
Ending with—brother, son, and all are dead.
Mor. Douglas is living, and your brother, yet;
But for my lord, your son,—
North. Why, he is dead.—
See, what a ready tongue suspicion hath!
He that but fears the thing he would not know,

[1] *String* for fastening dress. [2] *Low.*

Hath by instinct knowledge from others' eyes,
That what he fear'd is chanced. Yet speak, Morton
Tell thou thy[1] earl his divination lies,
And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.

Mor. You are too great to be by me gainsaid:
Your spirit is too true; your fears too certain.

North. Yet, for all this, say not that Percy 's dead.—
I see a strange confession in thine eye:
Thou shak'st thy head; and hold'st it fear, or sin,
To speak the truth. If he be slain, say so;[2]
The tongue offends not, that reports his death;
And he doth sin that doth belie the dead,
Not he which says the dead is not alive.
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remember'd knolling a departing friend.

Bard. I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.

Mor. I am sorry I should force you to believe
That which I would to heaven I had not seen;
But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,
Rendering faint quittance, wearied and outbreath'd,
To Harry Monmouth; whose swift wrath beat down
The never-daunted Percy to the earth,
From whence with life he never more sprung up.
In few, his death, whose spirit lent a fire
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp.
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
From the best temper'd courage in his troops:
For from his metal was his party steel'd;
Which once in him abated, all the rest
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead.
And as the thing that 's heavy in itself,
Upon enforcement flies with greatest speed,
So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,
Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear,
That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim,
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
Fly from the field. Then was that noble Worcester
Too soon ta'en prisoner; and that furious Scot,
The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring sword
Had three times slain th' appearance of the king,

[1] So the folio; the quarto: an. [2] The quarto omits: say so

'Gan vail his stomach, and did grace the shame
Of those that turn'd their backs; and in his flight,
Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all
Is, that the king hath won, and hath sent out
A speedy power, to encounter you, my lord,
Under the conduct of young Lancaster,
And Westmoreland. This is the news at full.

North. For this I shall have time enough to mourn.
In poison there is physic; and these news,
Having been well, that would have made me sick,
Being sick, have in some measure made me well:
And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,
Like strengthless hinges, buckle[1] under life,
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms; even so my limbs,
Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with grief,
Are thrice themselves. Hence, therefore, thou nice[2] crutch!
A scaly gauntlet now, with joints of steel,
Must glove this hand: and hence, thou sickly quoif!
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit.
Now bind my brows with iron; and approach
The rugged'st hour that time and spite dare bring,
To frown upon th' enrag'd Northumberland.
Let heaven kiss earth: now, let not nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confin'd: let order die;
And let this world no longer be a stage,
To feed contention in a lingering act,
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead!

Tra. This strained passion doth you wrong, my lord.[3]

Bard. Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom from your honour.

Mor. The lives of all your loving complices
Lean on your health; the which, if you give o'er
To stormy passion, must perforce decay.
You cast the event of war, my noble lord,[4]

[1] *Bend.* [2] *Weak, petty.* [3] This line is omitted in the folio [4] This and the thirteen lines following, were first printed in the folio.

And summ d the account of chance, before you said,—
Let us make head. It was your presurmise,
That in the dole[1] of blows your son might drop:
You knew, he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge,
More likely to fall in, than to get o'er:
You were advis'd, his flesh was capable
Of wounds and scars, and that his forward spirit
Would lift him where most trade of danger rang'd;
Yet did you say,—Go forth; and none of this,
Though strongly apprehended, could restrain
The stiff-borne action: what hath then befallen,
Or what hath this bold enterprise brought forth,
More than that being which was like to be?

Bard. We all, that are engaged to this loss,
Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous seas,
That, if we wrought out life, 't was ten to one;
And yet we ventur'd, for the gain propos'd
Chok'd the respect of likely peril fear'd,
And, since we are o'erset, venture again.
Come, we will all put forth; body, and goods.

Mor. 'T is more than time: and, my most noble lord,
I hear for certain, and dare[2] speak the truth,
The gentle archbishop of York is up,[3]
With well-appointed powers: he is a man,
Who with a double surety binds his followers.
My lord your son had only but the corps,
But shadows and the shows of men, to fight;
For that same word, rebellion, did divide
The action of their bodies from their souls,
And they did fight with queasiness, constrain'd
As men drink potions, that their weapons only
Seem'd on our side; but, for their spirits and souls,
This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,
As fish are in a pond. But now, th' archbishop
Turns insurrection to religion:
Suppos'd sincere and holy in his thoughts,
He 's followed both with body and with mind,
And doth enlarge his rising with the blood
Of fair king Richard, scrap'd from Pomfret stones,
Derives from heaven his quarrel, and his cause;
Tells them, he doth bestride a bleeding land,

[1] *Distribution, allotment.* [2] Folio: do. [3] This and the twenty lines following, were first printed in the folio.

Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke,
And more, and less, do flock to follow him.

North. I knew of this before; but, to speak truth,
This present grief had wip'd it from my mind.
Go in with me; and counsel every man
The aptest way for safety, and revenge.
Get posts and letters, and make friends with speed:
Never so few, and never yet more need. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—London. A Street.

Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, *with his Page bearing his Sword and Buckler.*

Fal. Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to my water?

Page. He said, sir, the water itself was a good healthy water; but for the party that owed it, he might have more diseases than he knew for.

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me: the brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me: I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee, like a sow that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one: if the prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then, I have no judgment. Thou whoreson mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap, than to wait at my heels. I was never manned with an agate till now: but I will in-set[1] you neither in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master, for a jewel; the juvenal, the prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledged. I will sooner have a beard grown in the palm of my hand, than he shall get one on his cheek; and yet he will not stick to say, his face is a face-royal. God may finish it when he will, it is not a hair amiss yet: he may keep it still as a face-royal, for a barber shall never earn six-pence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man ever since his father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grace, but he is almost out of mine, I can assure him.—What said Master Dumbleton about the satin for my short cloak, and my slops?

[1] Folio: set.

Page. He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph; he would not take his bond and yours. he liked not the security.

Fal. Let him be damned like the glutton: may his tongue be hotter.—A whoreson Achitophel; a rascally yea-forsooth knave, to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand upon security!—The whoreson smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is thorough with them in honest taking up,[1] then must they stand upon security. I had as lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth, as offer to stop it with security. I looked he should have sent me two and twenty yards of satin, as I am a true knight, and he sends me security. Well, he may sleep in security; for he hath the horn of abundance, and the lightness of his wife shines through it; and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lantern to light him.—Where 's Bardolph?

Page. He 's gone into Smithfield to buy your worship a horse.

Fal. I bought him in Paul's, and he 'll buy me a horse in Smithfield[2]: an I could get me but a wife in the stews, I were manned, horsed, and wived.

Enter the Lord Chief Justice, and an Attendant.

Page. Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the prince for striking him about Bardolph.

Fal. Wait close; I will not see him.

Ch. Just. What 's he that goes there?

Atten. Falstaff, an 't please your lordship.

Ch. Just. He that was in question for the robbery?

Atten. He, my lord; but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury, and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the lord John of Lancaster.

Ch. Just. What, to York? Call him back again.

Atten. Sir John Falstaff!

Fal. Boy, tell him I am deaf.

Page. You must speak louder, my master is deaf.

Ch. Just. I am sure he is, to the hearing of any

[1] *Buying upon credit.* [2] "He that marries a wife out of a suspected inn or ale-house, buys a horse in Smithfield, and hires a servant in Paul's, as the diverb (proverb) is, shall likely have a jade to his horse, a knave for his man, an arrant, honest woman for his wife."—*Burton's Anatomy*—quoted by Knight. The middle aisle of St. Paul's Cathedral seems to have been a sort of general exchange.

thing good.—Go, pluck him by the elbow; I must speak with him.

Atten. Sir John,—

Fal. What! a young knave, and begging?[1] Is there not wars? is there not employment? Doth not the king lack subjects? do not the rebels need[2] soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

Atten. You mistake me, sir.

Fal. Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man? setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat if I had said so.

Atten. I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood and your soldiership aside, and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me so? I lay aside that which grows to me? If thou get'st any leave of me, hang me: if thou tak'st leave, thou wert better be hanged. You hunt-counter[3], hence! avaunt!

Atten. Sir, my lord would speak with you.

Ch. Just. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

Fal. My good lord!—God give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad: I heard say, your lordship was sick: I hope, your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltness of time, and I most humbly beseech your lordship to have a reverend care of your health.

Ch. Just. Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

Fal. An't please your lordship, I hear his majesty is returned with some discomfort from Wales.

Ch. Just. I talk not of his majesty.—You would not come when I sent for you.

Fal. And I hear, moreover, his highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.

Ch. Just. Well, heaven mend him.—I pray you, let me speak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy,

[1] Folio: beg [2] Folio: want. [3] Following on a *wrong scent.*

an 't please your lordship; a kind of[1] sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.

Ch. Just. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath its original from much grief; from study, and perturbation of the brain. I have read the cause of his effects in Galen: it is a kind of deafness.

Ch. Just. I think you are fallen into the disease, for you hear not what I say to you.

Fal.[2] Very well, my lord, very well: rather, an 't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

Ch. Just. To punish you by the heels would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not, if I do become[3] your physician.

Fal. I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not so patient: your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me, in respect of poverty; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or, indeed, a scruple itself.

Ch. Just. I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

Fal. As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

Ch. Just. Well, the truth is, sir John, you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt cannot live in less.

Ch. Just. Your means are very slender, and your waste is great.

Fal. I would it were otherwise: I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer.

Ch. Just. You have misled the youthful prince.

Fal. The young prince hath misled me: I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

Ch. Just. Well, I am loth to gall a new-healed wound. Your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gadshill: you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'er-posting that action.

[1] "an 't please your lordship; a kind of ": is omitted in the folio.
[2] The quarto: *Old* —for Oldcastle—the name which Falstaff seems to have been at first called. [3] Folio: be.

Fal. My lord—

Ch. Just. But since all is well, keep it so: wake not a sleeping wolf.

Fal. To wake a wolf, is as bad as to smell a fox.

Ch. Just. What! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A wassel[1] candle, my lord; all tallow: if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Ch. Just. There is not a white hair on your face, but should have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

Ch. Just. You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill[2] angel[3].

Fal. Not so, my lord; your ill angel[4] is light, but. I hope, he that looks upon me will take me without weighing: and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go. I cannot tell; virtue is of so little regard in these coster-monger[5] days,[6] that true valour is turned bear-herd. Pregnancy is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings: all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. You, that are old, consider not the capacities of us that are young: you measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls; and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.

Ch. Just. Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye, a dry hand, a yellow cheek, a white beard, a decreasing leg, an increasing belly? Is not your voice broken, your wind short, your chin double, your wit single, and every part about you blasted with antiquity, and will you yet call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, sir John!

Fal. My lord, I was born, about[7] three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head, and something a round belly. For my voice,—I have lost it with hollaing, and singing of anthems. To approve my youth farther, I will not: the truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding; and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the

[1] *Wassail* [2] Folio: evil. [3] [4] The *coin* so named. [5] *Huckstering.* times: in f. e. [7] about three o'clock in the afternoon: not in the folio.

money, and have at him. For the box o' the ear that the prince gave you, he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have checked him for it, and the young lion repents; marry, not in ashes, and sackcloth, but in new silk, and old sack.

Ch. Just. Well, God send the prince a better companion!

Fal. God send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

Ch. Just. Well, the king hath severed you and prince Harry.[1] I hear you are going with lord John of Lancaster against the archbishop, and the earl of Northumberland.

Fal. Yea; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you pray, all you that kiss my lady peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day; for, by the Lord,[2] I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, and I brandish any thing but my bottle, I would I might never spit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thrust upon it: well, I cannot last for[3] ever. [4] But it was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If you will needs say I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God, my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is: I were better to be eaten to death with rust, than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion.

Ch. Just. Well, be honest, be honest; and God bless your expedition.

Fal. Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound to furnish me forth?

Ch. Just. Not a penny, not a penny: you are too impatient to bear crosses[5]. Fare you well: commend me to my cousin Westmoreland.

[*Exeunt Chief Justice and Attendant.*

Fal. If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle.[6] A man can no more separate age and covetousness, than he can part young limbs and lechery; but the

[1] and prince Harry: not in the folio. [2] The folio inserts: if. [3] Not in f. e. [4] The rest of the speech is not in the folio. [5] A cross was *a piece of money.* [6] A *beetle with three handles*, requiring three men to wield it

gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other, and so both the diseases[1] prevent[2] my curses.—Boy!

Page. Sir?

Fal. What money is in my purse?

Page. Seven groats and two-pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable.—Go, bear this letter to my lord of Lancaster; this to the prince; this to the earl of Westmoreland; and this to old mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceived the first white hair of[3] my chin. About it: you know where to find me. [*Exit Page.*] A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for the one, or the other, plays the rogue with my great toe. 'T is no matter, if I do halt; I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable. A good wit will make use of any thing; it will turn diseases to commodity. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—York. A Room in the Archbishop's Palace.

Enter the Archbishop of York, *the Lords* Hastings, Mowbray, *Earl Marshal, and* Bardolph.

Arch. Thus have you heard our cause, and know our means;
And, my most noble friends, I pray you all,
Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes.—
And first, lord marshal, what say you to it?

Mowb. I well allow the occasion of our arms;
But gladly would be better satisfied,
How, in our means, we should advance ourselves
To look with forehead bold and big enough
Upon the power and puissance of the king.

Hast. Our present musters grow upon the file
To five and twenty thousand men of choice:
And our supplies live largely in the hope
Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns
With an incensed fire of injuries.

Bard. The question then, lord Hastings, standeth thus:—
Whether our present five and twenty thousand
May hold up head without Northumberland.

[1] degrees: n f. e. [2] *Anticipate.* [3] So the old copies; mod. eds.: on

Hast. With him, we may.
Bard. Ay, marry, there 's the point
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My judgment is, we should not step too far,[1]
Till we had his assistance by the hand;
For in a theme so bloody-fac'd as this,
Conjecture, expectation, and surmise
Of aids incertain should not be admitted.
Arch. 'T is very true, lord Bardolph; for, indeed,
It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.
Bard. It was, my lord: who lin'd himself with hope,
Eating the air on promise of supply,
Flattering himself with project of a power
Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts:
And so, with great imagination,
Proper to madmen, led his powers to death,
And winking leap'd into destruction.
Hast. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt,
To lay down likelihoods, and forms of hope.
Bard. Yes, in[2] this present quality of war;[3]
Indeed the instant act, and cause[4] on foot,
Lives so in hope, as in an early spring
We see th' appearing buds; which, to prove fruit,
Hope gives not so much warrant, as despair
That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the model,
And, when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection,
Which if we find outweighs ability,
What do we then, but draw anew the model
In fewer offices, or, at last[5], desist
To build at all? Much more, in this great work,
(Which is, almost, to pluck a kingdom down,
And set another up) should we survey
The plot, the[6] situation, and the model;
Consult[7] upon a sure foundation;
Question surveyors, know our own estate,
How able such a work to undergo.
A careful leader sums what force he brings[8]
To weigh against his opposite; or else,

[1] The rest of the speech was first printed in the folio. [2] if: in f. e [3] This and the twenty lines following, were, with the exception of one added by the MS. emendator of the folio, 1632, first printed in the fo io. [4] instant action, a cause, &c.: in f. e. [5] least: in f. e. [6] of in f. e. [7] Consent: in f. e. [8] This line is not in f. e.

We fortify on' paper, and in figures,
Using the names of men, instead of men:
Like one that draws the model of a house
Beyond his power to build it; who, half through,
Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created cost
A naked subject to the weeping clouds,
And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

Hast. Grant, that our hopes, yet likely of fair birth,
Should be still-born, and that we now possess
The utmost man of expectation,
I think we are a body strong enough,
Even as we are, to equal with the king.

Bard. What! is the king but five and twenty thousand?

Hast. To us, no more; nay, not so much, lord Bardolph;
For his divisions, as the times do brawl,
Are in three heads: one power against the French,
And one against Glendower; perforce, a third
Must take up us. So is the unfirm king
In three divided, and his coffers sound
With hollow poverty and emptiness.

Arch. That he should draw his several strengths together,
And come against us in full puissance,
Need not be dreaded.

Hast. If he should do so,
He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and Welsh
Baying him at the heels: never fear that.

Bard. Who, is it like, should lead his forces hither?

Hast. The duke of Lancaster, and Westmoreland:
Against the Welsh, himself and Harry Monmouth;
But who is substituted 'gainst the French,
I have no certain notice.

Arch. Let us on[1]
And publish the occasion of our arms.
The commonwealth is sick of their own choice;
Their over-greedy love hath surfeited;
An habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he, that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O, thou fond many! with what loud applause
Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,
Before he was what thou wouldst have him be;

[1] in: in f. e. [2] This speech was first printed in the folio

And being now trimm'd in thine own desires,
Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,
That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.
So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge
Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard,
And now thou wouldst eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these times?
They that, when Richard liv'd, would have him die,
Are now become enamour'd on his grave;
Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head,
When through proud London he came sighing on
After th' admired heels of Bolingbroke,
Cry'st now, "O earth, yield us that king again,
And take thou this!" O, thoughts of men accurst!
Past, and to come, seem best; things present, worst.

Mowb. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on?

Hast. We are time's subjects, and time bids be gone.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—London. A Street.

Enter Hostess; FANG, *and his Boy, with her; and* SNARE *following.*

Host. Master Fang, have you entered the action?

Fang. It is entered.

Host. Where 's your yeoman[1]? Is 't a lusty yeoman? will he stand to 't?

Fang. Sirrah, where 's Snare?

Host. O lord! ay: good master Snare.

Snare. Here, here.

Fang. Snare, we must arrest sir John Falstaff.

Host. Yea, good master Snare; I have entered him and all.

Snare. It may chance cost some of us our lives, for[2] he will stab.

Host. Alas the day! take heed of him: he stabbed me in mine own house, and that most beastly. In good faith, he cares not what mischief he doth, if his

[1] The bailiff's followers were so called [2] Not in the folio.

weapon be out: he will foin like any devil; he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.

Fang. If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.

Host. No, nor I neither: I 'll be at your elbow.

Fang. An I but fist him once; an he come but within my vice[1].—

Host. I am undone by his going; I warrant you, he 's an infinitive thing upon my score.—Good master Fang, hold him sure:—good master Snare, let him not 'scape. He comes continually to Pie-corner, (saving your manhoods) to buy a saddle; and he 's indited to dinner to the lubbar's head in Lumbert-street, to master Smooth's the silkman: I pray ye, since my exion is entered, and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long score[2] for a poor lone woman to bear; and I have borne and borne, and borne; and have been fubbed off, and fubbed off, and fubbed off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing, unless a woman should be made an ass, and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong.—

Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, PAGE, *and* BARDOLPH.

Yonder he comes; and that arrant malmsey-nose knave, Bardolph, with him. Do your offices, do your offices, master Fang and master Snare: do me, do me, do me your offices.

Fal. How now! whose mare 's dead; what 's the matter?

Fang. Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of mistress Quickly.

Fal. Away, varlets!—Draw, Bardolph: cut me off the villain's head: throw the quean in the channel.

Host. Throw me in the channel? I 'll throw thee in the channel.[3] Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardly rogue!—Murder, murder! O, thou honey-suckle villain! wilt thou kill God's officers, and the king's? O, thou honey-seed rogue! thou art a honey-seed; a man queller, and a woman-queller.

Fal. Keep them off, Bardolph.

Fang. A rescue! a rescue!

Host. Good people, bring a rescue or two.—Thou

[1] The quarto: view. [2] one: in f. e. [3] thee there: in quarto.

wilt not? thou wilt not? do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hemp-seed!

Fal. Away, you scullion! you rampallian! you fustilarian! I 'll tickle your catastrophe.

Enter the Lord Chief Justice, attended.

Ch. Just. What is the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

Host. Good my lord, be good to me! I beseech you, stand to me!

Ch. Just. How now, sir John! what, are you brawling here?
Doth this become your place, your time, and business?
You should have been well on your way to York.—
Stand from him, fellow: wherefore hang'st on him?

Host. O! my most worshipful lord, an 't please your grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

Ch. Just. For what sum?

Host. It is more than for some, my lord; it is for all, all I have. He hath eaten me out of house and home: he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his; but I will have some of it out again, or I will ride thee o' nights, like the mare.

Fal. I think, I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

Ch. Just. How comes this, sir John?—Fie! what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation?—Are you not ashamed to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

Fal. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Host. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself, and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt[1] goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Whitsun week, when the prince broke thy head for likening his father[2] to a singing-man of Windsor; thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us, she had a good dish of prawns, whereby thou didst desire

[1] *Partly gilt.* [2] him: in folio.

to eat some whereby I told thee, they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people; saying, that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath: deny it, if thou canst.

Fal. My lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she says, up and down the town, that her eldest son is like you. She hath been in good case, and the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you, I may have redress against them.

Ch. Just. Sir John, sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration; you have, as it appears to me, practised upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman,[1] and made her serve your uses both in purse and person.

Host. Yes, in troth, my lord.

Ch. Just. Pr'ythee, peace.—Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villainy you have done with her: the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

Fal. My lord, I will not undergo this sneap without reply. You call honourable boldness, impudent sauciness; if a man will make court'sy, and say nothing, he is virtuous. No, my lord, my humble duty remember'd, I will not be your suitor: I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs.

Ch. Just. You speak as having power to do wrong: but answer in the effect of your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hostess. [*Taking her aside.*

Enter GOWER.

Ch. Just. Now, master Gower! what news?

Gow. The king, my lord, and Henry prince of Wales Are near at hand: the rest this[2] paper tells. [*C. J. reads.*[3]

Fal. As I am a gentleman.

Host. Faith, you said so before.

[1] The rest of this speech is omitted in the folio. [2] the: in f. e. [3] Not in f. e.

Fal. As I am a gentleman. Come, no more words of it.

Host. By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my plate, and the tapestry of my dining-chambers.

Fal. Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking: and for thy walls,—a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work[1], is worth a thousand of these bed hangings, and these fly bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound, if thou canst. Come, an it were not for thy humours, there is not a better wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw thy action. Come, thou must not be in this humour with me; dost not know me?[2] Come, come, I know thou wast set on to this.

Host. Pray thee, sir John, let it be but twenty nobles; i' faith I am loath to pawn my plate, in good earnest, la.

Fal. Let it alone; I 'll make other shift: you 'll be a fool still.

Host. Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope, you 'll come to supper. You 'll pay me all together?

Fal. Will I live?—Go, with her, with her; hook on, hook on.

Host. Will you have Doll Tear-sheet meet you at supper?

Fal. No more words: let 's have her.

[*Exeunt Hostess*, BARDOLPH, *Officers, and Page.*

Ch. Just. I have heard better news.

Fal. What 's the news, my good lord?

Ch. Just. Where lay the king last night?

Gow. At Basingstoke, my lord.

Fal. I hope, my lord, all 's well: what is the news, my lord?

Ch. Just. Come all his forces back?

Gow. No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse,
Are march'd up to my lord of Lancaster,
Against Northumberland and the archbishop.

Fal. Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord?

Ch. Just. You shall have letters of me presently: come, go along with me, good master Gower.

Fal. My lord!

[1] *In fresco.* [2] dost not know me: not in the folio.

Ch. Just. What 's the matter?

Fal. Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

Gow. I must wait upon my good lord here: I thank you, good sir John.

Ch. Just. Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go.

Fal. Will you sup with me, master Gower?

Ch. Just. What foolish master taught you these manners, sir John?

Fal. Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me.—This is the right fencing grace, my lord; tap for tap, and so part fair.

Ch. Just. Now, the Lord lighten thee! thou art a great fool. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Same. Another Street.

Enter Prince HENRY *and* POINS.

P. Hen. Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

Poins. Is it come to that? I had thought, weariness durst not have attached one of so high blood.

P. Hen. 'Faith, it does me, though it discolours the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not show vilely in me to desire small beer?

Poins. Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied, as to remember so weak a composition.

P. Hen. Belike then, my appetite was not princely got; for, by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me, to remember thy name? or to know thy face to-morrow? or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast; *viz*, these, and those that were thy peach-coloured ones? or to bear the inventory of thy shirts; as, one for superfluity, and one other for use?—but that the tennis-court-keeper knows better than I, for it is a low ebb of linen with thee, when thou keepest not racket there; as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low-countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland:[1] and God knows, whether those that bawl out the ruins of thy linen, shall inherit his kingdom; but the midwives say, the children are not in the fault, whereupon the

[1] The rest of this speech is not in the folio.

world increases and kindreds are mightily strengthened.

Poins. How ill it follows, after you have laboured so hard, you should talk so idly! Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers being[1] so sick as yours at this time is?

P. Hen. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

Poins. Yes, faith, and let it be an excellent good thing.

P. Hen. It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Poins. Go to; I stand the push of your one thing that you will tell.

P. Hen. Marry, I tell thee,—it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick: albeit I could tell to thee, (as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend) I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

Poins. Very hardly upon such a subject.

P. Hen. By this hand, thou think'st me as far in the devil's book, as thou and Falstaff, for obduracy and persistency: let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly, that my father is so sick; and keeping such vile company as thou art, hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.

Poins. The reason?

P. Hen. What wouldst thou think of me, if I should weep?

Poins. I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

P. Hen. It would be every man's thought; and thou art a blessed fellow, to think as every man thinks: never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine: every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what accites your most worshipful thought to think so?

Poins. Why, because you have been so lewd, and so much engraffed to Falstaff.

P. Hen. And to thee.

Poins. By this light, I am well spoken on; I can hear it with mine own ears: the worst that they can say of me is, that I am a second brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands, and those two things, I

[1] lying so sick as yours is: in folio.

confess, I cannot help. By the mass, here comes Bardolph.

P. Hen. And the boy that I gave Falstaff: he had him from me christian; and look, if the fat villain have not transformed him ape.

Enter BARDOLPH *and Page.*

Bard. God save your grace.

P. Hen. And yours, most noble Bardolph.

Bard. Come, you virtuous[1] ass, [*To the Page.*] you bashful fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man at arms are you become? Is it such a matter to get a pottlepot's maidenhead?

Page. He called me even now, my lord, through a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window: at last, I spied his eyes; and, methought, he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new red[2] petticoat, and peeped through.

P. Hen. Hath not the boy profited?

Bard. Away, you whoreson upright rabbit, away!

Page. Away, you rascally Althea's dream, away!

P. Hen. Instruct us, boy: what dream, boy?

Page. Marry, my lord, Althea[3] dreamed she was delivered of a fire-brand, and therefore I call him her dream.

P. Hen. A crown's worth of good interpretation.—There it is, boy. [*Giving him money.*

Poins. O, that this good blossom could be kept from cankers!—Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee.

Bard. An you do not make him be hanged among you, the gallows shall have wrong.

P. Hen. And how doth thy master, Bardolph?

Bard. Well, my lord. He heard of your grace's coming to town: there's a letter for you.

Poins. Delivered with good respect.—And how doth the martlemas, your master?

Bard. In bodily health, sir.

Poins. Marry, the immortal part needs a physician; but that moves not him: though that be sick, it dies not.

P. Hen. I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog; and he holds his place, for look you how he writes.

[1] pernicious: in folio. [2] This word is not in f. e. [3] *Althea*, is here mistaken for *Hecuba*.

Poins. [*Reads.*] "John Falstaff, knight,"—every man must know that, as oft as he has occasion to name himself; even like those that are kin to the king, for they never prick their finger, but they say, "There is some of the king's blood spilt:" "How comes that?" says he, that takes upon him not to conceive: the answer is, as ready as a borrower's cap; "I am the king's poor cousin, sir."

P. Hen. Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japheth. But to the letter:—

Poins. "Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the king, nearest his father, Harry Prince of Wales, greeting."—Why, this is a certificate.

P. Hen. Peace!

Poins. "I will imitate the honourable Romans in brevity:"—he sure means brevity in breath, short-winded.—"I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins; for he misuses thy favours so much, that he swears, thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou may'st, and so farewell.

> "Thine, by yea and no, (which is as much as to say, as thou usest him,) Jack Falstaff, with my familiars; John, with my brothers and sisters; and sir John with all Europe."

My lord, I will steep this letter in sack, and make him eat it.

P. Hen. That's but[1] to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you use me thus, Ned? must I marry your sister?

Poins. God send the wench no worse fortune! but I never said so.

P. Hen. Well, thus we play the fools with the time, and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds, and mock us.—Is your master here in London?

Bard. Yes, my lord.

P. Hen. Where sups he? doth the old boar feed in the old frank[2]?

Bard. At the old place, my lord, in Eastcheap.

P. Hen. What company?

Page. Ephesians, my lord; of the old church.

[1] This word is not in f. e. [2] *Sty.*

P. Hen. Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my lord, but old mistress Quickly, and mistress Doll Tear-sheet.

P. Hen. What pagan may that be?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's.

P. Hen. Even such kin as the parish heifers are to the town bull.—Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper?

Poins. I am your shadow, my lord; I'll follow you.

P. Hen. Sirrah, you boy,—and Bardolph;—no word to your master that I am yet come to town: there 's for your silence. [*Giving money.*[1]

Bard. I have no tongue, sir.

Page. And for mine, sir, I will govern it.

P. Hen. Fare ye well; go. [*Exeunt* BARDOLPH *and Page.*]—This Doll Tear-sheet should be some road.

Poins. I warrant you, as common as the way between Saint Alban's and London.

P. Hen. How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen?

Poins. Put on two leathern jerkins, and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers.

P. Hen. From a god to a bull? a heavy deseension![2] it was Jove's case. From a prince to a prentice? a low transformation! that shall be mine; for in every thing the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Warkworth. Before the Castle.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, *Lady* NORTHUMBERLAND, *and Lady* PERCY.

North. I pray thee, loving wife and gentle daughter,
Give even way unto my rough affairs:
Put not you on the visage of the times,
And be like them to Percy troublesome.

Lady N. I have given over, I will speak no more.
Do what you will; your wisdom be your guide.

North. Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn,
And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

Lady P. O, yet, for God's sake, go not to these wars.
The time was, father, that you broke your word,
When you were more endear'd to it than now;

[1] Not in f. e. [2] declension: in folio.

When your own Percy, when my heart-dear Harry[1]
Threw many a northward look, to see his father
Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain.
Who then persuaded you to stay at home?
There were two honours lost, yours, and your son's:
For yours,—may heavenly glory brighten it!
For his,—it stuck upon him, as the sun
In the grey vault of heaven: and, by his light,
Did all the chivalry of England move
To do brave acts, he was, indeed, the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.[2]
He had no legs, that practised not his gait;
And speaking thick[3], which nature made his blemish,
Became the accents of the valiant;
For those that could speak low, and tardily,
Would turn their own perfection to abuse,
To seem like him: so that, in speech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,
In military rules, humours of blood,
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
That fashion'd others. And him,—O wondrous him!
O miracle of men!—him did you leave,
(Second to none, unseconded by you)
To look upon the hideous god of war
In disadvantage; to abide a field,
Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name
Did seem defensible:—so you left him.
Never, O! never, do his ghost the wrong,
To hold your honour more precise and nice
With others, than with him: let them alone.
The marshal, and the archbishop, are strong:
Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,
To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,
Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.

North. Beshrew your heart
Fair daughter! you do draw my spirits frome me,
With new lamenting ancient oversights.
But I must go, and meet with danger there,
Or it will seek me in another place,
And find me worse provided.

Lady N. O! fly to Scotland.
Till that the nobles, and the armed commons,

[1] heart's dear Harry: in folio. [2] The rest of this speech was first printed in the folio [3] Speaking *rapidly*.

Have of their puissance made a little taste.

Lady P. If they get ground and vantage of the king
Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,
To make strength stronger; but, for all our loves,
First let them try themselves. So did your son;
He was so suffer'd; so came I a widow,
And never shall have length of life enough,
To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,
That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,
For recordation to my noble husband.

North. Come, come, go in with me. 'T is with my mind,
As with the tide swell'd up unto its height,
That makes a still-stand, running neither way:
Fain would I go to meet the archbishop,
But many thousand reasons hold me back.—
I will resolve for Scotland: there am I,
Till time and vantage crave my company.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—London. A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern, in Eastcheap.

Enter Two Drawers.

1 *Draw.* What the devil hast thou brought there? apple-Johns[1]? thou know'st sir John cannot endure an apple-John.

2 *Draw.* Mass, thou sayest true. The prince once set a dish of apple-Johns before him, and told him, there were five more sir Johns; and, putting off his hat, said, "I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old, withered knights." It angered him to the heart, but he hath forgot that.

1 *Draw.* Why then, cover, and set them down: and see if thou canst find out Sneak's noise[2]; mistress Tearsheet would fain hear some music[3]. Dispatch:—the room where they supped is too hot; they 'll come in straight.

2 *Draw.* Sirrah, here will be the prince, and master Poins anon; and they will put on two of our jerkins and aprons, and sir John must not know of it: Bardolph hath brought word.

[1] A species of apple which would keep a long time, and had a shrivelled-looking exterior. [2] *Band.* [3] The rest of the speech is not in the folio.

1 *Draw.* By the mass, here will be old utis[1]: it will be an excellent stratagem.

2 *Draw.* I 'll see, if I can find out Sneak. [*Exit.*

Enter Hostess and DOLL TEAR-SHEET.

Host. I' faith, sweet heart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality: your pulsidge beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire, and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose; but, i' faith, you have drunk too much canaries, and that 's a marvellous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere one can say, what 's this? How do you now?

Dol. Better than I was. Hem.

Host. Why, that 's well said; a good heart 's worth gold. Lo[2]! here comes sir John.

Enter FALSTAFF, *singing.*

Fal. "When Arthur first in court"—Empty the jordan.—"And was a worthy king."[3] [*Exit Drawer.*] How now, mistress Doll?

Host. Sick of a calm: yea, good sooth.

Fal. So is all her sex; an they be once in a calm, they are sick.

Dol. You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

Fal. You make fat rascals, mistress Doll.

Dol. I make them? gluttony and diseases make them; I make them not.

Fal. If the cook help to[4] make the gluttony, you help to make the diseases, Doll: we catch of you, Doll, we catch of you; grant that, my pure[5] virtue, grant that.

Dol. Yea, joy[6]; our chains, and our jewels.

Fal. "Your brooches, pearls, and owches:"[7]—for to serve bravely, is to come halting off, you know: to come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely; to venture upon the charged chambers bravely:—

Dol. Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself![8]

Host. By my troth, this is the old fashion: you two never meet, but you fall to some discord. You are

[1] From the Fr. *huit*, the octave of a festival. *Old*, here means *great*. [2] Look: in folio. [3] Two lines from an old ballad, printed in Percy's Reliques, Vol. I. [4] help to: not in the quarto. [5] poor: in f. e. [6] Ay, marry: in folio. [7] A line from a ballad, in Percy's Reliques, Vol. I. [8] This sentence is not in the folio

both, i' good troth, as rheumatic as two dry toasts, you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the good year! one must bear, and that must be you you are the weaker vessel; as they say, the emptier vessel.

Dol. Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hogshead? there 's a whole merchant's venture of Bourdeaux stuff in him: you have not seen a hulk better stuffed in the hold.—Come, I 'll be friends with thee, Jack: thou art going to the wars; and whether I shall ever see thee again, or no, there is nobody—cares.

Re-enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir, ancient[1] Pistol 's below, and would speak with you.

Dol. Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not come hither: it is the foul mouth'dst rogue in England.

Host. If he swagger, let him not come here: no, by my faith; I must live amongst my neighbours; I 'll no swaggerers. I am in good name and fame with the very best.—Shut the door;—there comes no swaggerers here: I have not lived all this while, to have swaggering now.—Shut the door, I pray you.

Fal. Dost thou hear, hostess?

Host. Pray you, pacify yourself, sir John: there comes no swaggerers here.

Fal. Dost thou hear? it is mine ancient.

Host. Tilly-valley, sir John, never tell me: your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before master Tisick, the deputy, t' other day; and, as he said to me,—it was no longer ago than Wednesday last,—"Neighbour Quickly," says he;—master Dumb, our minister, was by then:—"Neighbour Quickly," says he, "receive those that are civil; for," said he, "you are in an ill name:"—now, he said so, I can tell whereupon; "for," says he, "you are an honest woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed what guests you receive: "receive," says he, "no swaggering companions."—There comes none here:—you would bless you to hear what he said.—No, I 'll no swaggerers.

Fal. He 's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame cheater i' faith; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy grey

[1] *Standard-bearer, ensign.*

hound: he will not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance.—Call him up, drawer.

Host. Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater[1]; but I do not love swaggering: by my troth, I am the worse, when one says—swagger. Feel, masters, how I shake; look you I warrant you.

Dol. So you do, hostess.

Host. Do I? yea, in very truth do I, an 't were an aspen leaf. I cannot abide swaggerers.

Enter PISTOL, BARDOLPH, *and Page.*

Pist. God save you, sir John!

Fal. Welcome, ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack: do you discharge upon mine hostess.

Pist. I will discharge upon her, sir John, with two bullets.

Fal. She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall hardly offend her.

Host. Come, I 'll drink no proofs, nor no bullets. I 'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.

Pist. Then to you, mistress Dorothy: I will charge you.

Dol. Charge me? I scorn you, scurvy companion. What! you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate! Away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am meat for your master.

Pist. I know you, mistress Dorothy.

Dol. Away, you cut-purse rascal! you filthy bung, away! By this wine, I 'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, an you play the saucy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal! you basket-hilt stale juggler, you!—Since when, I pray you, sir?—God's light! with two points on your shoulder? much!

Pist. I will murder your ruff for this.

Fal. No more, Pistol: I would not have you go off here. Discharge yourself of our company, Pistol[2]

Host. No, good captain Pistol; not here, sweet captain.

Dol. Captain! thou abominable damned cheater, art thou not ashamed to be called captain? An captains

[1] *Eschcator.* [2] This speech is not in the folio

were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earned them. You a captain, you slave! for what? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house?—He a captain! Hang him, rogue! He lives upon mouldy stewed prunes, and dried cakes. A captain! these villains will make the word captain as odious[1] as the word occupy, which was an excellent good word before it was ill sorted: therefore captains had need look to 't.

Bard. Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

Fal. Hark thee hither, mistress Doll.

Pist. Not I: I tell thee what, corporal Bardolph; I could tear her.—I 'll be revenged of her.

Page. Pray thee, go down.

Pist. I 'll see her damned first;—to Pluto's damned lake, by this hand, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I. Down? down, dogs! down fates[2]! Have we not Hiren here?

Host. Good captain Peesel, be quiet; it is very late, i' faith. I beseek you now, aggravate your choler.

Pist. These be good humours, indeed! Shall pack-horses,
And hollow-pamper'd jades of Asia,
Which cannot go but thirty miles a day,[3]
Compare with Cæsars, and with Cannibals,
And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them with
King Cerberus, and let the welkin roar.
Shall we fall foul for toys?

Host. By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

Bard. Begone, good ancient; this will grow to a brawl anon

Pist. Die men, like dogs; give crowns like pins. Have we not Hiren here?

Host. On my word, captain, there 's none such here What the goodyear! do you think I would deny her? for God's sake, be quiet.

Pist. Then feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis.[4]
Come, give 's some sack.

[1] The rest of this sentence, to the word "therefore," is not in the folio. [2] faters: in quarto; *faitours.* or traitors. [3] A quotation from Marlowe's play of Tamerlane—they are addressed by the hero to the captive kings who draw his chariot. [4] A quotation from the play of "The Battle of Alcanzar," probably by Peele.

Se fortuna me tormenta, il sperare me contenta.—
Fear we broadsides? no, let the fiend give fire:
Give me some sack; and, sweetheart, lie thou there.
[*Laying down his sword.*
Come we to full points here, and are *et ceteras* nothing?

Fal. Pistol, I would be quiet.

Pist. Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif.[1]—What! we have seen the seven stars.

Dol. For God's sake, thrust him down stairs: I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.

Pist. Thrust him down stairs! know we not Galloway nags?

Fal. Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling[2], nay, an he do nothing but speak nothing, he shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you down stairs.

Pist. What! shall we have incision? shall we imbrue?— [*Snatching up his sword.*
Then, death, rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days!
Why then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds
Untwine the sisters three! Come, Atropos, I say!

Host. Here 's goodly stuff toward!

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not draw.

Fal. Get you down stairs. [*Drawing.*

Host. Here 's a goodly tumult! I 'll forswear keeping house, afore I 'll be in these territs and frights. So; murder, I warrant now.—Alas, alas! put up your naked weapons; put up your naked weapons.
[*Exeunt* Bardolph *and* Pistol.

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, be quiet: the rascal is gone. Ah! you whoreson little valiant villain, you.

Host. Are you not hurt i' the groin? methought he made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

Re-enter Bardolph.

Fal. Have you turned him out of doors?

Bard. Yes, sir: the rascal 's drunk. You have hurt him, sir, in the shoulder.

Fal. A rascal, to brave me!

Dol. Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor ape, how thou sweat'st! Come, let me wipe thy face; —come on, you whoreson chops.—Ah, rogue! i' faith,

[1] *Fist.* [2] The broad shilling of Edward VI.; the game, probably resembled shuffle-board

I love thee. Thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the nine worthies. Ah, villain!

Fal. A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

Dol. Do, if thou darest for thy heart: if thou dost, I 'll canvass thee between a pair of sheets.

Enter Music.

Page. The music is come, sir.

Fal. Let them play.—Play, sirs.—Sit on my knee, Doll.—A rascal bragging slave! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

Dol. I' faith, and thou followedst him like a church. Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig,[1] when wilt thou leave fighting o' days, and foining o' nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

Enter behind, Prince HENRY *and* POINS, *disguised like Drawers.*

Fal. Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a death's head: do not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirrah, what humour is the prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow; he would have made a good pantler, he would have chipped bread well.

Dol. They say, Poins has a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him, baboon! his wit is as thick as Tewksbury mustard: there is no more conceit in him, than is in a mallet.

Dol. Why does the prince love him so, then?

Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness; and he plays at quoits well; and eats conger and fennel; and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons[2]; and rides the wild mare[3] with the boys; and jumps upon joint-stools; and swears with a good grace; and wears his boot very smooth like unto the sign of the leg; and breeds no bate[4] with telling of discreet stories; and such other gambol faculties he has, that show a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himself is such another; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their avoirdupois.

[1] Roast pig was a favourite delicacy at Bartholomew Fair. [2] *Inflammable substances* floating on liquor, and swallowed flaming. [3] Plays at *see-saw*. [4] *Debate*.

P. Hen. Would not this nave of a wheel have his ears cut off?

Poins. Let 's beat him before his whore.

P. Hen. Look, whether[1] the withered elder hath not his poll clawed like a parrot.

Poins. Is it not strange, that desire should so many years outlive performance?

Fal. Kiss me, Doll.

P. Hen. Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction. what says the almanack to that?

Poins. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon[2], his man, be not clasping to his master's old tables, his note-book, his counsel-keeper.

Fal. Thou dost give me flattering busses.

Dol. Nay, truly; I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Dol. I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

Fal. What stuff wilt have a kirtle[3] of? I shall receive money on Thursday; thou shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry song! come: it grows late; we 'll to bed. Thou 'lt forget me, when I am gone.

Dol. By my troth, thou l't set me a weeping, an thou say'st so: prove that ever I dress myself handsome till thy return.—Well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some sack, Francis!

P. Hen. Poins. Anon, anon, sir. [*Advancing.*

Fal. Ha! a bastard son of the king's.—And art not thou Poins, his brother?

P. Hen. Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead.

Fal. A better than thou: I am a gentleman; thou art a drawer.

P. Hen. Very true, sir, and I come to draw you out by the ears.

Host. O, the Lord preserve thy good grace! by my troth, welcome to London.—Now, the Lord bless that sweet face of thine! O Jesu! are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty,—

[1] if: in folio. [2] *Trigonum igneum*, is the astronomical term, when the upper planets meet in a fiery sign. The *fiery Trigon*, I think, consists of *Aries*, *Leo*, and *Sagittarius*.—*Steevens*. [3] *Petticoat*.

by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome.
[*Placing his hand upon* DOLL.

Dol. How, you fat fool? I scorn you.

Poins. My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

P. Hen. You whoreson candle-mine, you, how vilely did you speak of me even now, before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman.

Host. God's blessing of your good heart! and so she is, by my troth.

Fal. Didst thou hear me?

P. Hen. Yes; and you knew me, as you did, when you ran away by Gad's-hill: you knew, I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose to try my patience.

Fal. No, no, no; not so; I did not think thou wast within hearing.

P. Hen. I shall drive you, then, to confess the wilful abuse; and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuse, Hal, on mine honour; no abuse.

P. Hen. Not to dispraise me, and call me pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuse, Hal.

Poins. No abuse!

Fal. No abuse, Ned, i' the world; honest Ned, none. I disprais'd him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him[1]—in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend, and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal;—none, Ned, none;—no, 'faith boys, none.

P. Hen. See now, whether pure fear, and entire cowardice, doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with us? Is she of the wicked? Is thine hostess here of the wicked? Or is thy boy of the wicked? Or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?

Poins. Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

Fal. The fiend hath pricked down Bardolph irrecoverably; and his face is Lucifer's privy kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For the boy,—there is a good angel about him, but the devil outbids[2] him too.

P. Hen. For the women?

[1] thee: in quarto. [2] blinds: in quarto.

Fal. For one of them, she is in hell already, and burns, poor soul. For the other, I owe her money, and whether she be damned for that, I know not.

Host. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think thou art not; I think, thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law; for the which, I think, thou wilt howl.

Host. All victuallers do so: what 's a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent?

P. Hen. You, gentlewoman,—

Dol. What says your grace?

Fal. His grace says that which his flesh rebels against. [*Knocking heard.*

Host. Who knocks so loud at door? look to the door there, Francis.

Enter PETO.

P. Hen. Peto, how now! what news?

Peto. The king your father is at Westminster,
And there are twenty weak and wearied posts
Come from the north; and as I came along
I met, and overtook, a dozen captains,
Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns,
And asking every one for sir John Falstaff.

P. Hen. By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame,
So idly to profane the precious time,
When tempest of commotion, like the south
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt,
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.
Give me my sword, and cloak.—Falstaff, good night.

[*Exeunt Prince* HENRY, POINS, PETO, *and* BARDOLPH.

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and we must hence, and leave it unpicked. [*Knocking heard.*] More knocking at the door?

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

How now? what 's the matter?

Bard. You must away to court, sir, presently:
A dozen captains stay at door for you.

Fal. Pay the musicians, sirrah. [*To the Page.*]—Farewell, hostess;—farewell, Doll. You see, my good wenches, how men of merit are sought after: the undeserver may sleep, when the man of action is called on.

Farewell, good wenches. If I be not sent away post, I will see you again ere I go.

Dol. I cannot speak;—if my heart be not ready to burst.—Well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

Fal. Farewell, farewell. [*Exeunt* FAL. *and* BAR.

Host. Well, fare thee well: I have known thee these twenty-nine years, come peascod-time; but an honester, and truer-hearted man,—Well, fare thee well.

Bard. [*Within.*] Mistress Tear-sheet!

Host. What 's the matter?

Bard. [*Within.*] Bid Mistress Tear-sheet come to my master.

Host. O! run, Doll, run; run, good Doll.[1] Come.—She comes blubbered.—Yea—will you come, Doll?

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY *in his Nightgown, with a Page.*

K. Hen. Go, call the earls of Surrey and of Warwick,
But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters,
And well consider of them. Make good speed.

[*Exit Page.*

How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep!—O sleep! O gentle sleep!
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under high[2] canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sound of sweetest melody?
O, thou dull god! why liest thou with the vile,
In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch,
A watch-case, or a common 'larum bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains

[1] The rest of the speech is not in the folio. Dyce says, "She comes blubbered," is a stage direction. [2] the: in f. e.

In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamours in the slippery shrouds,[1]
That with the hurly death itself awakes?
Canst thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
And in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down![2]
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Enter WARWICK *and* SURREY.

War. Many good morrows to your majesty!

K. Hen. Is it good morrow, lords?

War. 'T is one o'clock, and past.

K. Hen. Why then, good morrow to you all, my lords.
Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?

War. We have, my liege.

K. Hen. Then you perceive, the body of our kingdom
How foul it is; what rank diseases grow,
And with what danger, near the heart of it.

War. It is but as a body, yet, distemper'd,
Which to his former strength may be restor'd,
With good advice, and little medicine.
My lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.

K. Hen. O God! that one might read the book of fate,
And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent,
Weary of solid firmness, melt itself
Into the sea: and, other times, to see
The beachy girdle of the ocean
Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock,
And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors! O, if this were seen,
The happiest youth, viewing his progress through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.[3]
'T is not ten years gone,
Since Richard, and Northumberland, great friends,
Did feast together, and in two years after.

[1] clouds: In f. e [2] Warburton suggested: happy, lowly clown
[3] This sentence, beginning with, "Oh, if" is not in the folio.

Were they at wars: it is but eight years, since
This Percy was the man nearest my soul;
Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs,
And laid his love and life under my foot;
Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard,
Gave him defiance. But which of you was by,
(You, cousin Nevil, as I may remember) [*To* WARWICK
When Richard, with his eye brimfull of tears,
Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,
Did speak these words, now prov'd a prophecy?
"Northumberland, thou ladder, by the which
My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne;"—
Though then, God knows, I had no such intent,
But that necessity so bow'd the state,
That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss.
"The time shall come," thus did he follow it,
"The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption:"—so went on,
Foretelling this same time's condition,
And the division of our amity.

War. There is a history in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd;
The which observ'd, a man may prophesy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life, which in their seeds,
And weak beginnings, lie intreasured.
Such things become the hatch and brood of time;
And, by the necessary form of this,
King Richard might create a perfect guess,
That great Northumberland, then false to him,
Would, of that seed, grow to a greater falseness,
Which should not find a ground to root upon,
Unless on you.

K. Hen. Are these things, then, necessities?
Then let us meet them like necessities;
And that same word even now cries out on us.
They say, the bishop and Northumberland
Are fifty thousand strong.

War. It cannot be, my lord:
Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,
The numbers of the fear'd.—Please it your grace,
To go to bed; upon my soul, my lord,
The powers that you already have sent forth,
Shall bring this prize in very easily.

To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd
A certain instance that Glendower is dead.
Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill,
And these unseason'd hours, perforce, must add
Unto your sickness.

K. Hen. I will take your counsel:
And were these inward wars once out of hand,
We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Court before Justice SHALLOW's House in Gloucestershire.

Enter SHALLOW *and* SILENCE, *meeting;* MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, BULL-CALF, *and Servants, behind.*

Shal. Come on, come on, come on, sir; give me your hand, sir, give me your hand, sir: an early stirrer, by the rood. And how doth my good cousin Silence?

Sil. Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

Shal. And how doth my cousin, your bedfellow? and your fairest daughter and mine, my god-daughter Ellen?

Sil. Alas! a black ouzel, cousin Shallow.

Shal. By yea and nay, sir, I dare say, my cousin William is become a good scholar. He is at Oxford, still, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, sir; to my cost.

Shal. He must then to the inns of court shortly. I was once of Clement's inn; where, I think, they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were called lusty Shallow then, cousin.

Shal. By the mass, I was called any thing; and I would have done any thing, indeed, and roundly too. There was I, and little John Doit of Staffordshire, and black George Barnes, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele, a Cotswold man; you had not four such swingebucklers in all the inns of court again; and, I may say to you, we knew where the bona-robas were, and had the best of them all at commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff, now sir John, a boy, and page to Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk.[1]

Sil. This sir John, cousin, that comes hither anon about soldiers?

Shal. The same sir John, the very same. I saw him

[1] This passage is cited to prove the identity of Falstaff with Sir John Oldcastle—the latter having been page to Mowbray.

break Skogan's[1] head at the court gate, when he was a crack not thus high: and the very same day did I fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's-inn. Jesu! Jesu! the mad days that I have spent! and to see how many of mine old acquaintance are dead!

Sil. We shall all follow, cousin.

Shal. Certain, 't is certain; very sure, very sure: death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all; all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

Sil. Truly, cousin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain.—Is old Double of your town living yet?

Sil. Dead, sir.

Shal. Jesu! Jesu! Dead!—he drew a good bow;—and dead!—he shot a fine shoot:—John of Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead!—he would have clapped in the clout at twelve score[2]; and carried you a forehand shaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see.—How a score of ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be; a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old Double dead!

Enter BARDOLPH, *and one with him.*

Sil. Here come two of sir John Falstaff's men, as I think.

Shal. Good morrow, honest gentlemen.

Bard. I beseech you, which is justice Shallow?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow, sir; a poor esquire of this county, and one of the king's justices of the peace. What is your good pleasure with me?

Bard. My captain, sir, commends him to you; my captain, sir John Falstaff: a tall gentleman, by heaven, and a most gallant leader.

Shal. He greets me well, sir: I knew him a good backsword man. How doth the good knight? may I ask, how my lady his wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon; a soldier is better accommodated than with a wife.

[1] The name of a jester. "Scogan's Jests," was a popular book in Shakespeare's time. [2] Hit the pin which he laid up the target, at twelve score paces

Shal. It is well said, in faith, sir; and it is well said indeed too. Better accommodated!—it is good; yea, indeed, is it: good phrases are surely, and ever were,[1] very commendable. Accommodated:—it comes of *accommodo:* very good; a good phrase.

Bard. Pardon me, sir; I have heard the word. Phrase, call you it? By this good[2] day, I know not the phrase: but I will maintain the word with my sword to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command, by heaven. Accommodated; that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated; or, when a man is,—being,—whereby,—he may be thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Shal. It is very just.—Look, here comes good sir John.—Give me your good hand, give me your worship's good hand. By my troth, you like[3] well, and bear your years very well: welcome, good sir John.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good master Robert Shallow.—Master Sure-card, as I think.

Shal. No, sir John; it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.

Fal. Good master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

Sil. Your good worship is welcome.

Fal. Fie! this is hot weather.—Gentlemen, have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men?

Shal. Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit?

Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you.

Shal. Where 's the roll? where 's the roll? where 's the roll?—Let me see, let me see: so, so, so, so. Yea, marry, sir.—Ralph Mouldy!—let them appear as I call; let them do so, let them do so.—Let me see; where is Mouldy?

Moul. Here, an it please you.

Shal. What think you, sir John? a good limbed fellow: young, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldy?

Moul. Yea, an it please you.

Fal. 'T is the more time thou wert used.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, i' faith! things

[1] every-where: in folio. [2] Not in folio. [3] look: in folio.

that are mouldy lack use: very singular good!—In faith, well said, sir John; very well said.

Fal. Prick him. [*To* SHALLOW.

Moul. I was pricked well enough before, an you could have let me alone: my old dame will be undone now, for one to do her husbandry, and her drudgery. You need not to have pricked me; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to; peace, Mouldy! you shall go. Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent!

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace! stand aside: know you where you are?—For the other, sir John:—let me see.—Simon Shadow!

Fal. Yea marry, let me have him to sit under: he 's like to be a cold soldier.

Shal. Where 's Shadow?

Shad. Here, sir,

Fal. Shadow, whose son art thou?

Shad. My mother's son, sir.

Fal. Thy mother's son! like enough; and thy father's shadow: so the son of the female is the shadow of the male. It is often so, indeed; but not of the father's substance.

Shal. Do you like him, sir John?

Fal. Shadow will serve for summer, prick him; for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book

Shal. Thomas Wart!

Fal. Where 's he?

Wart. Here, sir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart?

Wart. Yea, sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him, sir John?

Fal. It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins: prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha!—you can do it, sir; you can do it: I commend you well.—Francis Feeble!

Fee. Here, sir.

Fal. What trade art thou, Feeble?

Fee. A woman's tailor, sir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, sir?

Fal. You may; but if he had been a man's tailor, he

would have pricked you.—Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

Fee. I will do my good will, sir: you can have no more.

Fal. Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous Feeble! Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove, or most magnanimous mouse.—Prick the woman's tailor well, master Shallow; deep master Shallow.

Fee. I would Wart might have gone, sir.

Fal. I would thou wert a man's tailor, that thou mightst mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier, that is the leader of so many thousands: let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

Fee. It shall suffice, sir.

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble.—Who is next?

Shal. Peter Bull-calf of the green!

Fal. Yea, marry, let us see Bull-calf.

Bull. Here, sir.

Fal. 'Fore God, a likely fellow!—Come, prick me Bull-calf till he roar again.

Bull. O lord! good my lord captain,—

Fal. What, dost thou roar before thou art pricked?

Bull. O Lord! sir, I am a diseased man.

Fal. What disease hast thou?

Bull. A whoreson cold, sir; a cough, sir; which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs upon his coronation day, sir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown We will have away thy cold; and I will take such order, that thy friends shall ring for thee.—Is here all?

Shal. Here is two more called than your number; you must have but four here, sir:—and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, by my troth, master Shallow.

Shal. O, sir John! do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill in Saint George's fields?

Fal. No more of that, good master Shallow; no more of that.

Shal. Ha, it was a merry night. And is Jane Night-work alive?

Fal. She lives, master Shallow.

Shal. She never could away with me.[1]

Fal. Never, never: she would always say, she could not abide master Shallow.

Shal. By the mass, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a bona-roba. Doth she hold her own well?

Fal. Old, old, master Shallow.

Shal. Nay, she must be old; she cannot choose but be old; certain she 's old, and had Robin Night-work by old Night-work, before I came to Clement's-inn.

Sil. That 's fifty-five year ago.

Shal. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen!—Ha, sir John, said I well?

Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight, master Shallow.

Shal. That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, sir John, we have. Our watch-word was, "Hem, boys!"—Come, let 's to dinner; come, let 's to dinner. —O, the days that we have seen!—Come, come.

[*Exeunt* FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, *and* SILENCE.

Bull. Good master corporate Bardolph, stand my friend, and here is four Harry ten shillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hanged, sir, as go: and yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care; but rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends: else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Moul. And good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend: she has nobody to do any thing about her, when I am gone; and she is old, and cannot help herself. You shall have forty, sir.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Fee. By my troth, I care not; a man can die but once;—we owe God a death. I 'll ne'er bear a base mind:—an 't be my destiny, so; an 't be not, so. No man 's too good to serve his prince; and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next.

[1] *Abide.*

Bard. Well said; thou art a good fellow

Fee. 'Faith, I 'll bear no base mind.

Re-enter FALSTAFF, *and Justices.*

Fal. Come, sir, which men shall I have?

Shal. Four, of which you please.

Bard. Sir, a word with you.—I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bull-calf.

Fal. Go to; well.

Shal. Come, sir John, which four will you have?

Fal. Do you choose for me.

Shal. Marry then,—Mouldy, Bull-calf, Feeble, and Shadow.

Fal. Mouldy, and Bull-calf.—For you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service:—and, for your part, Bull-calf, grow till you come unto it: I will none of you.

Shal. Sir John, sir John, do not yourself wrong. They are your likeliest men, and I would have you served with the best.

Fal. Will you tell me, master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thewes, the stature, bulk, and big assemblance of a man? Give me the spirit, master Shallow.—Here 's Wart;—you see what a ragged appearance it is: he shall charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a pewterer's hammer; come off, and on, swifter than he that gibbets-on the brewer's bucket. And this same half-faced fellow, Shadow,—give me this man: he presents no mark to the enemy; the foeman may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife. And, for a retreat,—how swiftly will this Feeble, the woman's tailor, run off? O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones.—Put me a caliver[1] into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

Bard. Hold, Wart; traverse: thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver. So:—very well:—go to:—very good:—exceeding good.—O, give me always a little, lean, old, chapped, bald shot.—Well said, i' faith, Wart: thou 'rt a good scab; hold, there 's a tester for thee.

Shal. He is not his craft's master, he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end green, (when I lay at Clement's inn) I was then sir Dagonet in Arthur'

[1] A *hand-gun.*

show', there was a little quiver fellow, and he would manage you his piece thus: and he would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in: "rah, tah, tah," would he say; "bounce," would he say; and away again would he go, and again would he come.—I shall never see such a fellow.

Fal. These fellows will do well, master Shallow.—God keep you, master Silence: I will not use many words with you.—Fare you well, gentlemen both: I thank you: I must a dozen mile to-night.—Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

Shal. Sir John, the Lord bless you, and God prosper your affairs, and send us peace. At[2] your return, visit our[3] house. Let our old acquaintance be renewed: peradventure, I will with you to the court.

Fal. 'Fore God, I would you would.

Shal. Go to; I have spoke at a word. Fare you well. [*Exeunt* SHALLOW *and* SILENCE.

Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. On, Bardolph; lead the men away. [*Exeunt* BARDOLPH, *Recruits, &c.*] As I return, I will fetch off these justices: I do see the bottom of justice Shallow. Lord, lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying! This same starved justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnbull-street; and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's-inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring: when he was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife: he was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invisible[4]; he was the very genius of famine[5]: yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores called him—mandrake. He came ever in the rear-ward of the fashion[6]: and sung those tunes to the over-scutched[7] huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware—they were his fancies, or his good-nights[8]. And

[1] An exhibition of archery at Mile-end green, where the archers assumed the characters of King Arthur's round-table. Sir Dagonet was the fool or buffoon of Arthur's court. [2] As: in folio. [3] my: in folio. [4] invincible: in f. e. Many mod. eds. read as in the text. [5] The rest of the sentence ending, "mandrake," is not in the folio [6] The rest of the sentence is not in the folio. [7] Scotched, *cut* and *slashed* by the beadle's whip. [8] *Small lyrical pieces*, for the voice

now is this Vice's dagger[1] become a squire, and talks as familiarly of John of Gaunt, as if he had been sworn brother to him; and I 'll be sworn he never saw him but once in the Tilt-yard, and then he burst[2] his head, for crowding among the marshal's men. I saw it; and told John of Gaunt, he beat his own name; for you might have thrust[3] him, and all his apparel, into an eel-skin: the case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him, a court; and now has he land and beeves. Well, I will be acquainted with him, if I return; and it shall go hard, but I will make him a philosopher's two stones to me. If the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason in the law of nature but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end.

[*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Forest in Yorkshire.

Enter the Archbishop of YORK, MOWBRAY, HASTINGS, *and Others.*

Arch. What is this forest call'd?

Hast. 'T is Gaultree forest, an 't shall please your grace.

Arch. Here stand, my lords; and send discoverers forth,
To know the numbers of our enemies.

Hast. We have sent forth already.

Arch. 'T is well done.—
My friends and brethren in these great affairs,
I must acquaint you, that I have receiv'd
New-dated letters from Northumberland;
Their cold intent, tenour and substance, thus:—
Here doth he wish his person, with such powers
As might hold sortance with his quality,
The which he could not levy; whereupon
He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes,
To Scotland: and concludes in hearty prayers,
That your attempts may overlive the hazard,

[1] The Vice, a character of the early English drama, resembling a harlequin, was armed with a dagger of lath. [2] *Broke.* [3] trussed in folio.

And fearful meeting of their opposite.
Mowb. Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground,
And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

Hast. Now, what news?
Mess. West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,
In goodly form comes on the enemy:
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number
Upon, or near, the rate of thirty thousand.
Mowb. The just proportion that we gave them out.
Let 's away[1] on, and face them in the field.

Enter WESTMORELAND.

Arch. What well-appointed leader fronts us here?
Mowb. I think it is my lord of Westmoreland.
West. Health and fair greeting from our general,
The prince, lord John and duke of Lancaster.
Arch. Say on, my lord of Westmoreland, in peace,
What doth concern your coming?
West. Then, my lord[2],
Unto your grace do I in chief address
The substance of my speech. If that rebellion
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,
Led on by bloody youth, guarded[3] with rags[4],
And countenanc'd by boys, and beggary;
I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd,
In his true, native, and most proper shape,
You, reverend father, and these noble lords,
Had not been here, to dress the ugly form
Of base and bloody insurrection
With your fair honours. You, lord archbishop,
Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd;
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd;
Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd;
Whose white investments[5] figure innocence,
The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,
Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself,
Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,
Into the harsh and boisterous tongue of war?
Turning your books to glaives[6], your ink to blood,
Your pens to lances, and your tongue divine

[1] Let us sway: in f. e. [2] Then, my lord: not in quarto. [3] *Bordered.* [4] rage: in f. e. [5] White linen was the ordinary, as well as official dress, of a bishop. [6] graves: in f. e.

To a loud trumpet, and report[1] of war?
Arch. Wherefore do I this?—so the question stands
Briefly to this end.—We are all diseas'd;
And, with our surfeiting, and wanton hours[2],
Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,
And we must bleed for it: of which disease
Our late king, Richard, being infected, died.
But, my most noble lord of Westmoreland,
I take not on me here as a physician,
Nor do I, as an enemy to peace,
Troop in the throngs of military men;
But, rather, show a while like fearful war,
To diet rank minds, sick of happiness,
And purge th' obstructions, which begin to stop
Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
I have in equal balance justly weigh'd
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer
And find our griefs heavier than our offences.
We see which way the stream of time doth run,
And are enforc'd from our most quiet chair[3]
By the rough torrent of occasion;
And have the summary of all our griefs,
When time shall serve, to show in articles,
Which, long ere this, we offer'd to the king,
And might by no suit gain an audience.
When we are wrong'd, and would unfold our griefs,
We are denied access unto his person,
Even by those men that most have done us wrong.
The dangers of the days but newly gone,
Whose memory is written on the earth
With yet appearing blood, and the examples
Of every minute's instance, present now,
Have put us in these ill-beseeming arms,
Not to break peace, or any branch of it,
But to establish here a peace indeed,
Concurring both in name and quality.
West. When ever yet was your appeal denied?
Wherein have you been galled by the king?
What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you,
That you should seal this lawless bloody book
Of forg'd rebellion with a seal divine,

[1] a point: in f. e. [2] This and the twenty-four following lines are not in the quarto. [3] sphere: in f. e. Altered by Warburton, from "there" in the folio.

And consecrate commotion's bitter edge ?[1]
Arch. My brother general, the commonwealth,
To brother born an household cruelty[2]
I make my quarrel in particular.
West. There is no need of any such redress ;
Or. if there were, it not belongs to you.
Mowb. Why not to him, in part, and to us all,
That feel the bruises of the days before,
And suffer the condition of these times
To lay a heavy and unequal hand
Upon our honours ?
West. O ! my good lord Mowbray,[3]
Construe the times to their necessities,
And you shall say indeed, it is the time,
And not the king, that doth you injuries.
Yet, for your part, it not appears to me,
Either from the king, or in the present time,
That you should have an inch of any ground
To build a grief on. Were you not restor'd
To all the duke of Norfolk's signiories,
Your noble and right-well-remember'd father's ?
Mowb. What thing, in honour, had my father lost,
That need to be reviv'd, and breath'd in me ?
The king that lov'd him, as the state stood then,
Was, force perforce, compell'd to banish him :
And when that Harry Bolingbroke, and he,
Being mounted, and both roused in their seats,
Their neighing coursers daring of the spur,
Their armed staves in charge, their beavers down,
Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of steel,
And the loud trumpet blowing them together ;
Then, then, when there was nothing could have stay'd
My father from the breast of Bolingbroke,
O ! when the king did throw his warder down,
His own life hung upon the staff he threw :
Then threw he down himself, and all their lives,
That, by indictment, and by dint of sword,
Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.
West. You speak, lord Mowbray, now you know not what.
The earl of Hereford was reputed, then,
In England the most valiant gentleman :

[1] [2] These lines are not in the folio. [3] This and the thirty-six following lines, are not in the quarto.

Who knows, on whom fortune would then have smil'd?
But if your father had been victor there,
He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry;
For all the country, in a general voice,
Cried hate upon him; and all their prayers, and love
Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on,
And bless'd, and grac'd, indeed, more than the king.
But this is mere digression from my purpose.
Here come I from our princely general,
To know your griefs; to tell you from his grace,
That he will give you audience; and wherein
It shall appear that your demands are just,
You shall enjoy them; every thing set off,
That might so much as think you enemies.

Mowb. But he hath forc'd us to compel this offer,
And it proceeds from policy, not love.

West. Mowbray, you overween, to take it so.
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear;
For, lo! within a ken our army lies,
Upon mine honour, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear.
Our battle is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
Our armour all as strong, our cause the best:
Then, reason will our hearts should be as good
Say you not, then, our offer is compell'd.

Mowb. Well, by my will, we shall admit no parley

West. That argues but the shame of your offence:
A rotten case abides no handling.

Hast. Hath the prince John a full commission,
In very ample virtue of his father,
To hear, and absolutely to determine
Of what conditions we shall stand upon?

West That is intended in the general's name.
I muse you make so slight a question.

Arch. Then take, my lord of Westmoreland, this schedule,
For this contains our general grievances:
Each several article herein redress'd;
All members of our cause, both here and hence,
That are insinew'd to this action,
Acquitted by a true substantial form;
And present execution of our wills

To us, and to our purposes, confin'd;[1]
We come within our awful banks again,
And knit our powers to the arm of peace
West. This will I show the general. Please you, lords,
In sight of both our battles we may meet:
And either end in peace, which God so frame,
Or to the place of difference call the swords
Which must decide it.
Arch. My lord, we will do so. [*Exit* WEST
Mowb. There is a thing within my bosom tells me,
That no conditions of our peace can stand.
Hast. Fear you not that: if we can make our peac
Upon such large terms, and so absolute,
As our conditions shall consist upon,
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.
Mowb. Ay, but our valuation shall be such,
That every slight and false-derived cause,
Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason,
Shall to the king taste of this action:
That, were our royal faiths martyrs in love,
We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind,
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff,
And good from bad find no partition.
Arch. No, no, my lord. Note this,—the king is weary
Of dainty and such picking grievances:
For he hath found, to end one doubt by death
Revives two greater in the heirs of life.
And therefore will he wipe his tables clean,
And keep no tell-tale to his memory,
That may repeat and history his loss
To new remembrance. For full well he knows,
He cannot so precisely weed this land,
As his misdoubts present occasion:
His foes are so enrooted with his friends,
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
He doth unfasten so, and shake a friend.
So that this land, like an offensive wife,
That hath enrag'd her man[2] to offer strokes,
As he is striking, holds his infant up,
And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm

[1] Malone, and most mod. eds. read: oonsign'd. [2] enrag'd him on w f. e.

That was uprear'd to execution.

Hast. Besides, the king hath wasted all his rods
On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The very instruments of chastisement;
So that his power, like to a fangless lion,
May offer, but not hold.

Arch. 'T is very true:
And therefore be assur'd, my good lord marshal,
If we do now make our atonement well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow stronger for the breaking.

Mowb. Be it so.
Here is return'd my lord of Westmoreland.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

West. The prince is here at hand. Pleaseth your lordship,
To meet his grace just distance 'tween our armies?

Mowb. Your grace of York, in God's name then, set forward.

Arch. Before, and greet his grace, my lord: we come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Another Part of the Forest.

Enter, from one side, MOWBRAY, *the Archbishop,* HASTINGS, *and Others: from the other side, Prince* JOHN *of* LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND, *Officers and Attendants.*

P. John. You are well encounter'd here, my cousin Mowbray.—
Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop;
And so to you, lord Hastings,—and to all.—
My lord of York, it better show'd with you,
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,
Encircled you to hear with reverence
Your exposition on the holy text,
Than now to see you here an iron man,
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,
Turning the word to sword, and life to death.
That man, that sits within a monarch's heart,
And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,
Would he abuse the countenance of the king,
Alack! what mischiefs might be set abroach,
In shadow of such greatness. With you, lord bishop
It is even so. Who hath not heard it spoken

How deep you were within the books of God?
To us, the speaker in his parliament;
To us, th' imagin'd voice of God himself;
The very opener and intelligencer,
Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven,
And our dull workings: O! who shall believe,
But you misuse the reverence of your place,
Employ the countenance and grace of heaven,
As a false favourite doth his prince's name,
In deeds dishonourable? You have taken up,
Under the counterfeited seal[1] of God,
The subjects of his substitute, my father;
And, both against the peace of heaven and him,
Have here up-swarm'd them.

Arch. Good my lord of Lancaster
I am not here against your father's peace;
But, as I told my lord of Westmoreland,
The time misorder'd doth, in common sense,
Crowd us, and crush us to this monstrous form
To hold our safety up. I sent your grace
The parcels and particulars of our griefs;
The which have been with scorn shov'd from the court,
Whereon this Hydra-son of war is born;
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep,
With grant of our most just and right desires,
And true obedience, of this madness cur'd,
Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

Mowb. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
To the last man.

Hast. And though we here fall down,
We have supplies to second our attempt;
If they miscarry, theirs shall second them;
And so success of mischief shall be born,
And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up,
Whiles England shall have generation.

P. John. You are too shallow, Hastings, much too shallow,
To sound the bottom of the after-times.

West. Pleaseth your grace, to answer them directly
How far-forth you do like their articles.

P. John. I like them all, and do allow them well:
And swear, here, by the honour of my blood,
My father's purposes have been mistook;

[1] zeal: in f. e.

And some about him have too lavishly
Wrested his meaning, and authority.—
My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redress'd;
Upon my soul, they shall. If this may please you,
Discharge your powers unto their several counties,
As we will ours; and here, between the armies,
Let 's drink together friendly, and embrace,
That all their eyes may bear those tokens home
Of our restored love, and amity.

Arch. I take your princely word for these redresses.

P. John. I give it you, and will maintain my word:
And thereupon I drink unto your grace.

Hast. Go, captain, [*To an Officer*] and deliver to the army
This news of peace: let them have pay, and part.
I know, it will please them: hie thee, captain.
[*Exit Officer*

Arch. To you, my noble lord of Westmoreland.
[*Drinks.*[1]

West. I pledge your grace: [*Drinks.*[2]] and, if you knew what pains
I have bestow'd to breed this present peace,
You would drink freely; but my love to you
Shall show itself more openly hereafter.

Arch. I do not doubt you.

West. I am glad of it.—
Health to my lord, and gentle cousin, Mowbray.
[*Drinks.*[3]

Mowb. You wish me health in very happy season;
For I am, on the sudden, something ill.

Arch. Against ill chances men are ever merry,
But heaviness foreruns the good event.

West. Therefore be merry, coz; since sudden sorrow
Serves to say thus,—some good thing comes to-morrow.

Arch. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.

Mowb. So much the worse, if your own rule be true.
[*Shouts within*

P. John. The word of peace is render'd. Hark, how they shout!

Mowb. This had been cheerful, after victory.

Arch. A peace is of the nature of a conquest,
For then both parties nobly are subdued,

[1] [2] [3] Not in f. e.

And neither party loser.
P. John. Go, my lord,
And let our army be discharged too.—
[*Exit* WESTMORELAND
And, good my lord, so please you, let your trains
March by us, that we may peruse the men
We should have cop'd withal.
Arch. Go, good lord Hastings
And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by.
[*Exit* HASTINGS
P. John. I trust, lords, we shall lie to-night together.—
Re-enter WESTMORELAND.
Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still?
West. The leaders having charge from you to stand,
Will not go off until they hear you speak.
P. John. They know their duties.
Re-enter HASTINGS.
Hast. My lord, our army is dispers'd already,[1]
Like youthful steers unyok'd, they take their courses
East, west, north, south; or, like a school broke up,
Each hurries towards his home and sporting-place.
West. Good tidings, my lord Hastings; for the which
I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason:—
And you, lord archbishop,—and you, lord Mowbray;
Of capital treason I attach you both.
Mowb. Is this proceeding just and honourable?
West. Is your assembly so?
Arch. Will you thus break your faith?
P. John. I pawn'd thee none.
I promis'd you redress of these same grievances,
Whereof you did complain; which, by mine honour,
I will perform with a most christian care.
But, for you, rebels, look to taste the due
Meet for rebellion,[2] and such acts as yours.
Most shallowly did you these arms commence,
Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence.—
Strike up our drums! pursue the scatter'd stray;
Heaven, and not we, hath safely fought to-day.—
Some guard these traitors to the block of death:
Treason's true bed, and yielder up of breath. [*Exeunt*

[1] In the folio, this line has only: Our army is dispers'd. [2] The rest of the line is not in the quarto.

SCENE III.—Another Part of the Forest.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter FALSTAFF *and* COLEVILE, *meeting.*

Fal. What's your name, sir? of what condition are you; and of what place, I pray?

Cole. I am a knight, sir; and my name is Colevile of the dale.

Fal. Well then, Colevile is your name, a knight is your degree, and your place, the dale: Colevile shall still be your name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your dale[1],—a dale[2] deep enough; so shall you be still Colevile of the dale.

Cole. Are not you sir John Falstaff?

Fal. As good a man as he, sir, whoe'er I am. Do ye yield, sir, or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat, they are the drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death: therefore, rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy.

Cole. I think, you are sir John Falstaff, and in that thought yield me.

Fal. I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine, and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name. An I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe: my womb, my womb, my womb undoes me. —Here comes our general.

Enter Prince JOHN *of* LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND, *and Others.*

P. John. The heat is past, follow no farther now.— Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.—

[*Exit* WEST.

Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while?
When every thing is ended, then you come:
These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,
One time or other break some gallows' back.

Fal. I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus: I never knew yet, but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility: I have foundered nine-score and odd posts; and here,

[1] [2] place: in f. e

travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken sir John Colevile of the dale, a most furious knight, and valorous enemy. But what of that? he saw me, and yielded; that I may justly say with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome, I came, saw, and overcame.

P. John. It was more of his courtesy than your deserving.

Fal. I know not: here he is, and here I yield him, and I beseech your grace, let it be booked with the rest of this day's deeds; or, by the lord, I will have it in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on the top of it, Colevile kissing my foot. To the which course if I be enforced, if you do not all show like gilt two-pences to me, and I, in the clear sky of fame, o'ershine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element, which show like pins' heads to her, believe not the word of the noble. Therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

P. John. Thine 's too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it shine then.

P. John. Thine 's too thick to shine.

Fal. Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

P. John. Is thy name Colevile?

Col. It is, my lord.

P. John. A famous rebel art thou, Colevile.

Fal. And a famous true subject took him.

Cole. I am, my lord, but as my betters are,
That led me hither: had they been rul'd by me,
You should have won them dearer than you have.

Fal. I know not how they sold themselves, but thou, like a kind fellow, gavest thyself away gratis[1]; and I thank thee for thee.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

P. John. Now, have you left pursuit?

West. Retreat is made, and execution stay'd.

P. John. Send Colevile, with his confederates,
To York to present execution.—
Blunt, lead him hence, and see you guard him sure.

[*Exit* COLEVILE, *guarded*

And now despatch we toward the court, my lords.
I hear, the king my father is sore sick:

[1] Not in folio.

Our news shall go before us to his majesty,—
Which, cousin, you shall bear,—to comfort him;
And we with sober speed will follow you.

Fal. My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go through Glostershire; and, when you come to court, stand my good lord, pray, in your good report.

P. John. Fare you well, Falstaff: I, in my condition,
Shall better speak of you than you deserve. [*Exit.*

Fal. I would, you had but the wit: 't were better than your dukedom.—Good faith, this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me, nor a man cannot make him laugh; but that 's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There 's never any of these demure boys come to any proof, for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-sickness; and then, when they marry, they get wenches. They are generally fools and cowards, which some of us should be too, but for inflammation. A good sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it: it ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish, and dull, and cruddy vapours which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes; which, deliver'd o'er to the voice, (the tongue) which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is, the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice: but the sherris warms it, and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme. It illumineth the face, which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm; and then the vital commoners, and inland petty spirits, muster me all to their captain, the heart, who, great, and puffed up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valour comes of sherris. So that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack, for that sets it a-work; and learning, a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil, till sack commences it, and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it, that prince Harry is valiant: for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, sterile, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and tilled, with excellent endeavour of drinking good,

and good store of fertile sherris, that he is become very hot, and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first human[1] principle I would teach them should be, to forswear thin potations, and to addict themselves to sack.

Enter BARDOLPH.

How now, Bardolph?

Bard. The army is discharged all, and gone.

Fal. Let them go. I 'll through Glostershire; and there will I visit master Robert Shallow, esquire: I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Come away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Westminster. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY, CLARENCE, *Prince* HUMPHREY, WARWICK, *and Others.*

K. Hen. Now, lords, if God doth give successful end
To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,
And draw no swords but what are sanctified.
Our navy is address'd[2], our power collected,
Our substitutes in absence, well invested,
And every thing lies level to our wish:
Only, we want a little personal strength,
And pause us, till these rebels, now afoot,
Come underneath the yoke of government.

War. Both which, we doubt not but your majesty
Shall soon enjoy.

K. Hen. Humphrey, my son of Gloster,
Where is the prince your brother?

P. Humph. I think, he 's gone to hunt, my lord, at Windsor.

K. Hen. And how accompanied?

P. Humph. I do not know, my lord.

K. Hen. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with him?

P. Humph. No, my good lord: he is in presence here.

Cla. What would my lord and father?

K. Hen. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.
How chance thou art not with the prince thy brother?
He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas.
Thou hast a better place in his affection,

[1] Not in the folio. [2] *Ready.*

Than all thy brothers: cherish it, my boy,
And noble offices thou may'st effect
Of mediation, after I am dead,
Between his greatness and thy other brethren.
Therefore omit him not: blunt not his love,
Nor lose the good advantage of his grace,
By seeming cold, or careless of his will.
For he is gracious, if he be observ'd.
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity;
Yet, notwithstanding, being incens'd, he 's flint,
As humorous as winter, and as sudden
As flaws[1] congealed in the spring of day.
His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd:
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently
When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth,
But, being moody, give him line and scope,
Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themselves with working. Learn this, Thomas,
And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends,
A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in,
That the united vessel of their blood,
Mingled with venom of suggestion[2],
(As, force perforce, the age will pour it in)
Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
As aconitum, or rash gunpowder.

Cla. I shall observe him with all care and love.

K. Hen. Why art thou not at Windsor with him, Thomas?

Cla. He is not there to-day: he dines in London.

K. Hen. And how accompanied?[3] canst thou tell that?

Cla. With Poins, and other his continual followers.

K. Hen. Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds,
And he, the noble image of my youth,
Is overspread with them: therefore, my grief
Stretches itself beyond the hour of death.
The blood weeps from my heart, when I do shape
In forms imaginary, th' unguided days,
And rotten times, that you shall look upon
When I am sleeping with my ancestors.
For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,

[1] *Thin ice.* [2] *Temptation.* [3] The rest of this line is not in the quarto.

When rage and hot-blood are his counsellors,
When means and lavish manners meet together,
O, with what wings shall his affections fly
Towards fronting peril and oppos'd decay!

War. My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite
The prince but studies his companions,
Like a strange tongue: wherein, to gain the language,
'T is needful, that the most immodest word
Be look'd upon, and learn'd; which once attain'd,
Your highness knows, comes to no farther use,
But to be known, and hated. So, like gross terms,
The prince will, in the perfectness of time,
Cast off his followers, and their memory
Shall as a pattern or a measure live,
By which his grace must mete the lives of others,
Turning past evils to advantages.

K. Hen. 'T is seldom, when the bee doth leave her comb
In the dead carrion. [*Enter* WESTMORELAND.] Who 's
here? Westmoreland?

West. Health to my sovereign, and new happiness
Added to that that I am to deliver!
Prince John, your son, doth kiss your grace's hand:
Mowbray, the bishop Scroop, Hastings, and all,
Are brought to the correction of your law.
There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd,
But peace puts forth her olive every where.
The manner how this action hath been borne,
Here at more leisure may your highness read,
With every course in his particular. [*Giving a paper.*

K. Hen. O Westmoreland! thou art a summer bird
Which ever in the haunch of winter sings
The lifting up of day. [*Enter* HARCOURT.] Look! here's
more news.

Har. From enemies heaven keep your majesty;
And, when they stand against you, may they fall
As those that I am come to tell you of.
The earl Northumberland, and the lord Bardolph,
With a great power of English, and of Scots,
Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown.
The manner and rude order of the fight,
This packet, please it you, contains at large.
[*Giving a packet.*

[1] [2] Not in f. e.

K. Hen. And wherefore should these good news make me sick?
Will fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
She either gives a stomach, and no food,—
Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach,—such are the rich,
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.
I should rejoice now at this happy news,
And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy.—
O me! come near me; now I am much ill. [*Falls back*[1]
P. Humph. Comfort, your majesty!
Cla. O my royal father!
West. My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself: look up.
War. Be patient, princes: you do know, these fits
Are with his highness very ordinary.
Stand from him, give him air; he 'll straight be well.
Cla. No, no; he cannot long hold out these pangs.
Th' incessant care and labour of his mind
Hath wrought the mure, that should confine it in,
So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.[2]
P. Humph. The people fear me;[3] for they do observe
Unfather'd heirs, and loathly births of nature:
The seasons change their manners, as the year
Had found some months asleep, and leap'd them over.
Cla. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between;
And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,
Say, it did so, a little time before
That our great grandsire, Edward, sick'd and died.
War. Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers.
P. Humph. This apoplexy will, certain, be his end.
K. Hen. I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence
Into some other chamber: softly, pray.
[*They place the* KING *on a Bed in an inner part of the room.*
Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends;
Unless some dull and favourable hand
Will whisper music to my weary spirit.
War. Call for the music in the other room.
K. Hen. Set me the crown upon my pillow here.

[1] *Swoons:* in f. e. [2] Daniel (Civil Wars, 1595, book III., st. 116) speaking of the illness of Henry IV., says:

Wearing the wall so thin, that now the mind,
Might well look thorough, and his frailty find.

[3] Make me fearful.

Cla. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.
War. Less noise, less noise!

Enter Prince HENRY.

P. Hen. Who saw the duke of Clarence?
Cla. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.
P. Hen. How now! rain within doors, and none abroad! How doth the king?
P. Humph. Exceeding ill.
P. Hen. Heard he the good news yet? Tell it him.
P. Humph. He alter'd much upon the hearing it.
P. Hen. If he be sick with joy, he will recover Without physic.
War. Not so much noise, my lords.—Sweet prince, speak low;
The king your father is dispos'd to sleep.
Cla. Let us withdraw into the other room.
War. Will 't please your grace to go along with us?
P. Hen. No; I will sit and watch here by the king.

[*Exeunt all but Prince* HENRY

Why doth the crown lie there, upon his pillow,
Being so troublesome a bedfellow?
O polish'd perturbation! golden care!
That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night, sleep with it now!
Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,
As he, whose brow with homely biggin bound,
Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
That scalds with safety.—By his gates of breath
There lies a downy feather, which stirs not:
Did he suspire, that light and weightless down
Perforce must move.—My gracious lord! my father!—
This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep
That from this golden ringol[1] hath divorc'd
So many English kings. Thy due from me
Is tears and heavy sorrows of the blood,
Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,
Shall, O dear father! pay thee plenteously:
My due from thee is this imperial crown,
Which, as immed'ate from thy place and blood,

[1] rigol: in f. e.; the word means, a *circle*.

Derives itself to me.—Lo! here[1] it sits,
[*Putting it on his head.*
Which heaven shall guard; and put the world's whole strength
Into one giant arm, it shall not force
This lineal honour from me. This from thee
Will I to mine leave, as 't is left to me. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. Warwick! Gloster! Clarence!

Re-enter WARWICK, *and the rest.*

Cla. Doth the king call?

War. What would your majesty?[2] How fares your grace?

K. Hen. Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?

Cla. We let the prince, my brother, here, my liege, Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

K. Hen. The prince of Wales? Where is he? let me see him:
He is not here.[3]

War. This door is open; he is gone this way.

P. Humph. He came not through the chamber where we stay'd.

K. Hen. Where is the crown? who took it from my pillow?

War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

K. Hen. The prince hath ta'en it hence:—go, seek him out.
Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose
My sleep my death?—
Find him, my lord of Warwick; chide him hither.
[*Exit* WARWICK.
This part of his conjoins with my disease,
And helps to end me.—See, sons, what things you are;
How quickly nature falls into revolt,
When gold becomes her object.
For this the foolish over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleeps with thoughts,
Their brains with care, their bones with industry
For this they have engrossed and pil'd up
The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold;
For this they have been thoughtful to invest
Their sons with arts, and martial exercises;

[1] where: in quarto. [2] The rest of the speech is not in the quarto
[3] This line is not in the folio.

When, like the bee, tolling[1] from every flower
The virtuous sweets,[2]
Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with honey,
We bring it to the hive, and like the bees,
Are murder'd for our pains. This bitter taste
Yield his engrossments to the ending father.—

Re-enter WARWICK.

Now, where is he that will not stay so long,
Till his friend sickness' hands[3] determin'd[4] me?

War. My lord, I found the prince in the next room,
Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks;
With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow,
That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,
Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife
With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

K. Hen. But wherefore did he take away the crown?

Re-enter Prince HENRY.

Lo, where he comes.—Come hither to me, Harry.—
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

[*Exeunt* CLARENCE, *Prince* HUMPHREY, *Lords, &c.*

P. Hen. I never thought to hear you speak again.

K. Hen. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Dost thou so hunger for mine empty chair,
That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth,
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee!
Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind,
That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.
Thou hast stol'n that, which, after some few hours,
Were thine without offence, and at my death
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:
Thy life did manifest thou lov'dst me not,
And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it.
Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my life.
What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself,
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.

[1] culling: in folio. [2] This line is not in the quarto. [3] hath: in folio. [4] *Ended.*

Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse,
Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head;
Only compound me with forgotten dust:
Give that which gave thee life unto the worms.
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form.
Harry the fifth is crown'd!—Up, vanity!
Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors, hence;
And to the English court assemble now,
From every region, apes of idleness!
Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum:
Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,
Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
England shall double gild his treble guilt,
England shall give him office, honour, might;
For the fifth Harry from curb'd license plucks
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
O! thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants.

P. Hen. O, pardon me, my liege! but for my tears,
[*Kneeling.*
The moist impediments unto my speech,
I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke.
Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard
The course of it so far. There is your crown;
And He that wears the crown immortally,
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more,
Than as your honour, and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience rise,
Which my most true and inward duteous spirit
Teacheth, this prostrate and exterior bending.
Heaven witness with me, when I here came in,
And found no course of breath within your majesty,
How cold it struck my heart! if I do feign,
O! let me in my present wildness die,
And never live to show th' incredulous world
The noble change that I have purposed.
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,

And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,
I spake unto the crown, as having sense,
And thus upbraided it: "The care on thee depending
Hath fed upon the body of my father;
Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worst of gold.
Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,
Preserving life in medicine potable:
But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,
Hast eat thy bearer up." Thus, my most royal liege,
Accursing it, I put it on my head;
To try with it, as with an enemy
That had before my face murder'd my father,
The quarrel of a true inheritor:
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
Did, with the least affection of a welcome,
Give entertainment to the weight of it,
Let God for ever keep it from my head,
And make me as the poorest vassal is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

K. Hen. O my son![1]
God put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou mightst win the more thy father's love,
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.
Come hither, Harry; sit thou by my bed,
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe. God knows, my son,
By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd ways,
I met this crown; and I myself know well
How troublesome it sat upon my head:
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation;
For all the soil of the achievement goes
With me into the earth. It seem'd in me,
But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand,
And I had many living to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistances;
Which daily grew to quarrel, and to bloodshed,
Wounding supposed peace All these bold fears,
Thou seest, with peril I have answered;
For all my reign hath been but as a scene
Acting that argument, and now my death

[1] Not in the quarto.

Changes the mode: for what in me was purchase,[1]
Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort;
So, thou the garland wear'st successively.
Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough; since griefs are green,
And all my[2] friends, which thou must make thy friends,
Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out;
By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,
And by whose power I well might lodge a fear
To be again displac'd. Which to avoid,
I cut some[3] off; and had a purpose now
To lead out many to the Holy Land,
Lest rest, and lying still, might make them look
Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy course to busy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne out,
May waste the memory of the former days.
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,
That strength of speech is utterly denied me.
How I came by the crown, O God, forgive,
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

P. Hen. My gracious liege,[4]
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
Then plain, and right, must my possession be:
Which, I with more than with a common pain,
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

Enter Prince JOHN *of* LANCASTER, WARWICK, *Lords, and Others.*

K. Hen. Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaster.

P. John. Health, peace, and happiness, to my royal father!

K. Hen. Thou bring'st me happiness, and peace, son John:
But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
From this bare, wither'd trunk: upon thy sight,
My worldly business makes a period.
Where is my lord of Warwick?

P. Hen. My lord of Warwick!

K. Hen. Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?

War. 'T is call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.

[1] f. e.: purchas'd; i. e., *not obtained by inheritance.* [2] thy: in f. e. [3] them: in f. e. [4] This line is not in the quarto

K. Hen. Laud be to God!—even there my life must end.
It hath been prophesied to me many years,
I should not die but in Jerusalem,
Which vainly I suppos'd the Holy Land.—
But bear me to that chamber: there I'll lie:
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die. [*Exeunt*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Glostershire. A Hall in SHALLOW'S House.

Enter SHALLOW, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, *and Page.*

Shal. By cock and pie, sir, you shall not away to-night.—What, Davy, I say!

Fal. You must excuse me, master Robert Shallow.

Shal. I will not excuse you; you shall not be excused; excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excused.—Why, Davy!

Enter DAVY.

Davy. Here, sir.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy, Davy,—let me see, Davy; let me see:—yea, marry, William cook, bid him come hither.—Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Marry, sir, thus; those precepts cannot be served: and, again, sir,—shall we sow the headland with wheat?

Shal. With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook: are there no young pigeons?

Davy. Yes, sir. Here is, now, the smith's note for shoeing, and plough irons.

Shal. Let it be cast, and paid.—Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Now, sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had:—and, sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages, about the sack he lost the other day at Hinckley fair?

Shal. He shall answer it.—Some pigeons, Davy; a

[1] *Warrants.*

couple of short-legged hens, a joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook.

Davy. Doth the man of war stay all night, sir?

Shal. Yea, Davy. I will use him well. A friend i' the court is better than a penny in purse. Use his men well, Davy, for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.

Davy. No worse than they are back-bitten[1] sir; for they have marvellous foul linen.

Shal. Well conceited, Davy. About thy business, Davy.

Davy. I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Wincot against Clement Perkes of the hill.

Shal. There are many complaints, Davy, against that Visor: that Visor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

Davy. I grant your worship, that he is a knave, sir; but yet, God forbid, sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have served your worship truly, sir, this eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your worship. The knave is mine honest friend, sir; therefore, I beseech your worship,[2] let him be countenanced.

Shal. Go to; I say, he shall have no wrong. Look about, Davy. [*Exit* DAVY.] Where are you, sir John? Come, come, come; off with your boots.—Give me your hand, master Bardolph.

Bard. I am glad to see your worship.

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind master Bardolph.—And welcome, my tall fellow. [*To the Page.*] Come, sir John. [*Exit* SHALLOW.

Fal. I 'll follow you, good master Robert Shallow. Bardolph, look to our horses. [*Exeunt* BARDOLPH *and Page.*] If I were sawed into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded hermit's staves as master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his: they, by observing him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turned into a justice-like serving man. Their spirits are so married in conjunc-

[1] bitten: in folio [2] I beseech you: in quarto.

tion with the participation of society, that they flock together in consent, like so many wild geese. If I had a suit to master Shallow, I would humour his men with the imputation of being near their master: if to his men, I would curry with master Shallow, that no man could better command his servants. It is certain, that either wise bearing, or ignorant carriage, is caught, as men take diseases, one of another: therefore, let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow, to keep prince Harry in continual laughter the wearing-out of six fashions, (which is four terms, or two actions) and he shall laugh without *intervallums*. O! it is much, that a lie with a slight oath, and a jest with a sad brow, will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders. O! you shall see him laugh, till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up.

Shal. [*Within.*] Sir John!

Fal. I come, master Shallow: I come, master Shallow. [*Exit* FALSTAFF.

SCENE II.—Westminster. An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter WARWICK, *and the Lord Chief Justice.*

War. How now, my lord chief justice! whither away?

Ch. Just. How doth the king?

War. Exceeding well: his cares are now all ended.

Ch. Just. I hope, not dead.

War. He 's walk'd the way of nature,
And to our purposes he lives no more.

Ch. Just. I would, his majesty had call'd me with him:
The service that I truly did his life,
Hath left me open to all injuries.

War. Indeed, I think the young king loves you not.

Ch. Just. I know he doth not, and do arm myself
To welcome the condition of the time;
Which cannot look more hideously upon me
Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

Enter Prince JOHN, *Prince* HUMPHREY, CLARENCE, WESTMORELAND, *and Others.*

War. Here come the heavy issue of dead Harry:
O! that the living Harry had the temper
Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen!

How many nobles then should hold their places,
That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort.
Ch. Just. O God! I fear all will be overturn'd.
P. John. Good morrow, cousin Warwick, good morrow.
P. Humph. Cla. Good morrow, cousin.
P. John. We meet like men that had forgot to speak.
War. We do remember; but our argument
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.
P. John. Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy!
Ch. Just. Peace be with us, lest we be heavier!
P. Humph. O! good my lord, you have lost a friend, indeed;
And I dare swear, you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow: it is, sure, your own.
P. John. Though no man be assur'd what grace to find,
You stand in coldest expectation:
I am the sorrier; 'would, 't were otherwise.
Cla. Well, you must now speak sir John Falstaff fair
Which swims against your stream of quality.
Ch. Just. Sweet princes, what I did, I did in honour,
Led by th' impartial[1] conduct of my soul;
And never shall you see, that I will beg
A ragged and forestall'd remission.
If truth and upright innocency fail me,
I 'll to the king, my master, that is dead,
And tell him who hath sent me after him.
War. Here comes the prince.

Enter King HENRY V.

Ch. Just. Good morrow, and heaven save your majesty!
King. This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,
Sits not so easy on me as you think.—
Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear:
This is the English, not the Turkish court;
Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,
But Harry Harry. Yet be sad, good brothers,
For, to speak truth, it very well becomes you:
Sorrow so royally in you appears,
That I will deeply put the fashion on,
And wear it in my heart. Why then, be sad·
But entertain no more of it, good brothers,

[1] imperial: in folio.

Than a joint burden laid upon us all.
For me, by heaven, I bid you be assur'd,
I'll be your father and your brother too;
Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares:
Yet weep, that Harry's dead, and so will I;
But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears,
By number, into hours of happiness.

P. John. &c. We hope no other from your majesty.

King. You all look strangely on me;—and you most
[*To the Chief Justice*
You are, I think, assur'd I love you not.

Ch. Just. I am assur'd, if I be measur'd rightly,
Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

King. No!
How might a prince of my great hopes forget
So great indignities you laid upon me?
What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison
The immediate heir of England! Was this easy?
May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten?

Ch. Just. I then did use the person of your father
The image of his power lay then in me:
And, in th' administration of his law
Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,
Your highness pleased to forget my place,
The majesty and power of law and justice,
The image of the king whom I presented,
And struck me in my very seat of judgment:
Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I gave bold way to my authority,
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a son set your decrees at nought;
To pluck down justice from your awful bench;
To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword
That guards the peace and safety of your person:
Nay, more; to spurn at your most royal image,
And mock your workings in a second body.
Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours,
Be now the father, and propose a son;
Hear your own dignity so much profan'd,
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd,
And then imagine me taking your part,
And in your power soft silencing your son.

After this cold considerance, sentence me;
And, as you are a king, speak in your state
What I have done, that misbecame my place,
My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

King. You are right, justice; and you weigh this well
Therefore still bear the balance, and the sword;
And I do wish your honours may increase,
Till you do live to see a son of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did.
So shall I live to speak my father's words:—
"Happy am I, that have a man so bold,
That dares do justice on my proper son;
And not less happy, having such a son,
That would deliver up his greatness so
Into the hands of justice."—You did commit me,
For which, I do commit into your hand
Th' unstained sword that you have used to bear;
With this remembrance,—that you use the same
With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit,
As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand.
You shall be as a father to my youth:
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear,
And I will stoop and humble my intents
To your well-practis'd, wise directions.—
And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you:
My father is gone wild into his grave,
For in his tomb lie my affections,
And with his spirit sadly I survive,
To mock the expectation of the world,
To frustrate prophecies, and to raze out
Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down
After my seeming. The tide of blood in me
Hath proudly flow'd in vanity till now:
Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea,
Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,
And flow henceforth in formal majesty.
Now, call we our high court of parliament,
And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,
That the great body of our state may go
In equal rank with the best govern'd nation;
That war, or peace, or both at once, may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us,
In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.—

[*To the Lord Chief Justice*

Our coronation done, we will accite,
As I before remember'd, all our state:
And (God consigning to my good intents)
No prince, nor peer, shall have just cause to say,
God shorten Harry's happy life one day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Glostershire. The Garden of Shallow's House.

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Silence, Bardolph, *the Page, and* Davy.

Shal. Nay, you shall see mine orchard; where, in an arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of my own graffing, with a dish of carraways, and so forth.—Come, cousin Silence;—and then to bed.

Fal. 'Fore God, you have here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars all, sir John:—marry, good air.—Spread, Davy; spread, Davy; well said, Davy.

Fal. This Davy serves you for good uses: he is your serving-man, and your husband.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, sir John.—By the mass, I have drunk too much sack at supper:—a good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down.—Come, cousin.

Sil. Ah, sirrah! quoth-a,—we shall
Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer, [Singing.
And praise heaven for the merry year;
When flesh is cheap and females dear,
And lusty lads roam here and there,
So merrily,
And ever among so merrily.

Fal. There 's a merry heart!—Good master Silence, I 'll give you a health for that anon.

Shal. Give master Bardolph some wine, Davy.

Davy. Sweet sir, sit; I 'll be with you anon:—most sweet sir, sit.—Master page, good master page, sit: proface![1] What you want in meat, we 'll have in drink. But you must bear: the heart 's all. [*Exit.*

Shal. Be merry, master Bardolph;—and my little soldier there, be merry.

Sil. *Be merry, be merry, my wife has all;* [Singing.
For women are shrews, both short and tall:

[1] A word of uncertain origin, meaning "much good may it do you."

'T is merry in hall, when beards wag all,
And welcome merry shrove-tide.
Be merry, be merry, &c.

Fal. I did not think master Silence had been a man of this mettle.

Sil. Who I? I have been merry twice and once, ere now.

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. There is a dish of leather-coats[1] for you.

[*Setting them before* BARDOLPH.

Shal. Davy,—

Davy. Your worship.—I 'll be with you straight.—A cup of wine, sir?

Sil. *A cup of wine, that 's brisk and fine,* [Singing.
And drink unto the leman mine;
And a merry heart lives long-a.

Fal. Well said, master Silence.

Sil. An we shall be merry, now comes in the sweet of the night.

Fal. Health and long life to you, master Silence.

Sil. *Fill the cup, and let it come;*
I 'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

Shal. Honest Bardolph, welcome: if thou wantest any thing, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart.—Welcome, my little tiny thief; and welcome, indeed, too.—I 'll drink to master Bardolph, and to all the cavalieros about London.

Davy. I hope to see London once ere I die.

Bard. An I might see you there, Davy,—

Shal. By the mass, you 'll crack a quart together. Ha! will you not, master Bardolph?

Bard. Yea, sir, in a pottle pot.

Shal. By God's leggins I thank thee.—The knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that: he will not out; he is true bred.

Bard. And I 'll stick by him, sir.

Shal. Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing: be merry. [*Knocking heard.*] Look, who 's at the door there. Ho! who knocks? [*Exit* DAVY.

Fal. Why, now you have done me right.

[*To* SILENCE, *who drinks a bumper.*

Sil. *Do me right,*[2] [Singing.
And dub me knight:
Samingo.

[1] *Russet apples.* [2] A phrase used in drinking healths.

Is 't not so?

Fal. 'T is so.

Sil. Is 't so? Why, then say, an old man can do somewhat.

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. An 't please your worship, there 's one Pistol come from the court with news.

Fal. From the court? let him come in.—

Enter PISTOL.

How now, Pistol?

Pist. Sir John, God save you, sir

Fal. What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

Pist. Not the ill wind which blows no man[1] to good. Sweet knight, th' art now one of the greatest men In the realm.

Sil. By 'r lady, I think he be, but goodman Puff of

Pist. Puff? [Barson.

Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base!—
Sir John, I am thy Pistol, and thy friend,
And helter-skelter have I rode to thee;
And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,
And golden times, and happy news of price.

Fal. I pr'ythee now, deliver them like a man of this world.

Pist. A foutra for the world, and worldlings base! I speak of Africa, and golden joys.

Fal. O base Assyrian knight! what is thy news? Let king Cophetua know the truth thereof.

Sil. *And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.* [Sings

Pist. Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons? And shall good news be baffled?
Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.

Shal. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Pist. Why then, lament therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, sir:—if, sir, you come with news from the court, I take it, there is but two ways, either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, sir, under the king, in some authority.

Pist. Under which king, Bezonian![2] speak, or die.

Shal. Under king Harry.

Pist. Harry the fourth? or fifth?

Shal. Harry the fourth.

[1] none: in folio [2] A term of reproach, derived from the Italian *bisogno*, signifying "a fresh, needy soldier."

Pist. A foutra for thine office !—
Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king;
Harry the fifth 's the man. I speak the truth :
When Pistol lies, do this; and fig[1] me, like
The bragging Spaniard.

Fal. What ! is the old king dead ?

Pist. As nail in door : the things I speak are just.

Fal. Away, Bardolph ! saddle my horse.—Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 't is thine.—Pistol, I will double-charge thee with dignities.

Bard. O joyful day !—I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.

Pist. What ! I do bring good news.

Fal. Carry master Silence to bed.—Master Shallow, my lord Shallow, be what thou wilt, I am fortune's steward. Get on thy boots : we 'll ride all night.—O, sweet Pistol !—Away, Bardolph. [*Exit* BARD.]—Come, Pistol, utter more to me; and, withal, devise something, to do thyself good.—Boot, boot, master Shallow : I know, the young king is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses; the laws of England are at my commandment. Happy are they which have been my friends, and woe unto my lord chief justice !

Pist. Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also !
" Where is the life that late I led[2],"• say they ;
Why, here it is : welcome this pleasant day ![3] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—London. A Street.

Enter Beadles, dragging in Hostess QUICKLY, *and* DOLL TEAR-SHEET.

Host. No, thou arrant knave : I would to God I might die, that I might have thee hanged; thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

1 *Bead.* The constables have delivered her over to me, and she shall have whipping-cheer enough[4]. I warrant her. There hath been a man or two lately killed about her.

Dol. Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie. Come on : I 'll tell thee what, thou damned tripe-visaged rascal, an

[1] *Insult*, by putting the thumb between the fore and middle finger; *fico.* has the same signification. [2] This quotation is also made in "Taming of the Shrew." [3] these pleasant days : in f. e. [4] Not in the quarto.

the child I now go with do miscarry, thou hadst better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-faced villain.

Host. O the Lord, that sir John were come! he would make this a bloody day to somebody. But I pray God the fruit of her womb miscarry!

1 *Bead.* If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions again; you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me, for the man is dead, that you and Pistol beat among you.

Dol. I'll tell thee what, thou thin man in a censer, I will have you as soundly swinged for this,—you blue-bottle rogue! you filthy famished correctioner! If you be not swinged, I'll forswear half-kirtles.

1 *Bead.* Come, come, you she knight-errant, come.

Host. O God, that right should thus overcome might! Well, of sufferance comes ease.

Dol. Come, you rogue, come: bring me to a justice.

Host. Ay; come, you starved blood-hound.

Dol. Goodman death! goodman bones!

Host. Thou atomy thou.

Dol. Come, you thin thing; come, you rascal!

1 *Bead.* Very well. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—A public Place near Westminster Abbey.

Enter two Grooms, strewing Rushes.

1 *Groom.* More rushes, more rushes!

2 *Groom.* The trumpets have sounded twice.

1 *Groom.* It will be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation. Despatch, despatch. [*Exeunt Grooms.*[1]

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLPH, *and the Page.*

Fal. Stand here by me, master Robert Shallow; I will make the king do you grace. I will leer upon him, as he comes by, and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

Pist. God bless thy lungs, good knight.

Fal. Come here, Pistol; stand behind me.—[*To* SHALLOW.] O! if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But 't is no matter; this poor show doth better: this doth infer the zeal I had to see him.

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. It shows my earnestness of affection.

[1] In the quarto ed., the king and his train here pass across the stage

Pist. It doth so.

Fal. My devotion.

Pist. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me.

Shal. It is most certain.

Fal. But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him: thinking of nothing else; putting all affairs else in oblivion, as if there were nothing else to be done but to see him.

Pist. 'T is *semper idem*, for *absque hoc nihil est.* 'T is all in every part.

Shal. 'T is so, indeed.

Pist. My knight, I will inflame thy nobler liver,
And make thee rage.
Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts,
Is in base durance, and contagious prison;
Haul'd thither
By most mechanical and dirty hand:— [snake,
Rouse up revenge from ebon den with fell Alecto's
For Doll is in; Pistol speaks nought but truth.

Fal. I will deliver her.

[*Shouts within, and trumpets sound.*

Pist. There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clangor sounds.

Enter KING *and his Train, including the Chief Justice*

Fal. God save thy grace, king Hal! my royal Hal!

Pist. The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal imp of fame!

Fal. God save thee, my sweet boy!

King. My lord chief justice, speak to that vain man.

Ch. Just. Have you your wits? know you what 't is you speak?

Fal. My king! my Jove! I speak to thee, my heart!

King. I know thee not, old man: fall to thy prayers,
How ill white hairs become a fool, and jester!
I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,
So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane;
But, being awake, I do despise my dream.
Make less thy body, hence, and more thy grace;
Leave gormandizing; know, the grave doth gape
For thee thrice wider than for other men.
Reply not to me with a fool-born jest:

Presume not that I am the thing I was;
For God doth know, so shall the world perceive,
That I have turn'd away my former self:
So will I those that kept me company.
When thou dost hear I am as I have been,
Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast,
The tutor and the feeder of my riots:
Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,
As I have done the rest of my misleaders,
Not to come near our person by ten mile.
For competence of life I will allow you,
That lack of means enforce you not to evil:
And as we hear you do reform yourselves,
We will, according to your strength and qualities,
Give you advancement.—Be it your charge, my lord,
To see perform'd the tenor of our word.—
Set on. [*Exeunt* KING *and his Train.*

Fal. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

Shal. Ay, marry, sir John; which I beseech you to let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, master Shallow. Do not you grieve at this: I shall be sent for in private to him. Look you, he must seem thus to the world. Fear not your advancement; I will be the man yet that shall make you great.

Shal. I cannot perceive how, unless you should give me your doublet, and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good sir John, let me have five hundred of my thousand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word: this that you heard was but a colour.

Shal. A colour, I fear, that you will die in, sir John.

Fal. Fear no colours: go with me to dinner. Come, lieutenant Pistol;—come, Bardolph.—I shall be sent for soon at night.

Re-enter Prince JOHN, *the Chief Justice, Officers, &c.*

Ch. Just. Go, carry sir John Falstaff to the Fleet. Take all his company along with him.

Fal. My lord, my lord!—

Ch. Just. I cannot now speak: I will hear you soon Take them away.

Pist. Se fortuna me tormenta, il sperare me contenta

[*Exeunt* FAL. SHAL. PIST. BARD. *Page, and Officers*

P. John. I like this fair proceeding of the king's.

He hath intent, his wonted followers
Shall all be very well provided for;
But all are banish'd, till their conversations
Appear more wise and modest to the world.
Ch. Just. And so they are.
P. John. The king hath call'd his parliament, my lord.
Ch. Just. He hath.
P. John. I will lay odds, that, ere this year expire,
We bear our civil swords, and native fire,
As far as France. I heard a bird so sing,
Whose music, to my thinking, pleas'd the king.
Come, will you hence? [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE,

BY ONE THAT CAN DANCE.[1]

First my fear, then my courtesy, last my speech. My fear is your displeasure, my courtesy my duty, and my speech to beg your pardons. If you look for a good speech, now, you undo me; for what I have to say, is of mine own making, and what indeed I should say, will, I doubt, prove mine own marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture.—Be it known to you, (as it is very well) I was lately here in the end of a displeasing play, to pray your patience for it, and to promise you a better. I did mean, indeed, to pay you with this; which, if, like an ill venture, it come unluckily home, I break, and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here, I promised you, I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies: bate me some, and I will pay you some; and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my legs? and yet that were but light payment, to dance out of your debt; but a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me; if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do

[1] These words are not in f. e.

not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly.

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too much cloyed with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France; where, for any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be killed with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary; when my legs are too, I will bid you good night: and so kneel down before you; but, indeed, to pray for the queen. [*End with a dance.*][1]

[1] Not in f. a.

KING HENRY V.

"The Cronicle History of Henry the fift, With his battell fought at Agin Court in France. Togither with Auntient Pistoll. As it hath bene snndry times playd by the Right honorable the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. London Printed by Thomas Creede, for Tho. Millington, and Iohn Busby. And are to be sold at his house in Carter Lane, next the Powle head. 1600. 4to. 27 leaves.

"The Chronicle History of Henry the fift, With his battell fought at Agin Court in France. Together with Auntient Pistoll. As it hath bene sundry times playd by the Right honorable the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. London Printed by Thomas Creede, for Thomas Pauier, and are to be sold at his shop in Cornhill, at the signe of the Cat and Parrets, neare the Exchange. 1602." 4to. 26 leaves.

"The Chronicle History of Henry the fift, with his battell fought at Agin Court in France. Together with ancient Pistoll. As it hath bene sundry times playd by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Seruants. Printed for T. P. 1608." 4to. 27 leaves.

"The Life of Henry the Fift," in the folio of 1623, occupies twenty-seven pages, viz. from p. 69 to p. 95 inclusive. The pagination from "Henry IV." Part ii. to "Henry V." is not continued, but a new series begins with "Henry V." on p. 69, and is regularly followed to the end of the "Histories." The folio, 1632, adopts this error, but it is avoided in the two later folio impressions.

INTRODUCTION.

It is a circumstance deserving remark, that not one of the title-pages of the quarto editions of "Henry V." attributes the authorship of the play to Shakespeare. It was printed three several times during the life of the poet, but in no instance with his name. The fact, no doubt, is, that there never was an authorized edition of "Henry V." until it appeared in the folio of 1623, and that the quarto impressions were surreptitions, and were published without the consent of the author, or of the company to which he was attached. They came out in 1600, 1602, and 1608, the one being merely a reprint of the other; and, considering the imperfectness and deficiency of the text in the quarto of 1600, it is perhaps strange that no improvements were made in the subsequent impressions. The drama must have enjoyed great popularity; it must have been played over and over again at the theatre, and yet the public interest, as far as perusal is concerned, would seem to have been satisfied with a brief, rude, and mutilated representation of the performance. The quartos can be looked upon in no other light than as fragments of the original play, printed in haste for the satisfaction of public curiosity.

The quartos bear strong external and internal evidence of fraud: the earliest of them was not published by a bookseller or booksellers by whom Shakespeare's genuine dramas were issued; and the second and third came from the hands of Thomas Pavier, who was instrumental in giving to the world some pieces, with the composition of which Shakespeare had no concern, though ascribed to him on the title-page. The internal evidence shows that the edition was made up, not from any authentic manuscript, nor even from any combination of the separate parts delivered out to the actors by the copyist of the theatre, but from what could be taken down in short-hand, or could be remembered, while the performance was taking place. It is true that the quarto impressions contain not the slightest hint of the Chorusses, nor of whole scenes, and long speeches, found in the folio of 1623: and the inference seems to be that "Henry V." was originally produced by Shakespeare in a comparatively incomplete state, and that large portions contained in the folio, and of which no trace can be pointed out in the quartos, were added at a subsequent date, to give greater novelty and attraction to the drama. Such, we know, was a very common course with all our early stage-poets. A play called "Henry V." was repre-

sented at Court on the 7th Jan. 1605, as we learn from "The Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels," edited by Mr. P. Cunningham, and printed by the Shakespeare Society, p. 204; and these important additions may have been inserted for that occasion. The entry runs, literatim, as follows:—

"On the 7 of January was played the play of Henry the fift."

In the margin we are informed that it was acted by his Majesty's players, but the name of the author is not in this instance given, although "Shaxberd" is placed opposite the title of "Measure for Measure," stated to have been exhibited on a preceding night. The fact that the actors belonged to Shakespeare's company renders it most probable that his play was performed on the occasion; but it is to be recollected also, that the old play of "The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth" purports on the title-page to have been "acted by the King's Majesty's servants," even at so late a date as 1617, when the last edition of it made its appearance. Nevertheless, we may perhaps take it for granted, that the "Henry the fift," played at Whitehall by the king's servants, on 7th Jan. 1605, was Shakespeare's historical drama; and it may not be too much to presume, that most of the additions (Chorusses excepted) included in the folio of 1623, were written in consequence of the selection of "Henry V." by the Master of the Revels for representation before James I.

Our opinion, then, is that Shakespeare did not originally write his "Henry V." by any means as we find it in the folio of 1623, and that it was first produced without various scenes and speeches subsequently written and introduced: we are perfectly convinced that the three quarto editions of 1600, 1602, and 1608 do not at all contain the play as it was acted in the first instance; but were hastily made up from notes taken at the theatre during the performance, subsequently patched together. Now and then we meet with a few consecutive lines, similar to the authentic copy, but in general the text is miserably mangled and disfigured. We might find proofs in support of our position in every part of the play, but as in his "Twenty quartos" Steevens has reprinted that of 1608, it will be needless to select more than a single specimen. We give the text as we find it, literatim, in the quarto, 1600, from the copy in the Library of the Duke of Devonshire: our extract is from Act i. sc. 2, the speech of the King, just before the French Ambassadors are called in:—

"Call in the messenger sent from the Dolphin,
And by your aid, the noble sinewes of our land
France being ours, weele bring it to our awe,
Or break it all in pieces:
Eyther our Chronicles shal with full mouth speak
Freely of our acts,
Or else like toonglesse mutes
Not worshipt with a paper epitaph."

Such is the speech as it is abridged and corrupted in the quarto, 1600: the correct text, as contained in the folio of 1623, may be found in this edition.

It not unfrequently happened that the person who took

down the lines as the actors delivered them, for the purpose of publishing the quarto, 1600, misheard what was said, and used wrong words which in sound nearly resembled the right: thus, earlier in the same scene, the Archbishop of Canterbury says, according to the folio, 1623,

> "They of those Marches, gracious sovereign,
> Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
> Our *inland* from the pilfering borderers."

In the quarto, 1600, the materials for which were probably surreptitiously obtained at the theatre, the passage is thus given:—

> "The Marches, gracious soveraigne, shalbe sufficient
> To guard your *England* from the pilfering borderers."

We might multiply instances of the same kind, but we do not think there can be any reasonable doubt upon the point.

The quartos, as we have stated, contain no hint of the Chorusses, but a passage in that which precedes Act v. certainly relates to the expedition of the Earl of Essex to Ireland, between the 15th April and the 28th Sept. 1599, and must have been written during his absence:—

> "As, by a lower but loving likelihood,
> Were now the general of our gracious empress
> (As in good time he may) from Ireland coming,
> Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,
> How many would the peaceful city quit
> To welcome him."

The above lines were, therefore, composed between the 15th April and the 28th Sept. 1599, and most likely the Chorusses formed part of the piece as originally acted, although the short-hand writer did not think it a necessary portion of the performance to be included in the earliest quarto, 1600, which was to be brought on with great speed; and perhaps the length of these and other recitations might somewhat baffle his skill. Upon this supposition, the question when Shakespeare wrote his "Henry V." is brought to a narrow point; and confirmed as it is by the omission of all mention of the play by Meres, in his *Palladis Tamia*, 1598, we need feel little doubt that his first sketch came from the pen of Shakespeare, for performance at the Globe theatre, early in the summer of 1599. The enlarged drama, as it stands in the folio of 1623, we are disposed to believe was not put into the complete shape in which it has there come down to us, until shortly before the date when it was played at Court.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY THE FIFTH.
DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, } Brothers to the King.
DUKE OF BEDFORD, }
DUKE OF EXETER, Uncle to the King.
DUKE OF YORK, Cousin to the King.
EARLS OF SALISBURY, WESTMORELAND, and WARWICK.
ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY. BISHOP OF ELY.
EARL OF CAMBRIDGE, }
LORD SCROOP, } Conspirators.
SIR THOMAS GREY, }
SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM, GOWER, FLUELLEN, MACMORRIS, JAMY, Officers in King Henry's army.
BATES, COURT, WILLIAMS, Soldiers.
PISTOL, NYM, BARDOLPH.
BOY, Servant to them. A Herald.
CHORUS.
CHARLES THE SIXTH, King of France.
LEWIS, the Dauphin.
DUKES OF BURGUNDY, ORLEANS, and BOURBON.
The CONSTABLE of FRANCE.
RAMBURES, and GRANDPRE, French Lords.
MONTJOY. A French Herald.
Governor of Harfleur. Ambassadors to England.

ISABEL, Queen of France.
KATHARINE, Daughter of Charles and Isabel.
ALICE, a Lady attending on the Princess.
MRS. QUICKLY, a Hostess.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, French and English Soldiers Messengers, and Attendants.

The SCENE in England, and in France.

KING HENRY V.

CHORUS.

Enter CHORUS, *as Prologue.*[1]

O, for a muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention!
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars; and at his heels,
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire
Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,
The flat unraised spirit that hath dar'd,
On this unworthy scaffold, to bring forth
So great an object: can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
Within this wooden O[2] the very casques,
That did affright the air at Agincourt?
O! pardon, since a crooked figure may
Attest in little place a million;
And let us, cyphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work.
Suppose, within the girdle of these walls
Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies,
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous, narrow ocean parts asunder.
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance:
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth;
For 't is your thoughts that now must deck our kings,

[1] The words, *as Prologue:* not in f. e. [2] The Globe Theatre where the play was probably first acted.

Carry them here and there, jumping o'er times;
Turning th' accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass: for the which supply,
Admit me chorus to this history;
Who, prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.[1]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. An Antechamber in the King's Palace.

Enter the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, *and Bishop of* ELY.

Cant. My lord, I 'll tell you, that self bill is urg'd,
Which in th' eleventh year of the last king's reign
Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd,
But that the scambling[2] and unquiet time
Did push it out of farther question.

Ely. But how, my lord, shall we resist it now?

Cant. It must be thought on. If it pass against us,
We lose the better half of our possessions;
For all the temporal lands, which men devout
By testament have given to the church,
Would they strip from us; being valued thus,—
As much as would maintain, to the king's honour,
Full fifteen earls, and fifteen hundred knights,
Six thousand and two hundred good esquires;
And, to relief of lazars, and weak age,
Of indigent faint souls, past corporal toil,
A hundred alms-houses, right well supplied;
And to the coffers of the king beside,
A thousand pounds by the year. Thus runs the bill.

Ely. This would drink deep.

Cant. 'T would drink the cup and all

Ely. But what prevention?

Cant. The king is full of grace, and fair regard.

Ely. And a true lover of the holy church.

Cant. The courses of his youth promis'd it not.
The breath no sooner left his father's body,
But that his wildness, mortified in him,

[1] All the choruses were first printed in the folio. [2] *Scrambling*

Seem'd to die too: yea, at that very moment,
Consideration like an angel came,
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him,
Leaving his body as a paradise,
T' envelop and contain celestial spirits.
Never was such a sudden scholar made:
Never came reformation in a flood,
With such a heady current,[1] scouring faults;
Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness
So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,
As in this king.

Ely. We are blessed in the change.

Cant. Hear him but reason in divinity,
And, all-admiring, with an inward wish
You would desire the king were made a prelate:
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
You would say, it hath been all-in-all his study:
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle render'd you in music:
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter; that, when he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honeyed sentences;
So that the art and practice part of life
Must be the mistress to this theoric:
Which is a wonder, how his grace should glean it,
Since his addiction was to courses vain;
His companies unlettered, rude, and shallow;
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports;
And never noted in him any study,
Any retirement, any sequestration
From open haunts and popularity.

Ely. The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best,
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality:
And so the prince obscur'd his contemplation
Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt,
Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,
Unseen, yet crescive in his faculty.

Cant. It must be so; for miracles are ceas'd,
And therefore we must needs admit the means,

[1] So the second folio; the first: currence.

How things are perfected.

Ely. But, my good lord,
How now for mitigation of this bill
Urg'd by the commons? Doth his majesty
Incline to it, or no?

Cant. He seems indifferent,
Or, rather, swaying more upon our part,
Than cherishing th' exhibiters against us;
For I have made an offer to his majesty,—
Upon our spiritual convocation,
And in regard of causes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his grace at large,
As touching France,—to give a greater sum
Than ever at one time the clergy yet
Did to his predecessors part withal.

Ely. How did this offer seem receiv'd, my lord?

Cant. With good acceptance of his majesty:
Save, that there was not time enough to hear
(As, I perceiv'd, his grace would fain have done)
The severals, and unhidden passages
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms,
And, generally, to the crown and seat of France,
Deriv'd from Edward, his great grandfather.

Ely. What was th' impediment that broke this off?

Cant. The French ambassador upon that instant
Crav'd audience; and the hour, I think, is come,
To give him hearing. Is it four o'clock?

Ely. It is.

Cant. Then go we in, to know his embassy,
Which I could with a ready guess declare,
Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.

Ely. I 'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Same. A Room of State in the Same.

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, *and Attendants.*

K. Hen. Where is my gracious lord of Canterbury?

Exe. Not here in presence.

K. Hen. Send for him, good uncle

West. Shall we call the ambassador, my liege?[1]

K. Hen. Not yet, my cousin: we would be resolv d
Before we hear him, of some things of weight,
That task our thoughts, concerning us and France.

[1] In the quartos, the play commences here

Enter the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, *and Bishop of* ELY.

Cant. God, and his angels, guard your sacred throne,
And make you long become it!

K. Hen. Sure, we thank you.
My learned lord, we pray you to proceed,
And justly and religiously unfold,
Why the law Salique, that they have in France,
Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim.
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your understanding soul,
With opening titles miscreate, whose right
Suits not in native colours with the truth;
For God doth know, how many, now in health,
Shall drop their blood in approbation
Of what your reverence shall incite us to.
Therefore, take heed how you impawn our person,
How you awake our sleeping sword of war:
We charge you in the name of God, take heed;
For never two such kingdoms did contend,
Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless drops
Are every one a woe, a sore complaint,
'Gainst him whose wrongs give edge unto the swords
That make such waste in brief mortality.
Under this conjuration, speak, my lord,
And we will hear, note, and believe in heart,
That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd,
As pure as sin with baptism.

Cant. Then hear me, gracious sovereign, and you peers,
That owe yourselves, your lives, and services,
To this imperial throne.—There is no bar
To make against your highness' claim to France,
But this, which they produce from Pharamond,—
In terram Salicam mulieres nè succedant,
"No woman shall succeed in Salique land."
Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze,
To be the realm of France, and Pharamond
The founder of this law, and female bar:
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm,
That the land Salique is in Germany,
Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe;
Where Charles the great, having subdued the Saxons,

There left behind and settled certain French;
Who, holding in disdain the German women
For some dishonest manners of their life,
Establish'd then this law,—to wit, no female
Should be inheritrix in Salique land:
Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala
Is at this day in Germany call'd Meisen.
Then doth it well appear, the Salique law
Was not devised for the realm of France;
Nor did the French possess the Salique land
Until four hundred one and twenty years
After defunction of king Pharamond,
Idly suppos'd the founder of this law;
Who died within the year of our redemption
Four hundred twenty-six, and Charles the grea'
Subdued the Saxons, and did seat the French
Beyond the river Sala in the year
Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,
King Pepin, which deposed Childerick,
Did, as heir general, being descended
Of Blithild, which was daughter to king Clothair,
Make claim and title to the crown of France.
Hugh Capet also,—who usurp'd the crown
Of Charles the duke of Lorain, sole heir male
Of the true line and stock of Charles the great,—
To found[1] his title with some shows of truth,
Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught,
Convey'd himself as th' heir to the lady Lingare,
Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son
To Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the son
Of Charles the great. Also king Lewis the tenth,
Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,
Could not keep quiet in his conscience,
Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied
That fair Queen Isabel, his grandmother,
Was lineal of the lady Ermengare,
Daughter to Charles the foresaid duke of Lorain:
By the which marriage the line of Charles the great
Was reunited to the crown of France.
So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,
King Pepin's title, and Hugh Capet's claim,
King Lewis his satisfaction, all appear
To hold in right and title of the female.

[1] find: in f. e.

So do the kings of France unto this day,
Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law,
To bar your highness claiming from the female;
And rather choose to hide them in a net,
Than amply to imbare[1] their crooked titles
Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.

K. Hen. May I with right and conscience make this claim?

Cant. The sin upon my head, dread sovereign;
For in the book of Numbers is it writ,
When the man dies, let the inheritance
Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,
Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag;
Look back into your mighty ancestors:
Go, my dread lord, to your great grandsire's tomb,
From whom you claim; invoke his warlike spirit,
And your great uncle's, Edward the black prince,
Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,
Making defeat on the full power of France,
Whiles his most mighty father on a hill
Stood smiling, to behold his lion's whelp
Forage in blood of French nobility.
O noble English! that could entertain
With half their forces the full pride of France,
And let another half stand laughing by,
All out of work, and cold for action.

Ely. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
And with your puissant arm renew their feats.
You are their heir, you sit upon their throne;
The blood and courage, that renowned them,
Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puissant liege
Is in the very May-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits, and mighty enterprises.

Exe. Your brother kings, and monarchs of the earth,
Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,
As did the former lions of your blood.

West. They know your grace hath cause, and means, and might;
So hath your highness:—never king of England
Had nobles richer, and more loyal subjects,
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England,
And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.

Cant. O! let their bodies follow, my dear liege,

[1] imbar: in folio.

With blood, and sword, and fire, to win your right:
In aid whereof, we of the spiritualty
Will raise your highness such a mighty sum,
As never did the clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your ancestors.

K. Hen. We must not only arm t' invade the French,
But lay down our proportions to defend
Against the Scot; who will make road upon us
With all advantages.

Cant. They of those marches, gracious sovereign,
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.

K. Hen. We do not mean the coursing snatchers only,
But fear the main intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been still a greedy[1] neighbour to us:
For you shall read, that my great grandfather
Never went with his forces into France,
But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom
Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,
With ample and brim fulness of his force;
Galling the gleaned land with hot essays,
Girding with grievous siege castles and towns;
That England, being empty of defence,
Hath shook, and trembled at th' ill neighbourhood.

Cant. She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd, my liege;
For hear her but exampled by herself:
When all her chivalry hath been in France,
And she a mourning widow of her nobles,
She hath herself not only well defended,
But taken, and impounded as a stray,
The king of Scots; whom she did send to France,
To fill king Edward's train[2] with prisoner kings,
And make their[3] chronicle as rich with praise,
As is the ooze and bottom of the sea
With sunken wreck and sumless treasuries.

West. But there 's a saying, very old and true,—
"If that you will France win,
Then with Scotland first begin:"
For once the eagle, England, being in prey,
To her unguarded nest the weasel, Scot,
Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs;

[1] giddy: in f. e. [2] fame: in f. e. [3] your: in quarto

Playing the mouse in absence of the cat,
To tear and havoc more than she can eat.

Exe. It follows then, the cat must stay at home:
Yet that is not' a crush'd necessity,
Since we have locks to safeguard necessaries,
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.
While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
Th' advised head defends itself at home:
For government, though high, and low, and lower.
Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,
Congreeing in a full and natural close,
Like music.

Cant. Therefore doth heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion;
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience: for so work the honey bees,
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
The art of order to a peopled kingdom:
They have a king, and officers of state;[2]
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home,
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad,
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor:
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold,
The civil citizens kneading up the honey,
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,
The sad-ey'd justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,—
That many things, having full reference
To one consent, may work contrariously;
As many arrows, loosed several ways,
Come to one mark; as many ways unite;[3]
As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea;
As many lines close in the dial's center;
So may a thousand actions, once afoot,
End in one purpose, and be all well borne

[1] but: in f. e. [2] sorts: in f. e. [3] as many ways meet in one town: in f. e.

Without defeat. Therefore, to France, my liege.
Divide your happy England into four;
Whereof take you one quarter into France,
And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.
If we, with thrice such powers left at home,
Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,
Let us be worried, and our nation lose
The name of hardiness, and policy.

K. Hen. Call in the messengers sent from the Dauphin. [*Exit an Attendant*

Now are we well resolv'd: and, by God's help,
And yours, the noble sinews of our power,
France being ours, we 'll bend it to our awe,
Or break it all to pieces: or there we 'll sit,
Ruling in large and ample empery,
O'er France, and all her almost kingly dukedoms,
Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,
Tombless, with no remembrance over them:
Either our history shall, with a full mouth,
Speak freely of our acts, or else our grave,
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,
Not worshipp'd with a waxen epitaph.

Enter Ambassadors of France.

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure
Of our fair cousin Dauphin; for, we hear,
Your greeting is from him, not from the king.

Amb. May 't please your majesty, to give us leave
Freely to render what we have in charge;
Or shall we sparingly show you far off,
The Dauphin's meaning, and our embassy?

K. Hen. We are no tyrant, but a Christian king,
Unto whose grace our passion is as subject,
As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons;
Therefore, with frank and with uncurbed plainness,
Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

Amb. Thus then, in few.
Your highness, lately sending into France,
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right
Of your great predecessor, Edward third.
In answer of which claim, the prince our master
Says, that you savour too much of your youth,
And bids you be advis'd, there 's nought in France
That can be with a nimble galliard won:
You cannot revel into dukedoms there.

He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,
This tun of treasure; and, in lieu of this, [*Showing it*
Desires you, let the dukedoms, that you claim,
Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.

K. Hen. What treasure, uncle?

Exe. Tennis-balls, my liege. [*Opening it.*[2]

K. Hen. We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant with us.

His present, and your pains, we thank you for:
When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,
We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set,
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.
Tell him, he hath made a match with such a wrangler,
That all the courts of France will be disturb'd
With chases.[3] And we understand him well,
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
Not measuring what use we made of them.
We never valu'd this poor seat of England,
And therefore, living hence, did give ourself
To barbarous license; as 't is ever common,
That men are merriest when they are from home.
But tell the Dauphin,—I will keep my state;
Be like a king, and show my soul[4] of greatness,
When I do rouse me in my throne of France:
For here I have laid by my majesty,
And plodded like a man for working days,
But I will rise there with so full a glory,
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.
And tell the pleasant prince, this mock of his
Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones;[5] and his soul
Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful vengeance
That shall fly with them: for many a thousand widows
Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands;
Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down,
And some are yet ungotten, and unborn,
That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn.
But this lies all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeal; and in whose name,
Tell you the Dauphin, I am coming on,
To venge me as I may, and to put forth

[1] [2] Not in f. e. [3] A match at tennis, in which the struggle consists in seeing who will keep up the ball the longest [4] sail: in f. e [5] Cannon balls were, at first, of stone.

My rightful hand in a well hallow'd cause.
So get you hence in peace; and tell the Dauphin,
His jest will savour but of shallow wit,
When thousands weep, more than did laugh at it.—
Convey them with safe conduct.—Fare you well.
[*Exeunt Ambassadors.*

Exe. This was a merry message.

K. Hen. We hope to make the sender blush at it.
Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour,
That may give furtherance to our expedition;
For we have now no thought in us but France,
Save those to God, that run before our business.
Therefore, let our proportions for these wars
Be soon collected, and all things thought upon,
That may with seasonable[1] swiftness add
More feathers to our wings; for, God before,
We 'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.
Therefore, let every man now task his thought,
That this fair action may on foot be brought.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Enter CHORUS.

Chor. Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies:
Now strive[2] the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man.
They sell the pasture now to buy the horse;
Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
With winged heels, as English mercuries:
For now sits Expectation in the air;
And hides a sword, from hilts unto the point,
With crowns imperial, crowns, and coronets,
Promis'd to Harry and his followers.
The French, advis'd by good intelligence
Of this most dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear, and with pale policy
Seek to divert the English purposes.
O England! model to thine inward greatness,

[1] reasonable: in f. e. [2] thrive: in f. e.

Like little body with a mighty heart,
What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural.
But see thy fault! France hath in thee found out
A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills
With treacherous crowns, and three corrupted men,
One, Richard earl of Cambridge, and the second,
Henry lord Scroop of Marsham, and the third,
Sir Thomas Grey, knight of Northumberland,
Have, for the gilt of France, (O guilt, indeed!)
Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France:
And by their hands this grace of kings must die,
If hell and treason hold their promises,
Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton.
Linger your patience on; and well digest
Th' abuse of distance, and so[1] force a play.
The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed;
The king is set from London; and the scene
Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton.
There is the playhouse now, there must you sit,
And thence to France shall we convey you safe,
And bring you back, charming the narrow seas
To give you gentle pass; for, if we may,
We 'll not offend one stomach with our play.
But, till the king come forth, and not till then,
Unto Southampton do we shift our scene. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.—London. Eastcheap.

Enter NYM *and* BARDOLPH.

Bard. Well met, corporal Nym.

Nym. Good morrow, lieutenant Bardolph.

Bard. What, are ancient Pistol and you friends yet?

Nym. For my part I care not: I say little; but when time shall serve, there shall be smites[2];—but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight: but I will wink, and hold out mine iron. It is a simple one; but what though? it will toast cheese, and it will endure cold as another man's sword will; and there 's an end.[3]

Bard. I will bestow a breakfast to make you friends, and we 'll be all three sworn brothers to France: let it be so, good corporal Nym.

Nym. 'Faith, I will live so long as I may, that 's the

[1] The words "and so": not in f. e. [2] smiles: in f. e. [3] and there 's the humour of it: in quarto.

certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may: that is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it.

Bard. It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly; and, certainly, she did you wrong, for you were troth-plight to her.

Nym. I cannot tell: things must be as they may: men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time, and some say knives have edges. It must be as it may: though patience be a tired jade[1], yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

Enter PISTOL *and Mrs.* QUICKLY.

Bard. Here comes ancient Pistol, and his wife.—Good corporal, be patient here.—How now, mine host Pistol?

Pist. Base tike[2], call'st thou me host?
Now, by this hand I swear, I scorn the term;
Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

Quick. No, by my troth, not long: for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen, that live honestly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy-house straight. [NYM *draws his sword.*] O well-a-day, lady! if he be not hewn[3] now!—we shall see wilful adultery and murder committed.

Bard. Good lieutenant[4]—good corporal, offer nothing here.

Nym. Pish!

Pist. Pish for thee, Iceland dog; thou prick-eared cur of Iceland! [*Draws his sword.*[5]

Quick. Good corporal Nym, show thy valour, and put up your sword.

Nym. Will you shog[6] off? I would have you *solus.*[7]

Pist. Solus, egregious dog? O viper vile!
The *solus* in thy most marvellous face:
The *solus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat.
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy;
And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!
I do retort the *solus* in thy bowels:

[1] mare: in f. e. [2] A *common dog*, a *mongrel*. [3] Dyce reads: drawn. [4] These words are usually transferred to the close of the preceding speech—with the superfluous addition of the word, Bardolph. [5] Not in f. e. [6] jog: in f. e. [7] f. e. here give the stage direction: *Sheathing his sword.*

For I can take, and Pistol's cock is up,
And flashing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not Barbason[1]; you cannot conjure me. I have an humour to knock you indifferently well. If you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms: if you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little, in good terms, as I may; and that 's the humour of it.

Pist. O braggart vile, and damned furious wight!
The grave doth gape, and doating death is near;
Therefore exhale.[2]

Bard. Hear me; hear me what I say:—he that strikes the first stroke, I 'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a soldier. [*Draws*

Pist. An oath of mickle might, and fury shall abate
Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give;
Thy spirits are most tall.[3]

[PISTOL *and* NYM *sheathe their swords.*

Nym. I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in fair terms; that is the humour of it.

Pist. *Coupe le gorge*, that 's the word?—I defy thee again.
O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get?
No; to the spital go,
And from the powdering tub of infamy
Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind,
Doll Tear-sheet she by name, and her espouse:
I have, and I will hold, the *quondam* Quickly
For the only she; and—*pauca*, there 's enough.[5]

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master, and your[6] hostess.—He is very sick, and would to bed.—Good Bardolph, put thy face between his sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan: 'faith, he 's very ill.

Bard. Away, you rogue.

Quick. By my troth, he 'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days: the king has killed his heart.—Good husband, come home presently.

[*Exeunt Mrs.* QUICKLY *and Boy.*

[1] The name of a *fiend.* [2] f. e. here give the direction: PISTOL *and* NYM *draw.* [3] *Valiant.* [4] Not in f. e. [5] The folio adds: to go to; which mod. eds. usually print: go to. [6] *you*, seems a better reading.

Bard. Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to France together. Why, the devil, should we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

Pist. Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food howl on!

Nym. You 'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting?

Pist. Base is the slave that pays.

Nym. That now I will have; that 's the humour of it

Pist. As manhood shall compound. Push home.

[*Draw again.*[1]

Bard. By this sword, he that makes the first thrust, I 'll kill him; by this sword, I will.

Pist. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

Bard. Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends: an thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me too. Pr'ythee, put up.

Nym. I shall have my eight shillings, I won of you at betting?[2]

Pist. A noble shalt thou have, and present pay;
And liquor likewise will I give to thee,
And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood:
I 'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me.—
Is not this just? for I shall sutler be
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.

[*Sheathes his sword.*[3]

Give me thy hand.

Nym. I shall have my noble?

Pist. In cash most justly paid.

Nym. Well then, that 's the humour of it.

[*They shake hands.*[4]

Re-enter Mrs. QUICKLY.

Quick. As ever you come of women, come in quickly to sir John. Ah, poor heart! he is so shaked of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The king hath run bad humours on the knight, that 's the even of it.

Pist. Nym, thou hast spoke the right;
His heart is fracted and corroborate.

Nym. The king is a good king; but it must be as it may: he passes some humours, and careers.

[1] *Draws:* in f. e. [2] This speech is only in the quarto. [3] [4] Not in f. e.

Pist. Let us condole the knight, for lambkins we will live. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Southampton. A Council-Chamber.

Enter EXETER, BEDFORD, *and* WESTMORELAND.

Bed. 'Fore God, his grace is bold to trust these traitors.

Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.

West. How smooth and even they do bear themselves,
As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,
Crowned with faith, and constant loyalty.

Bed. The king hath note of all that they intend,
By interception which they dream not of.

Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow[1],
Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours;
That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell
His sovereign's life to death and treachery!

Trumpets sound. Enter King HENRY, SCROOP, CAMBRIDGE, GREY, *Lords, and Attendants.*

K. Hen. Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard
My lord of Cambridge,—and my kind lord of Marsham,—
And you, my gentle knight, give me your thoughts:
Think you not, that the powers we bear with us
Will cut their passage through the force of France,
Doing the execution, and the act,
For which we have in head assembled them?

Scroop. No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best.

K. Hen. I doubt not that: since we are well persuaded,
We carry not a heart with us from hence,
That grows not in a fair consent with ours;
Nor leave not one behind, that doth not wish
Success and conquest to attend on us.

Cam. Never was monarch better fear'd, and lov'd,
Than is your majesty: there 's not a subject,
That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness
Under the sweet shade of your government.

Grey. True: those that were your father's enemies,
Have steep'd their galls in honey, and do serve you
With hearts create of duty and of zeal. [fulness

K. Hen. We therefore have great cause of thank
And shall forget the office of our hand,
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit,

[1] The practice here alluded to, seems to have been not unusual.

According to the weight and worthiness.
Scroop. So service shall with steeled sinews toil,
And labour shall refresh itself with hope,
To do your grace incessant services.
K. Hen. We judge no less.—Uncle of Exeter,
Enlarge the man committed yesterday,
That rail'd against our person: we consider,
It was excess of wine that set him on;
And, on our[1] more advice, we pardon him.
Scroop. That 's mercy, but too much security:
Let him be punish'd, sovereign; lest example
Breed by his sufferance more of such a kind.
K. Hen. O! let us yet be merciful, my lord.
Cam. So may your highness, and yet punish too.
Grey. You show great mercy, if you give him life
After the taste of much correction.
K. Hen. Alas! your too much love and care of me
Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch.
If little faults, proceeding on distemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye,
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,
Appear before us?—We 'll yet enlarge that man,
Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, in their dear care,
And tender preservation of our person,
Would have him punish'd. And now to our French causes:
Who are the state[2] commissioners?
Cam. I one, my lord:
Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.
Scroop. So did you me, my liege.
Grey. And I, my royal sovereign.
K. Hen. Then, Richard, earl of Cambridge, there is yours;—
There yours, lord Scroop of Marsham:—and, sir knight,
Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours:—
Read them; and know, I know your worthiness.—
[*They read and start.*
My lord of Westmoreland, and uncle Exeter,
We will aboard to-night.—Why, how now, gentlemen
What see you in those papers, that you lose
So much complexion?—look ye, how they change:
Their cheeks are paper.—Why, what read you there,
That hath so cowarded and chas'd your blood

[1] his · in f. e [2] late: in f. e [3] Not in f. e.

Out of appearance?
Cam. I do confess my fault,
And do submit me to your highness' mercy.
Grey. Scroop. To which we all appeal.
K. Hen. The mercy that was quick in us but late,
By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd:
You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy;
For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
As dogs upon their masters, worrying you[1].—
See you, my princes, and my noble peers,
These English monsters! My lord of Cambridge here,—
You know, how apt our love was to accord
To furnish him with all appertinents
Belonging to his honour; and this man
Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspir'd,
And sworn unto the practices of France,
To kill us here in Hampton: to the which,
This knight, no less for bounty bound to us
Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn.—But O!
What shall I say to thee, lord Scroop? thou cruel,
Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature!
Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
That almost mightst have coin'd me into gold,
Wouldst thou have practis'd on me for thy use?
May it be possible, that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil,
That might annoy my finger? 't is so strange,
That, though the truth of it stands off as gross
As black and white, my eye will scarcely see it.
Treason and murder ever kept together,
As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,
Working so grossly in a natural course,
That admiration did not whoop at them:
But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in
Wonder to wait on treason, and on murder:
And whatsoever cunning fiend it was,
Tha. wrought upon thee so preposterously,
Hath got the voice in hell for excellence,
And other devils, that suggest by treasons,
Do botch and bungle up damnation
With patches, colours. and with forms, being fetch'd
From glistering semblances of piety:

[1] them: in quarto.

But he that temper'd thee bade thee stand up,
Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,
Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.
If that same demon, that hath gull'd thee thus,
Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,
He might return to vasty Tartar back,
And tell the legions—I can never win
A soul so easy as that Englishman's.
O, how hast thou with jealousy infected
The sweetness of affiance! Show men dutiful?
Why, so didst thou: seem they grave and learned?
Why, so didst thou: come they of noble family?
Why, so didst thou: seem they religious?
Why, so didst thou: or are they spare in diet;
Free from gross passion, or of mirth or anger;
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood;
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement;
Not working with the eye without the ear,
And but in purged judgment trusting neither?
Such, and so finely bolted, didst thou seem;
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
To mark[1] the full-fraught man, and best indued,
With some suspicion. I will weep for thee,
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another fall of man.[2]—Their faults are open;
Arrest them to the answer of the law,
And God acquit them of their practices.

Exe. I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Richard earl of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Henry, lord Scroop, of Marsham.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Thomas Grey, knight of Northumberland.

Scroop. Our purposes God justly hath discover'd,
And I repent my fault more than my death;
Which I beseech your highness to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me,—the gold of France did not seduce,
Although I did admit it as a motive,
The sooner to effect what I intended:
But God be thanked for prevention;
Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice,

[1] make: in folio. Theobald changed the word. [2] The quartos have no trace of this, or the thirty-seven previous lines

Beseeching God and you to pardon me.

Grey. Never did faithful subject more rejoice
At the discovery of most dangerous treason,
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,
Prevented from a damned enterprise.
My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.

K Hen. God quit you in his mercy! Hear your sentence.
You have conspir'd against our royal person,
Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his coffers
Receiv'd the golden earnest of our death;
Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter,
His princes and his peers to servitude,
His subjects to oppression and contempt,
And his whole kingdom unto desolation.
Touching our person, seek we no revenge;
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
Whose ruin you have[1] sought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
Poor miserable wretches, to your death;
The taste whereof, God, of his mercy, give you
Patience to endure, and true repentance
Of all your dear offences.—Bear them hence.

[*Exeunt Conspirators, guarded.*

Now, lords, for France; the enterprise whereof
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.
We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,
Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous treason, lurking in our way
To hinder our beginnings: we doubt not now,
But every rub is smoothed on our way.
Then, forth, dear countrymen: let us deliver
Our puissance into the hand of God,
Putting it straight in expedition.
Cheerly to sea; the signs of war advance:
No king of England, if not king of France. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III.—London. Mrs. Quickly's House, in Eastcheap.

Enter PISTOL, *Mrs.* QUICKLY, NYM, BARDOLPH, *and Boy*

Quick. Pr'ythee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring thee to Staines.

Pist. No; for my manly heart doth yearn.—

[1] From the quarto.

Bardolph, be blythe: Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins Boy, bristle thy courage up; for Falstaff he is dead, And we must yearn therefore.

Bard. 'Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is, either in heaven, or in hell.

Quick. Nay, sure, he 's not in hell: he 's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. 'A made a fine end and went away, an it had been any christom child;[1] 'a parted ev'n just between twelve and one, ev'n at the turning o' the tide: for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his finger's end, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen on a table of green frieze.[2] How now, sir John? quoth I: what, man! be of good cheer. So 'a cried out—God, God, God! three or four times: now I, to comfort him, bid him, 'a should not think of God; I hoped, there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. So, 'a bade me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and so upward, and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

Nym. They say, he cried out of sack.

Quick. Ay, that 'a did.

Bard. And of women.

Quick. Nay, that 'a did not.

Boy. Yes, that 'a did; and said, they were devils incarnate.

Quick. 'A could never abide carnation; 't was a colour he never liked.

Boy. 'A said once, the devil would have him about women.

Quick. 'A did in some sort, indeed, handle women; but then he was rheumatic, and talked of the whore of Babylon.

Boy. Do you not remember, 'a saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose, and 'a said it was a black soul burning in hell?

[1] The *chrisom*, was a *white cloth* placed upon the head of a child after it was anointed with the chrism, or sacred oil. The name was afterwards given to the white cloth in which the child was wrapped at the ceremony, and which was used as its shroud, if it died within a month of its birth. Children so dying were called Chrisoms, in the old bills of mortality. [2] The old copies read: a table of green fields; which Theobald conjecturally altered to, "'a babbled of green fields."

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone that maintained that fire: that's all the riches I got in his service.

Nym. Shall we shog? the king will be gone from Southampton.

Pist. Come, let's away.—My love, give me thy lips.
Look to my chattels, and my moveables:
Let senses rule; the word is, "Pitch and pay;"
Trust none;
For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,
And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck:
Therefore, *caveto* be thy counsellor.
Go, clear thy crystals.—Yoke-fellows in arms,
Let us to France: like horse-leeches, my boys,
To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!

Boy. And that is but unwholesome food, they say.

Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farewell, hostess. [*Kissing her.*

Nym. I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it; but adieu. [command.

Pist. Let housewifery appear: keep close, I thee

Quick. Farewell; adieu. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—France. A Room in the French King's Palace.

Flourish. Enter the French King attended; the Dauphin, the Duke of BURGUNDY, *the Constable, and Others.*

Fr. King. Thus come the English with full power upon us,
And more than carefully it us concerns,
To answer royally in our defences.
Therefore the dukes of Berry, and of Bretagne,
Of Brabant, and of Orleans, shall make forth,
And you, prince Dauphin, with all swift despatch,
To line, and new repair, our towns of war
With men of courage, and with means defendant.
For England his approaches makes as fierce,
As waters to the sucking of a gulph.
It fits us, then, to be as provident
As fear may teach us, out of late examples
Left by the fatal and neglected English
Upon our fields.

Dau. My most redoubted father,
It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe:

For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,
(Though war, nor no known quarrel, were in question)
But that defences, musters, preparations,
Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,
As were a war in expectation.
Therefore, I say, 't is meet we all go forth,
To view the sick and feeble parts of France;
And let us do it with no show of fear;
No, with no more, than if we heard that England
Were busied with a Whitsun morris dance;
For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,
Her sceptre so fantastically borne
By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,
That fear attends her not.

Con. O peace, prince Dauphin
You are too much mistaken in this king.
Question your grace the late ambassadors,
With what great state he heard their embassy,
How well supplied with noble counsellors,
How modest in exception, and, withal,
How terrible in constant resolution,
And you shall find, his vanities forespent
Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,
Covering discretion with a coat of folly;
As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots
That shall first spring, and be most delicate.

Dau. Well, 't is not so, my lord high constable;
But though we think it so, it is no matter:
In cases of defence, 't is best to weigh
The enemy more mighty than he seems,
So the proportions of defence are fill'd;
Which, of a weak and niggardly projection,
Doth like a miser, spoil his coat with scanting
A little cloth.

Fr. King. Think we king Harry strong;
And, princes, look, you strongly arm to meet him.
The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us,
And he is bred out of that bloody strain,
That haunted us in our familiar paths:
Witness our too much memorable shame,
When Cressy battle fatally was struck,
And all our princes captiv'd by the hand
Of that black name, Edward black prince of Wales;

Whilst that his mighty[1] sire, on mountain standing,
Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,
Saw his heroical seed, and smil'd to see him,
Mangle the work of nature, and deface
The patterns that by God, and by French fathers,
Had twenty years been made. This is a stem
Of that victorious stock; and let us fear
The native mightiness and fate of him.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Ambassadors from Harry King of England
Do crave admittance to your majesty.

Fr. King. We 'll give them present audience. Go, and bring them.

[*Exeunt Mess. and certain Lords.*

You see, this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.

Dau. Turn head, and stop pursuit; for coward dogs
Most spend their mouths, when what they seem to threaten
Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,
Take up the English short, and let them know
Of what a monarchy you are the head:
Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting.

Re-enter Lords, with EXETER *and Train.*

Fr. King. From our brother of England?

Exe. From him; and thus he greets your majesty.
He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,
That you divest yourself, and lay apart
The borrow'd glories, that by gift of heaven,
By law of nature, and of nations, 'long
To him, and to his heirs; namely, the crown,
And all wide-stretched honours that pertain,
By custom and the ordinance of times,
Unto the crown of France. That you may know,
'T is no sinister, nor no awkward claim,
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd days,
Nor from the dust of old oblivion rak'd,
He sends you this most memorable line,

[*Giving a pedigree*

In every branch truly demonstrative;
Willing you overlook this pedigree,
And when you find him evenly deriv'd
From his most fam'd of famous ancestors,

[1] mountain: in f. e.

Edward the third, he bids you then resign
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
From him, the native and true challenger.
Fr. King. Or else what follows?
Exe. Bloody constraint; for if you hide the crown
Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it:
Therefore, in fierce tempest is he coming,
In thunder, and in earthquake, like a Jove,
That, if requiring fail, he will compel:
And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
Deliver up the crown, and to take mercy
On the poor souls, for whom this hungry war
Opens his vasty jaws; and on your head
Turning the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans,
For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,
That shall be swallow'd in this controversy.
This is his claim, his threat'ning, and my message;
Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,
To whom expressly I bring greeting too.
Fr. King. For us, we will consider of this farther:
To-morrow shall you bear our full intent
Back to our brother of England.
Dau. For the Dauphin,
I stand here for him: what to him from England?
Exe. Scorn, and defiance, slight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not misbecome
The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.
Thus says my king: and, if your father's highness
Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,
He'll call you to so hot an answer of it,
That caves and womby vaultages of France
Shall chide your trespass, and return your mock
In second accent of his ordinance.
Dau. Say, if my father render fair return,
It is against my will; for I desire
Nothing but odds with England: to that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity,
I did present him with the Paris balls.
Exe. He'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it,
Were it the mistress court of mighty Europe.
And, be assur'd, you'll find a difference,
As we his subjects have in wonder found,

Between the promise of his greener days,
And these he masters now. Now he weighs time,
Even to the utmost grain; that you shall read
In your own losses, if he stay in France.

Fr. King. To-morrow shall you know our mind at full.

Exe. Despatch us with all speed, lest that our king
Come here himself to question our delay,
For he is footed in this land already.

Fr. King. You shall be soon despatch'd with fai. conditions.
A night is but small breath, and little pause,
To answer matters of this consequence.

[*Flourish. Exeunt*

ACT III.

Enter CHORUS.

Chor. Thus with imagin'd wing our swift scene flies
In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought. Suppose, that you have seen
The well-appointed king at Hampton pier
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning:
Play with your fancies, and in them behold,
Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing;
Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give
To sounds confus'd: behold the threaden sails,
Blown[1] with th' invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
Breasting the lofty surge. O! do but think,
You stand upon the rivage, and behold
A city on th' inconstant billows dancing;
For so appears this fleet majestical,
Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow!
Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy;
And leave your England, as dead midnight still,
Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old women,
Either past, or not arriv'd to, pith and puissance:
For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
With one appearing hair, that will not follow

[1] Borne: in f. e.

These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?
Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege.
Behold the ordnance on their carriages,
With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur,
Suppose, th' ambassador from the French comes back
Tells Harry that the king doth offer him
Katharine his daughter; and with her, to dowry,
Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.
The offer likes not: and the nimble gunner
With linstock now the devilish cannon touches,
[*Alarum; and Chambers*[1] *go off*
And down goes all before them. Still be kind,
And eke out our performance with your mind. [*Exit*

SCENE I.—France. Before Harfleur.

Alarums. Enter King HENRY, EXETER, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, *and Soldiers, with Scaling Ladders.*

K. Hen.[2] Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead!
In peace, there 's nothing so becomes a man,
As modest stillness, and humility;
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger:
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage:
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head,
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it,
As fearfully, as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height!—On, on, you noblest[3] English!
Whose blood is fet[4] from fathers of war-proof,
Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument.
Dishonour not your mothers: now attest,
That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you.

[1] *Small pieces of ordnance.* [2] This speech is not found in th quartos. [3] Knight reads: noblesse. The first folio has: noblish [4] *Fetched.*

Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war.—And you, good yeomen
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture: let us swear
That you are worth your breeding; which I doubt not,
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:
Follow your spirit; and upon this charge,
Cry—God for Harry! England! and Saint George!
[*Exeunt. Alarum, and Chambers go off.*

SCENE II.—The Same.

Forces pass over; then enter NYM, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, *and Boy.*

Bard. On, on, on, on, on! to the breach, to the breach!

Nym. Pray thee, corporal, stay: the knocks are too hot; and for mine own part, I have not a case of[1] lives; the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain-song of it.

Pist. The plain song is most just, for humours do abound;
Knocks go and come,
To all and some[2]
God's vassals feel the same;
And sword and shield,
In bloody field,
Do[3] win immortal fame.

Boy. Would I were in an alehouse in London! I would give all my fame for a pot of ale, and safety.

Pist. And I:
If wishes would prevail with me,
My purpose should not fail with me,
But thither would I now.[4]

Boy And[5] as duly,
But not as truly,
As bird doth sing on bough.

Enter FLUELLEN.

Flu. Up to the preach, you dogs! avaunt, you cullions! [*Driving them forward.*

[1] *Pair.* [2] This line is not in f. e.; the preceding and following line are usually given as one. [3] doth: in f. e. [4] hie: in f. e. [5] This word is not in f. e.

Pist. Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould!
Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage;
Abate thy rage, great duke!
Good bawcock, bate thy rage; use lenity, sweet chuck!

Nym. These be good humours!—your honour wins bad humours.

[FLUELLEN *drives out* NYM, PISTOL, *and* BARDOLPH.[1]

Boy. As young as I am, I have observed these three swashers. I am boy to them all three, but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me; for, indeed, three such antics do not amount to a man. For Bardolph, he is white-livered, and red-faced; by the means whereof, 'a faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol, he hath a killing tongue, and a quiet sword; by the means whereof 'a breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym, he hath heard, that men of few words are the best men; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest 'a should be thought a coward: but his few bad words are match'd with as few good deeds; for 'a never broke any man's head but his own, and that was against a post when he was drunk. They will steal any thing, and call it purchase. Bardolph stole a lute-case; bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three halfpence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching, and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel: I knew by that piece of service the men would carry coals.[2] They would have me as familiar with men's pockets, as their gloves or their handkerchiefs; which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket, to put into mine, for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service: their villainy goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up. [*Exit.*

Re-enter FLUELLEN, GOWER *following.*

Gow. Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines: the duke of Gloster would speak with you.

Flu. To the mines? tell you the duke, it is not so good to come to the mines; for, look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war: the concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, th' athversary (you may discuss unto the duke, look you) is digged

[1] *Exeunt* NYM, &c., *followed by* FLUELLEN: in f. e. [2] This seems to have been a low, menial office.

himself four yards under the countermines. By Cheshu I think, 'a will plow up all, if there is not better directions.

Gow. The duke of Gloster, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman; a very valiant gentleman, i' faith.

Flu. It is captain Macmorris, is it not?

Gow. I think it be.

Flu. By Cheshu, he is an ass, as in the world. I will verify as much in his peard: he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

Enter MACMORRIS *and* JAMY, *at a distance.*

Gow. Here 'a comes; and the Scots captain, captain Jamy, with him.

Flu. Captain Jamy is a marvellous falorous gentleman, that is certain; and of great expedition, and knowledge in the ancient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions: by Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the world, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.

Jamy. I say, gude day, captain Fluellen.

Flu. God-den to your worship, goot captain James

Gow. How now, captain Macmorris! have you quit the mines? have the pioneers given o'er?

Mac. By Chrish la, tish ill done: the work ish give over, the trumpet sound the retreat. By my hand, I swear, and my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over: I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la, in an hour. O! tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I peseech you now will you vouchsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the wars, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly, to satisfy my opinion, and partly, for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline: that is the point.

Jamy. It sall be very gude, gude feith, gude captains bath: and I sall quit[1] you with gude leve, as I may pick occasion; that sall I, marry.

Mac. It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me.

[1] *Requite.*

The day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes; it is no time to discourse. The town is beseeched, and the trumpet calls us to the breach, and we talk, and, by Chrish, do nothing: 't is shame for us all; so God sa' me, 't is shame to stand still; it is shame, by my hand: and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done, and there ish nothing done, so Chrish sa' me, la.

Jamy. By the mess, ere these eyes of mine take themselves to slumber, aile do gude service, or aile lig i' the grund for it; ay, or go to death; and aile pay it as valorously as I may, that sall I surely do, that is the brief and the long. Marry, I wad full fain heard some question 'tween you tway.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation—

Mac. Of my nation! What ish my nation? ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal? What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation?

Flu. Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, captain Macmorris, peradventure, I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you; being as goot a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of wars, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

Mac. I do not know you so good a man as myself: so Chrish sa' me, I will cut off your head.

Gow. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

Jamy. Au! that 's a foul fault. [*A Parley sounded.*

Gow. The town sounds a parley.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, when there is more better opportunity to be required, look you, I will be so bold as to tell you, I know the disciplines of wars; and there is an end. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The Same. Before the Gates of Harfleur

Enter King HENRY, *his Train and Forces. The Governor and some Citizens on the Walls.*

K. Hen. How yet resolves the governor of the town
This is the latest parle we will admit:
Therefore, to our best mercy give yourselves,
Or, like to men proud of destruction,
Defy us to our worst; for, as I am a soldier,
A name that in my thoughts becomes me best,

If I begin the battery once again,
I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur,
Till in her ashes she lie buried.
The gates of mercy shall be all shut up;
And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,
In liberty of bloody hand shall range
With conscience wide as hell, mowing like grass
Your fresh fair virgins, and your flowering infants.
What is it then to me, if impious war,
Array'd in flames like to the prince of fiends,
Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feats
Enlink'd to waste and desolation?
What is t to me, when you yourselves are cause,
If your pure maidens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing violation?
What rein can hold licentious wickedness,
When down the hill he holds his fierce career?
We may as bootless spend our vain command
Upon th' enraged soldiers in their spoil,
As send precepts to the Leviathan
To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,
Take pity of your town, and of your people,
Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command;
Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace
O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds
Of heady murder, spoil, and villainy.
If not, why, in a moment look to see
The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters;
Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls
Your naked infants spitted upon pikes,
Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confus'd
Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry
At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.
What say you? will you yield, and this avoid,
Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroyed?

Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end.
The Dauphin, whom of succour we entreated,
Returns us that his powers are not yet ready
To raise so great a siege. Therefore, great king,
We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy.
Enter our gates: dispose of us, and ours,
For we no longer are defensible.

K. Hen. Open your gates!—Come, uncle Exeter,
Go you and enter Harfleur; there remain, [*Gates opened*
And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French:
Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,
The winter coming on, and sickness growing
Upon our soldiers, we will retire to Calais.
To-night in Harfleur will we be your guest:
To-morrow for the march are we addrest.
[*Flourish. The* KING, *&c. enter the Town.*

SCENE IV.—Rouen. A Room in the Palace.

Enter KATHARINE *and* ALICE.

Kath. Alice, tu as esté en Angleterre, et tu parles bien le langage.

Alice. Un peu, madame.

Kath. Je te prie, m'enseignez; il faut que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appellez vous la main, en Anglois?

Alice. La main? elle est appellée, de hand.

Kath. De hand. *Et les doigts?*

Alice. Les doigts? ma foy, je oublie les doigts; mais je me souviendrai. Les doigts? je pense, qu'ils sont appellé de fingres; *ouy*, de fingres.

Kath. La main, de hand; *les doigts*, de fingres. *Je pense, que je suis le bon escolier. J'ay gagné deux mots d'Anglois vistement. Comment appellez vous les ongles?*

Alice. Les ongles? les appellons, de nails.

Kath. De nails. *Ecoutez; dites moi, si je parle bien:* de hand, de fingres, de nails.

Alice. C'est bien dit, madame; il est fort bon Anglois.

Kath. Dites moi l'Anglois pour le bras.

Alice. De arm, *madame.*

Kath. Et le coude.

Alice. De elbow.

Kath. De elbow. *Je m'en faitz la répétition de tous les mots, que vous m'avez appris dès à présent.*

Alice. Il est trop difficile, madame. comme je pense.

Kath. Excusez moi. Alice; écoutez: de hand, de fingre, de nails, de arm, de bilbow.

Alice. De elbow, *madame.*

Kath. O Seigneur Dieu! je m'en oublie; de elbow *Comment appellez vous le col?*

Alice De nick, *madame.*

Kath. De nick: *Et le menton?*

Alice. De chin.

Kath. De sin. Le *col*, de nick: *le menton*, de sin.

Alice. Oui. Sauf vostre honneur; en vérité, vous prononcez les mots aussi droit que les natifs d' Angleterre.

Kath. Je ne doute point d' apprendre par la grace de Dieu, et en peu de temps.

Alice. N'avez vouz pas déjà oublié ce que je vous ay enseignée?

Kath. Non, je réciterai à vous promptement. De hand, de fingre, de mails,—

Alice. De nails, *madame.*

Kath. De nails, de arme, de ilbow.

Alice. Sauf vostre honneur, de elbow.

Kath. Ainsi dis je; de elbow, de nick, *et* de sin: *Comment appellez vous le pied et la robe?*

Alice. De foot, *madame; et* de con.

Kath. De foot, *et* de con? *O Seigneur Dieu! ces sont mots de son mauvais, corruptible, grosse, et impudique, et non pour les dames d'honneur d'user. Je ne voudrois prononcer ces mots devant les seigneurs de France, pour tout le monde. Il faut* de foot, *et* de con, *néantmoins. Je réciterai une autre fois ma leçon ensemble:* de hand, de fingre, de nails, de arm, de elbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, de con.

Alice. Excellent, madame!

Kath. C'est assez pour une fois: allons nous à disner.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—The Same. Another Room in the Same.

Enter the French KING, *the Dauphin, Duke of* BOURBON, *the Constable of France, and others.*

Fr. King. 'T is certain, he hath passed the river Somme.

Con. And if he be not fought withal, my lord,
Let us not live in France: let us quit all,
And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.

Dau. O Dieu vivant! Shall a few sprays of us,
The emptying of our fathers' luxury,
Our scions, put in wild and savage stock,
Spirt up so suddenly into the clouds,
And overlook their grafters?

Bour. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards.

Mort de ma vie! if they march along

Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom,
To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm
In that nook-shotten[1] isle of Albion.

Con. Dieu de battailes! where have they this mettle?
Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull,
On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden water,
A drench for sur-rein'd jades, their barley broth,
Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?
And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,
Seem frosty? O! for honour of our land,
Let us not hang like roping icicles
Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people
Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields,
Poor we may call them, in their native lords.

Dau. By faith and honour,
Our madams mock at us, and plainly say,
Our mettle is bred out; and they will give
Their bodies to the lust of English youth,
To new-store France with bastard warriors.

Bour. They bid us to the English dancing-schools,
And teach lavoltas[2] high, and swift corantos;
Saying, our grace is only in our heels,
And that we are most lofty runaways.

Fr. King. Where is Montjoy, the herald? speed him hence;
Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.—
Up, princes! and, with spirit of honour, edg'd
More sharper than your swords, hie to the field.
Charles De-la-bret, high constable of France;
You dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berry,
Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy;
Jaques Chatillon, Rambures, Vaudemont,
Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussi, and Fauconberg,
Foix, Lestrale, Bouciqualt, and Charolois,
High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and knights,
For your great states, now quit you of great shames.
Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land
With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur;
Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow
Upon the valleys, whose low vassal seat
The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon.

[1] An island that *shoots* out into capes and promontories. [2] An Italian dance resembling a *waltz*.

Go, down upon him,—you have power enough,—
And in a captive chariot into Rouen
Bring him our prisoner.

Con. This becomes the great.
Sorry am I, his numbers are so few,
His soldiers sick, and famish'd in their march,
For, I am sure, when he shall see our army,
He 'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,
And for achievement offer us his ransom.

Fr. King. Therefore, lord constable, haste on Mont-joy;
And let him say to England, that we send
To know what willing ransom he will give.—
Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen.

Dau. Not so, I do beseech your majesty.

Fr. King. Be patient, for you shall remain with us.—
Now, forth, lord constable, and princes all,
And quickly bring us word of England's fall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—The English Camp in Picardy.

Enter GOWER *and* FLUELLEN.

Gow. How now, captain Fluellen? come you from the bridge?

Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent services committed at the pridge.

Gow. Is the duke of Exeter safe?

Flu. The duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon; and a man that I love and honour with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my living, and my uttermost power: he is not (God be praised, and plessed!) any hurt in the world; but keeps the pridge most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an ancient, lieutenant[1] there, at the pridge,—I think, in my very conscience, he is as valiant a man as Mark Antony, and he is a man of no estimation in the world: but I did see him do as gallant service.

Gow. What do you call him?

Flu. He is called ancient Pistol.

Gow. I know him not.

Enter PISTOL.

Flu. Here is the man.

Pist. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours:

[1] So the folio; the word is usually omitted in mod. eds.

The duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu. Ay, I praise Got; and I have merited some love at his hands.

Pist. Bardolph, a soldier firm and sound of heart,
And buxom valour, hath, by cruel fate
And giddy fortune's furious fickle wheel,
That goddess blind,
That stands upon the rolling restless stone,—

Flu. By your patience, ancient Pistol. Fortune is painted blind, with a muffler afore her eyes, to signify to you that fortune is blind; and she is painted also with a wheel, to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and mutability, and variation: and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls. In good truth, the poet makes a most excellent description of it: fortune is an excellent moral.

Pist. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him;
For he hath stol'n a pax[1], and hanged must 'a be.
A damned death!
Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free,
And let not hemp his wine-pipe suffocate.
But Exeter hath given the doom of death,
For *pax* of little price:
Therefore, go speak, the duke will hear thy voice,
And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut
With edge of penny cord, and vile reproach:
Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Ancient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

Pist. Why then, rejoice therefore.

Flu. Certainly, ancient, it is not a thing to rejoice at; for if, look you, he were my brother, I would desire the duke to use his goot pleasure, and put him to execution, for discipline ought to be used.

Pist. Die and be damn'd; and *fico* for thy friendship!

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The fig of Spain! [*Exit* PISTOL[2], *making the sign*[3]

Flu. Very good.

[1] A small image of the Saviour on which the *kiss of peace* was bestowed by the congregation at the close of the mass. [2] The rest of this direction is not in f. e. [3] The *sign* consisted in putting the thumb between the thumb and middle finger.

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal: I remember him now; a bawd; a cutpurse.

Flu. I 'll assure you, 'a utter'd as prave words at the pridge, as you shall see in a summer's day. But it is very well, what he has spoke to me; that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

Gow. Why, 't is a gull, a fool, a rogue; that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself at his return into London under the form of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in the great commanders' names, and they will learn you by rote where services were done;—at such and such a sconce, at such a breach, at such a convoy; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what terms the enemy stood on: and this they con perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-coined[1] oaths: and what a beard of the general's cut, and a horrid suit of the camp, will do among foaming bottles, and ale-washed wits, is wonderful to be thought on. But you must learn to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvellously mistook.

Flu. I tell you what, captain Gower; I do perceive he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the world he is: if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. [*Drum heard.*] Hark you, the king is coming, and I must speak with him from the pridge.

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, *and Soldiers*[2] *sick and tattered.*

Flu. Got pless your majesty!

K. Hen. How now, Fluellen? cam'st thou from the bridge?

Flu. Ay, so please your majesty. The duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintained the pridge: the French is gone off, look you, and there is gallant and most prave passages. Marry, th' athversary was have possession of the pridge, but he is enforced to retire, and the duke of Exeter is master of the pridge. I can tell your majesty, the duke is a prave man.

K. Hen. What men have you lost, Fluellen?

Flu. The perdition of th' athversary hath been very great, reasonable great: marry, for my part, I think the duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like

[1] new-tuned: in f. e. [2] The rest of this direction is not in f. e.

to be executed for robbing a church; one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man: his face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames of fire; and his lips plows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue, and sometimes red; but his nose is executed, and his fire 's out.

K. Hen. We would have all such offenders so cut off: and we give express charge, that in our marches through the country, there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for; none of the French upbraided, or abused in disdainful language, for when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.

Tucket. Enter MONTJOY.

Mont. You know me by my habit.

K. Hen. Well then, I know thee: what shall I know of thee?

Mont. My master's mind.

K. Hen. Unfold it.

Mont. Thus says my king:—Say thou to Harry of England, Though we seemed dead, we did but sleep; advantage is a better soldier than rashness. Tell him, we could have rebuked him at Harfleur; but that we thought not good to bruise an injury, till it were full ripe: now we speak upon our cue, and our voice is imperial. England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him, therefore, consider of his ransom; which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested; which, in weight to re-answer, his pettiness would bow under. For our losses, his exchequer is too poor; for the effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add defiance: and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced. So far my king and master: so much my office.

K. Hen. What is thy name? I know thy quality.

Mont. Montjoy.

K. Hen. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back
And tell thy king,—I do not seek him now,
But could be willing to march on to Calais

Without impeachment; for, to say the sooth,
Though 't is no wisdom to confess so much
Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,
My people are with sickness much enfeebled;
My numbers lessen'd, and those few I have,
Almost no better than so many French:
Who, when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,
I thought upon one pair of English legs
Did march three Frenchmen.—Yet, forgive me, God,
That I do brag thus!—this your air of France
Hath blown that vice in me: I must repent.
Go, therefore, tell thy master, here I am:
My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk,
My army but a weak and sickly guard;
Yet, God before, tell him we will come on,
Though France himself, and such another neighbour,
Stand in our way. There 's for thy labour, Montjoy.
[*Giving a chain.*
Go, bid thy master well advise himself:
If we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd,
We shall your tawny ground with your red blood
Discolour: and so, Montjoy, fare you well
The sum of all our answer is but this:
We would not seek a battle, as we are,
Nor, as we are, we say, we will not shun it:
So tell your master.

Mont. I shall deliver so. Thanks to your highness.
[*Exit* MONTJOY.

Glo. I hope they will not come upon us now.

K. Hen. We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs.
March to the bridge; it now draws toward night.
Beyond the river we 'll encamp ourselves,
And on to-morrow bid them march away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—The French Camp, near Agincourt.

Enter the Constable of France, the Lord RAMBURES, *the Duke of* ORLEANS, *the Dauphin, and others.*

Con. Tut! I have the best armour of the world. Would it were day!

Orl. You have an excellent armour; but let my horse have his due.

Con. It is the best horse of Europe.

Orl. Will it never be morning?

[1] Not in f. e.

Dau. My lord of Orleans, and my lord high constable, you talk of horse and armour—

Orl. You are as well provided of both as any prince in the world.

Dau. What a long night is this!—I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns. *Ca, ha!* He bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were air[1], *le cheval volant*, the Pegasus, *qui a les narines de feu!* When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk: he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it: the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

Orl. He 's of the colour of the nutmeg.

Dau. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for Perseus: he is pure air and fire, and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness, while his rider mounts him: he is, indeed, a horse; and all other jades you may call beasts.

Con. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.

Dau. It is the prince of palfreys: his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage.

Orl. No more, cousin.

Dau. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey: it is a theme as fluent as the sea; turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all. 'T is a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on; and for the world (familiar to us, and unknown) to lay apart their particular functions, and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise, and began thus: "Wonder of Nature!"—

Orl. I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress.

Dau. Then did they imitate that which I composed to my courser; for my horse is my mistress.

Orl. Your mistress bears well.

Dau. Me well: which is the prescript praise, and perfection of a good and particular mistress.

Con. Nay, for methought yesterday, your mistress shrewdly shook your back.

Dau. So, perhaps, did yours.

[1] hairs: in f. e.

Con. Mine was not bridled.

Dau. Oh! then, belike, she was old and gentle; and you rode, like a kern of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your strait trossers[1].

Con. You have good judgment in horsemanship.

Dau. Be warned by me, then: they that ride so, and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs. I had rather have my horse to my mistress.

Con. I had as lief have my mistress a jade.

Dau. I tell thee, constable, my mistress wears his own hair.

Con. I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a sow to my mistress.

Dau. *Le chien est retourné à son propre vomissement, et la truie lavée aubourbier:* thou makest use of any thing.

Con. Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress; or any such proverb, so little kin to the purpose.

Ram. My lord constable, the armour, that I saw in your tent to-night, are those stars, or suns, upon it?

Con. Stars, my lord.

Dau. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

Con. And yet my sky shall not want.

Dau. That may be; for you bear a many superfluously, an 't were more honour some were away.

Con. Even as your horse bears your praises; who would trot as well, were some of your brags dismounted.

Dau. Would, I were able to load him with his desert! Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.

Con. I will not say so, for fear I should be faced out of my way; but I would it were morning, for I would fain be about the ears of the English.

Ram. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty prisoners?

Con. You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them.

Dau. 'T is midnight: I 'll go arm myself. [*Exit.*

Orl. The Dauphin longs for morning.

Ram. He longs to eat the English.

Con. I think he will eat all he kills.

Orl. By the white hand of my lady, he 's a gallant prince.

[1] *Bare-legged*—trossers, or strossers were *trousers*

Con. Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.

Orl. He is simply the most active gentleman of France.

Con. Doing is activity, and he will still be doing.

Orl. He never did harm, that I heard of.

Con. Nor will do none to-morrow: he will keep that good name still.

Orl. I know him to be valiant.

Con. I was told that, by one that knows him better than you.

Orl. What 's he?

Con. Marry, he told me so himself; and he said, he cared not who knew it.

Orl. He needs not; it is no hidden virtue in him.

Con. By my faith, sir, but it is; never any body saw it, but his lackey: 't is a hooded valour, and when it appears it will bate[1].

Orl. Ill will never said well.

Con. I will cap that proverb with—there is flattery in friendship.

Orl. And I will take up that with—give the devil his due.

Con. Well placed: there stands your friend for the devil: have at the very eye of that proverb, with—a pox of the devil.

Orl. You are the better at proverbs, by how much—a fool's bolt is soon shot.

Con. You have shot over.

Orl. 'T is not the first time you were overshot.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My lord high constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.

Con. Who hath measured the ground?

Mes. The lord Grandpré.

Con. A valiant and most expert gentleman.—Would it were day!—Alas, poor Harry of England!—he longs not for the dawning, as we do.

Orl. What a wretched and peevish[2] fellow is this king of England, to mope with his fat-brained followers so far out of his knowledge.

Con. If the English had any apprehension, they would run away.

[1] Falcons, when unhooded, *bate* or *beat* the air, by flapping their wings. [2] *Foolish.*

Orl. That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.

Ram. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures: their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

Orl. Foolish curs! that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear, and have their heads crushed like rotten apples. You may as well say that's a valiant flea, that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

Con. Just, just; and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives: and, then, give them great meals of beef, and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.

Orl. Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.

Con. Then shall we find to-morrow they have only stomachs to eat, and none to fight. Now is it time to arm: come, shall we about it?

Orl. It is now two o'clock: but, let me see; by ten, We shall have each a hundred Englishmen. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter CHORUS.

Cho. Now entertain conjecture of a time,
When creeping murmur and the poring dark,
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch:
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face:
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents,
The armourers accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
And the third hour of drowsy morning's nam'd.
Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty French

Do the low-rated English play at dice;
And chide the cripple, tardy-gaited night,
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
So tediously away. The poor condemned English,
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger; and their gesture sad,
Investing lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn coats,
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts. O! now, who will behold
The royal captain of this ruin'd band,
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry—Praise and glory on his head!
For forth he goes, and visits all his host,
Bids them good-morrow with a modest smile,
And calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen
Upon his royal face there is no note,
How dread an army hath enrounded him,
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watched night;
But freshly looks, and over-bears attaint,
With cheerful semblance, and sweet majesty;
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks.
A largess universal, like the sun,
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear, that mean and gentle all,
Behold, as may unworthiness define,
A little touch of Harry in the night.
And so our scene must to the battle fly;
Where, O for pity! we shall much disgrace—
With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
Right ill-dispos'd, in brawl ridiculous,—
The name of Agincourt. Yet, sit and see;
Minding true things by what their mockeries be. [*Exit*

SCENE I.—The English Camp at Agincourt.

Enter King HENRY, BEDFORD, *and* GLOSTER.

K. Hen. Gloster, 't is true that we are in great danger,
The greater, therefore, should our courage be.—
Good morrow, brother Bedford.—God Almighty!
There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out,
For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,

Which is both healthful, and good husbandry:
Besides, they are our outward consciences,
And preachers to us all; admonishing,
That we should 'dress us fairly for our end.
Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the devil himself.

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham:
A good soft pillow for that good white head
Were better than a churlish turf of France.

Erp. Not so, my liege: this lodging likes me better,
Since I may say, now lie I like a king.

K. Hen. 'T is good for men to love their present pains,
Upon example; so the spirit is eased:
And when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt,
The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowsy grave, and newly move
With casted slough and fresh legerity.
Lend me thy cloak, sir Thomas.—Brothers both,
Commend me to the princes in our camp;
Do my good morrow to them; and, anon,
Desire them all to my pavilion.

Glo. We shall, my liege.

[*Exeunt* GLOSTER *and* BEDFORD.

Erp. Shall I attend your grace?

K. Hen. No, my good knight;
Go with my brothers to my lords of England:
I and my bosom must debate a while,
And, then, I would no other company.

Erp. The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble Harry!

[*Exit* ERPINGHAM

K. Hen. God-a-mercy, old heart! thou speak'st cheerfully.

Enter PISTOL.

Pist. Qui va là?[1]

K. Hen. A friend.

Pist. Discuss unto me; art thou officer?
Or art thou base, common, and popular?

K. Hen. I am a gentleman of a company.

Pist. Trail'st thou the puissant pike?

K. Hen. Even so. What are you?

Pist. As good a gentleman as the emperor.

K. Hen. Then you are a better than the king.

[1] The act commences here in the quartos.

Pist. The king 's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,
A lad of life, an imp of fame;
Of parents good, of fist most valiant:
I kiss his dirty shoe, and from heart-string
I love the lovely bully. What 's thy name!

K. Hen. Harry *le Roy.*

Pist. Le Roy! a Cornish name: art thou of Cornish crew?

K. Hen. No, I am a Welshman.

Pist. Know'st thou Fluellen?

K. Hen. Yes.

Pist. Tell him, I 'll knock his leek about his pate,
Upon Saint David's day.

K. Hen. Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day, lest he knock that about yours.

Pist. Art thou his friend?

K. Hen. And his kinsman too.

Pist. The *fico* for thee then!

K. Hen. I thank you. God be with you!

Pist. My name is Pistol called. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. It sorts well with your fierceness.

Enter FLUELLEN *and* GOWER, *severally.*

Gow. Captain Fluellen!

Flu. So, in the name of Cheshu Christ, speak lower. It is the greatest admiration in the universal world, when the true and ancient prerogatifes and laws of the wars is not kept. If you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the Great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle, or pibble pabble, in Pompey's camp: I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise.

Gow. Why, the enemy is loud; you hear him all night.

Flu. If the enemy is an ass and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb? in your own conscience now?

Gow. I will speak lower.

Flu. I pray you, and beseech you, that you will.

[*Exeunt* GOWER *and* FLUELLEN

K. Hen. Though it appear a little out of fashion,
There is much care and valour in this Welshman.

Enter JOHN BATES, ALEXANDER COURT, *and* MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder?

Bates. I think it be; but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

Will. We see yonder the beginning of the day, but I think we shall never see the end of it.—Who goes there?

K. Hen. A friend.

Will. Under what captain serve you?

K. Hen. Under sir Thomas Erpingham.

Will. A good old commander, and a most kind gentleman. I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?

K. Hen. Even as men wrecked upon a sand, that look to be washed off the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the king?

K. Hen. No; nor it is not meet he should; for, though I speak it to you, I think the king is but a man, as I am: the violet smells to him, as it doth to me; the element shows to him, as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions: his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man, and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing. Therefore, when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are: yet in reason no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his army.

Bates. He may show what outward courage he will; but, I believe, as cold a night as 't is, he could wish himself in Thames up to the neck: and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here

K Hen. By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the king: I think, he would not wish himself any where but where he is.

Bates. Then, I would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men's lives saved.

K. Hen. I dare say, you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone, howsoever you speak this, to feel other men's minds. Methinks, I could not die any where

so contented as in the king's company, his cause being just, and his quarrel honourable.

Will. That 's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we should seek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the king's subjects. If his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

Will. But, if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make: when all those legs, and arms, and heads, chopped off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day, and cry all—"We died at such a place:" some swearing, some crying for a surgeon, some upon their wives left poor behind them, some upon the debts they owe, some upon their children rawly left. I am afeard there are few die well, that die in a battle; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it, whom to disobey were against all proportion of subjection.

K. Hen. So, if a son, that is by his father sent about merchandise, do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him: or if a servant, under his master's command, transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers, and die in many irreconciled iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation. But this is not so: the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers. Some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law, and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God: war is his beadle: war is his vengeance; so that here men are punished, for before-breach of the king's laws,

in now the king's quarrel: where they feared the death, they have borne life away, and where they would be safe, they perish: then, if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation, than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore, should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience; and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gained: and, in him that escapes, it were not sin to think, that making God so free an offer, he let him outlive that day to see his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. 'T is certain, every man that dies ill, the ill upon his own head: the king is not to answer it.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

K. Hen. I myself heard the king say, he would not be ransomed.

Will. Ay, he said so to make us fight cheerfully; but when our throats are cut, he may be ransomed, and we ne'er the wiser.

K. Hen. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Will. You pay him then! That 's a perilous shot out of an elder gun, that a poor and a private displeasure can do against a monarch. You may as well go about to turn the sun to ice with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You 'll never trust his word after! come, 't is a foolish saying.

K. Hen. Your reproof is something too round[1]: I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

K. Hen. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again?

K. Hen. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet: then, if ever thou darest acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Will. Here 's my glove: give me another of thine.

K. Hen. There.

Will. This will I also wear in my cap: if ever thou

[1] *Plain.*

come to me and say, after to-morrow, "This is my glove," by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

K. Hen. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou darest as well be hanged.

K. Hen. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company.

Will. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you English fools, be friends: we have French quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon.

K. Hen. Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one they will beat us, for they bear them on their shoulders; but it is no English treason to cut French crowns, and to-morrow the king himself will be a clipper. [*Exeunt Soldiers*

Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful wives, our children, and
Our sins, lay on the king!—we must bear all.
O hard condition! twin born-with greatness,
Subject to the breath of every fool,
Whose sense no more can feel but his own wringing!
What infinite heart's ease must kings neglect,
That private men enjoy?
And what have kings, that privates have not too,
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs, than do thy worshippers?
What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?
O ceremony, show me but thy worth!
What is thy soul but adulation[1]?
Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form?
Creating awe and fear in other men,
Wherein thou art less happy, being fear'd,
Than they in fearing.
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
But poison'd flattery? O! be sick, great greatness,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure.
Think'st thou, the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,

[1] of adoration: in f. e.

That play'st so subtly with a king's repose:
I am a king, that find thee; and I know,
'T is not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The inter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,
The farced[1] title running 'fore the king,
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world;
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
Not all these laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distasteful[2] bread,
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set,
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night
Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn,
Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse,
And follows so the ever running year
With profitable labour to his grave:
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,
Hath the fore-hand and vantage of a king.
The slave, a member of the country's peace,
Enjoys it, but in gross brain little wots,
What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Erp. My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,
Seek through your camp to find you.

K. Hen. Good old knight,
Collect them all together at my tent:
I 'll be before thee.

Erp. I shall do 't, my lord. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. O, God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts:
Possess them not with fear: take from them now
The sense of reckoning, if[3] th' opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them!—Not to-day, O Lord!
O! not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown.
I Richard's body have interred new,

[1] *Stuffed, inflated.* [2] distressful: in f. e. [3] of: in folio: which Singer retains, removing the period from the middle of the next line to its close.

And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears,
Than from it issued forced drops of blood.
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up
Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built
Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests
Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do;
Though all that I can do is nothing worth,
Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. My liege!

K. Hen. My brother Gloster's voice?—Ay
I know thy errand, I will go with thee.—
The day, my friends, and all things stay for me. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—The French Camp.

Enter Dauphin, ORLEANS, RAMBURES, *and others.*

Orl. The sun doth gild our armour: up, my lords!

Dau. Montez à cheval:—My horse! *valet! lacquay!* ha!

Orl. O brave spirit!

Dau. Via!—les eaux et la terre!

Orl. Rien puis? l' air et le feu!

Dau. Ciel! cousin Orleans.

Enter Constable.

Now, my lord Constable!

Con. Hark, how our steeds for present service neigh.

Dau. Mount them, and make incision in their hides,
That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,
And doubt them with superfluous courage: Ha!

Ram. What, will you have them weep our horses' blood?
How shall we then behold their natural tears?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The English are embattled, you French peers.

Con. To horse, you gallant princes! straight to horse!
Do but behold yon poor and starved band,
And your fair show shall suck away their souls,
Leaving them but the shales[1] and husks of men.
There is not work enough for all our hands;
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins,
To give each naked curtle-ax a stain,
That our French gallants shall to-day draw out,
And sheath for lack of sport: let us but blow on them

[1] *Shells.*

The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.
'T is positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords,
That our superfluous lackeys, and our peasants,
Who in unnecessary action swarm
About our squares of battles, were enow
To purge this field of such a hilding foe,
Though we upon this mountain's basis by
Took stand for idle speculation:
But that our honours must not. What 's to say?
A very little little let us do,
And all is done. Then, let the trumpets sound
The tucket-sonnance[1], and the note to mount:
For our approach shall so much dare the field,
That England shall couch down in fear, and yield.

Enter GRANDPRE.

Grand. Why do you stay so long, my lords of France?
Yon' island carrions, desperate of their bones,
Ill-favour'dly become the morning field:
Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,
And our air shakes them passing scornfully.
Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host,
And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps.
The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
With torch-staves in their hands,[2] and their poor jades
Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips,
The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes,
And in their pale dull mouths the gimmal[3] bit
Lies, foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless,
And their executors, the knavish crows,
Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour.
Description cannot suit itself in words,
To demonstrate the life of such a battle,
In life so lifeless as it shows itself.

Con. They have said their prayers, and they stay for death.

Dau. Shall we go send them dinners, and fresh suits,
And give their fasting horses provender,
And after fight with them?

Con. I stay but for my guard. On, to the field!
I will the banner from a trumpet take,
And use it for my haste. Come, come away!
The sun is high, and we outwear the day. [*Exeunt.*

[1] The *blast* of a trumpet. [2] Candlesticks were often made in the figure of a knight, the candle being set in the hand. [3] *Double.*

SCENE III.—The English Camp.

Enter all the English Host; GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, SALISBURY, *and* WESTMORELAND.

Glo. Where is the king?
Bed The king himself is rode to view their battle.
West. Of fighting men they have full threescore thousand.
Exe. There 's five to one; besides, they all are fresh
Sal. God's arm strike with us! 't is a fearful odds.
God be wi' you, princes all; I 'll to my charge:
If we no more meet, till we meet in heaven,
Then, joyfully,—my noble lord of Bedford,—
My dear lord Gloster,—and my good lord Exeter,—
And my kind kinsman,—warriors all, adieu!
Bed. Farewell, good Salisbury; and good luck go with thee!
Exe. Farewell, kind lord. Fight valiantly to-day:
And yet I do thee wrong, to mind thee of it,
For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour.
[*Exit* SALISBURY.
Bed. He is as full of valour, as of kindness;
Princely in both.
West. O! that we now had here
Enter King HENRY.
But one ten thousand of those men in England,
That do no work to-day.
K. Hen. What 's he, that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland?—No, my fair cousin
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold;
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns[1] me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But, if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, 'faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour,
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
For the best hope I have. O! do not wish one more:

[1] *Grieves*

Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he, which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company,
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is call'd—the feast of Crispian:
He, that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He, that shall live this day, and see[1] old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his friends,
And say—to-morrow is Saint Crispian:
Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars.
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he 'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day. Then shall our names,
Familiar in their mouths as household words,—
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,—
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
This story shall the good man teach his son,
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers:
For he, to-day that sheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother: be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle[2] his condition:
And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap, whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

Enter SALISBURY.

Sal. My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed
The French are bravely in their battles set,
And will with all expedience charge on us.

K. Hen. All things are ready, if our minds be so.

West. Perish the man whose mind is backward now!

K. Hen. Thou dost not wish more help from England, cousin?

West. God's will! my liege, would you and I alone,

[1] *live* and *see*, are transposed in the folio. [2] Make him gentleman.

Without more help, might[1] fight this royal battle.

K. Hen. Why, now thou hast unwish'd five thousand men,
Which likes me better than to wish us one.—
You know your places: God be with you all!

Tucket. *Enter* MONTJOY.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee, king Harry,
If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most assured overthrow?
For, certainly, thou art so near the gulf,
Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy,
The Constable desires thee thou wilt mind
Thy followers of repentance; that their souls
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
From off these fields, where, wretches, their poor bodies
Must lie and fester.

K. Hen. Who hath sent thee now?

Mont. The Constable of France.

K. Hen. I pray thee, bear my former answer back:
Bid them achieve me, and then sell my bones.
Good God! why should they mock poor fellows thus?
The man, that once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
A many of our bodies shall, no doubt,
Find native graves, upon the which, I trust,
Shall witness live in brass of this day's work;
And those that leave their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills.
They shall be fam'd: for there the sun shall greet them,
And draw their honours reeking up to heaven,
Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,
The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.
Mark, then, rebounding[2] valour in our English;
That, being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
Break out into a second course of mischief,
Killing in reflex[3] of mortality.
Let me speak proudly:—Tell the Constable,
We are but warriors for the working-day;
Our gayness and our gilt are all besmirch'd
With rainy marching in the painful field;
There 's not a piece of feather in our host,
(Good argument, I hope, we will not fly)
And time hath worn us into slovenry:

[1] folio: could. [2] abounding: in f. e. [3] relapse: in f. e.

But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim;
And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night
They 'll be in fresher robes, for they will pluck
The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads,
And turn them out of service. If they do this,
As, if God please, they shall, my ransom then
Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy labour;
Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald:
They shall have none, I swear, by these my joints,
Which, if they have as I will leave 'em them,
Shall yield them little, tell the Constable.

Mont. I shall, king Harry: and so fare thee well.
Thou never shalt hear herald any more. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. I fear, thou wilt once more come here for a ransom.

Enter the Duke of York.

York. My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg
The leading of the vaward[1].

K. Hen. Take it, brave York,—Now, soldiers, march away:
And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—The Field of Battle.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter French Soldier, Pistol, *and Boy.*

Pist. Yield, cur.

Fr. Sol. Je pense, que vous êtes le gentilhomme de bonne qualité.

Pist. Quality? *Callino, castore me!*[2] art thou a gentleman? What is thy name? discuss.

Fr. Sol. O seigneur Dieu!

Pist. O! signieur Dew should be a gentleman.
Perpend my words, O signieur Dew, and mark:—
O signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox[3],
Except, O signieur, thou do give to me
Egregious ransom.

Fr. Sol. O, prenez miséricorde! ayez pitié de moi!

Pist. Moy shall not serve, I will have forty moys;
For I will fetch thy rim[4] out at thy throat,
In drops of crimson blood.

[1] *Vanward.* [2] The name of an old tune, to which a song was sung, printed in the "Handful of Pleasant Delites," 1584. [3] A name for a *sword.* [4] The *caul* in which the bowels are wrapped.—*Cole's Dict.*, 1677.

Fr. Sol. Est il impossible d'échapper la force de ton bras?

Pist. Brass, cur?
Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat,
Offer'st me brass?

Fr. Sol. O pardonnez moi!

Pist. Say'st thou me so? is that a ton of moys?—
Come hither, boy: ask me this slave in French,
What is his name.

Boy. Escoutez: comment êtes vous appellé?

Fr. Sol. Monsieur le Fer.

Boy. He says his name is master Fer.

Pist. Master Fer! I 'll fer him, and firk him, and ferret him.—Discuss the same in French unto him.

Boy. I do not know the French for fer, and ferret, and firk.

Pist. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

Fr. Sol. Que dit-il, monsieur?

Boy. Il me commande à vous dire que vous faites vous prêt; car ce soldat ici est disposé tout à cette heure de couper votre gorge.

Pist. Oui, couper le gorge, par ma foi, peasant,
Unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns;
Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

Fr. Sol. O! je vous supplie pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner. Je suis le gentilhomme de bonne maison: gardez ma vie, et je vous donnerai deux cents écus.

Pist. What are his words?

Boy. He prays you to save his life: he is a gentle man of a good house; and for his ransom, he will give you two hundred crowns.

Pist. Tell him,—my fury shall abate, and I
The crowns will take.

Fr. Sol. Petit monsieur, que dit-il?

Boy. Encore qu'il est contre son jurement de pardonner aucun prisonnier; néantmoins, pour les écus que vous l'avez promis, il est content à vous donner la liberté, le franchisement.

Fr. Sol. Sur mes genoux, je vous donne mille remerciemens; et je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, valiant, et tres distingué seigneur d' Angleterre.

Pist. Expound unto me, boy.

Boy. He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand thanks; and he esteems himself happy that he hath

fallen into the hands of one (as he thinks) the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy seigneur of England.

Pist. As I suck blood, I will some mercy show.—Follow me! *Exit* PISTOL.

Boy. *Suivez vous le grand capitaine.* I did never [*Exit French Soldier.*

know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart: but the song is true,—"the empty vessel makes the greatest sound." Bardolph, and Nym, had ten times more valour than this roaring devil i' the old play[1] that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger, and they are both hanged; and so would this be, if he durst steal any thing adventurously. I must stay with the lackeys, with the luggage of our camp: the French might have a good prey of us, if they knew of it, for there is none to guard it, but boys. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—Another Part of the Field of Battle.

Retreat sounded.[2] *Enter Dauphin,* ORLEANS, BOURBON, *Constable,* RAMBURES, *and others.*

Con. *O diable!*

Orl. *O seigneur!—le jour est perdu! tout est perdu!*

Dau. *Mort de ma vie!* all is confounded, all!

Reproach and everlasting shame
Sit mocking in our plumes.—*O méchante fortune!*—
Do not run away. [*A short Alarum.*

Con. Why, all our ranks are broke.

Dau. O perdurable shame!—let 's stab ourselves.
Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for?

Orl. Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?

Bour. Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame!
Let us not fly:[3]—in!—Once more back again;
And he that will not follow Bourbon now,
Let him go hence, and, with his cap in hand,
Like a base pander, hold the chamber-door,
Whilst by a slave, no gentler than my dog,
His fairest daughter is contaminate.

Con. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now!
Let us in heaps go offer up our lives.

Orl. We are enough, yet living in the field,
To smother up the English in our throngs,
If any order might be thought upon.

[1] An allusion to the old Moralities in which the devil usually took part. [2] *Alarums:* in f. e. [3] Let us die instant: in f. e.

Bour. The devil take order now. I 'll to the throng:
Let life be short, else shame will be too long. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—Another Part of the Field.

Alarums. Enter King HENRY *and Forces;* EXETER, *and others.*

K. Hen. Well have we done, thrice-valiant countrymen:
But all 's not done; yet keep the French the field.

Exe. The duke of York commends him to your majesty.

K. Hen. Lives he, good uncle? thrice within this hour
I saw him down, thrice up again, and fighting;
From helmet to the spur all blood he was.

Exe. In which array, brave soldier, doth he lie,
Loading[1] the plain; and by his bloody side,
(Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds)
The noble earl of Suffolk also lies.
Suffolk first died; and York, all haggled over,
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,
And takes him by the beard, kisses the gashes,
That bloodily did yawn upon his face;
He cries aloud,—"Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk!
My soul shall thine keep company to heaven:
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine; then fly a-breast,
As in this glorious and well-foughten field,
We kept together in our chivalry!"
Upon these words I came and cheer'd him up:
He smil'd me in the face, raught me his hand,
And, with a feeble gripe, says, "Dear my lord,
Commend my service to my sovereign."
So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips:
And so, espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
A testament of noble-ending love.
The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd
Those waters from me, which I would have stopp'd;
But I had not so much of man in me,
But all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gave me up to tears.

K. Hen. I blame you not;
For, hearing this, I must perforce compound

[1] Larding: in f. e

With mistful eyes, or they will issue too.— [*Alarum.*
But, hark! what new alarum is this same?—
The French have reinforc'd their scatter'd men:—
Then, every soldier kill his prisoners!
Give the word through. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—Another Part of the Field.

Alarums. Enter FLUELLEN *and* GOWER.

Flu. Kill the poys and the luggage! 'tis expressly against the law of arms: 'tis as arrant a pieee of knavery, mark you now, as can be offered. In your conscience now, is it not?

Gow. 'T is certain, there's not a boy left alive; and the cowardly rascals, that ran from the battle, have done this slaughter: besides, they have burned and carried away all that was in the king's tent; wherefore the king most worthily hath caused every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O! 'tis a gallant king.

Flu. Ay, he was porn at Monmouth, eaptain Gower. What call you the town's name, where Alexander the pig was born?

Gow. Alexander the great.

Flu. Why, I pray you, is not pig, great? The pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reekonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

Gow. I think, Alexander the great was born in Macedon: his father was called Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

Flu I think, it is in Macedon, where Alexander is porn. I tell you, captain,—if you look in the maps of the world, I warrant, you shall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon, and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth: it is called Wye at Monmouth, but it is out of my prains, what is the name of the other river; but 'tis all one, 'tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things. Alexander, God knows, and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little

intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers look you, kill his pest friend, Clytus.

Gow. Our king is not like him in that: he never killed any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it: as Alexander killed his friend Clytus, being in his ales and his cups, so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his good judgments, turned away the fat knight with the great pelly-doublet: he was full of jests, and gipes, and knaveries, and mocks; I have forgot his name.

Gow. Sir John Falstaff.

Flu. That is he. I 'll tell you, there is goot men porn at Monmouth.

Gow. Here comes his majesty.

Alarum. Enter King HENRY, *with a Part of the English Forces and Prisoners;* WARWICK, GLOSTER, EXETER, *and others.*

K. Hen. I was not angry since I came to France
Until this instant.—Take a trumpet, herald;
Ride thou unto the horsemen on yond' hill:
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or void the field; they do offend our sight.
If they 'll do neither, we will come to them,
And make them skirr away, as swift as stones
Enforced from the old Assyrian slings.
Besides, we 'll cut the throats of those we have,
And not a man of them that we shall take,
Shall taste our mercy.—Go, and tell them so.

Enter MONTJOY.

Exe. Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

Glo. His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.

K. Hen. How now! what means this, herald? know'st thou not,
That I have fin'd these bones of mine for ransom?
Com'st thou again for ransom?

Mont. No, great king:
I come to thee for charitable license,
That we may wander o'er this bloody field,
To look[1] our dead, and then to bury them;

[1] book: in f. e.

To sort our nobles from our common men;
For many of our princes, woe the while!
Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood;
So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs
In blood of princes, and their wounded steeds
Fret fetlock deep in gore, and with wild rage
Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters,
Killing them twice. O! give us leave, great king,
To view the field in safety, and dispose
Of their dead bodies.

K. Hen. I tell thee truly, herald,
I know not if the day be ours, or no;
For yet a many of your horsemen peer,
And gallop o'er the field.

Mont. The day is yours.

K. Hen. Praised be God, and not our strength, for it!—
What is this castle call'd, that stands hard by?

Mont. They call it Agincourt.

K. Hen. Then call we this the field of Agincourt,
Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

Flu. Your grandfather of famous memory, an 't please your majesty, and your great-uncle Edward the plack prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here in France.

K. Hen. They did, Fluellen.

Flu. Your majesty says very true. If your majesty is remembered of it, the Welshmen did goot service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps, which your majesty knows, to this hour is an honourable padge of the service; and, I do believe, your majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon Saint Tavy's day.

K. Hen. I wear it for a memorable honour:
For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

Flu. All the water in Wye cannot wash your majesty's Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that: Got pless it, and preserve it, as long as it pleases his grace, and his majesty too!

K. Hen. Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. By Cheshu, I am your majesty's countryman, I care not who know it; I will confess it to all the world: I need not to be ashamed of your majesty, praised be God, so long as your majesty is an honest man.

K. Hen. God keep me so!—Our heralds go with him
Bring me just notice of the numbers dead,
On both our parts.—Call yonder fellow hither.

[*Points to* WILLIAMS. *Exeunt* MONTJOY *and others*

Exe. Soldier, you must come to the king.

K. Hen. Soldier, why wear'st thou that glove in thy cap?

Wil. An 't please your majesty, 't is the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

K. Hen. An Englishman?

Wil. An 't please your majesty, a rascal that swaggered with me last night; who, if 'a live, and ever dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o' the ear; or, if I can see my glove in his cap, (which he swore, as he was a soldier, he would wear, if alive) I would strike it out soundly.

K. Hen. What think you, captain Fluellen? is it fit this soldier keep his oath?

Flu. He is a craven and a villain else, an 't please your majesty, in my conscience.

K. Hen. It may be, his enemy is a gentleman of great sort, quite from the answer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as goot a gentlemen as the tevil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is necessary, look your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath. If he be perjured, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain, and a Jack-sauce, as ever his black shoe trod upon Got's ground and his earth, in my conscience, la.

K. Hen. Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meet'st the fellow.

Will. So I will, my liege, as I live.

K. Hen. Who serv'st thou under?

Will. Under Captain Gower, my liege.

Flu. Gower is a goot captain, and is goot knowledge, and literatured in the wars.

K. Hen. Call him hither to me, soldier.

Will. I will, my liege. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favour for me, and stick it in thy cap. When Alençon and myself were down together, I plucked this glove from his helm: if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon, and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost me love.

Flu. Your grace does me as great honours, as can be

desired in the hearts of his subjects: I would fain see the man, that has but two legs, that shall find himself aggriefed at this glove, that is all; but I would fain see it once, and please Got of his grace, that I might see.

K. Hen. Knowest thou Gower?

Flu. He is my dear friend, and please you.

K. Hen. Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

Flu. I will fetch him. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. My lord of Warwick, and my brother Gloster,
Follow Fluellen closely at the heels.
The glove, which I have given him for a favour,
May haply purchase him a box o' the ear:
It is the soldier's; I, by bargain, should
Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick:
If that the soldier strike him, (as, I judge
By his blunt bearing, he will keep his word)
Some sudden mischief may arise of it,
For I do know Fluellen valiant,
And, touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder,
And quickly will return an injury:
Follow, and see there be no harm between them.—
Go you with me, uncle of Exeter. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—Before King Henry's Pavilion.

Enter Gower *and* Williams.

Will. I warrant it is to knight you, captain.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Got's will and his pleasure, captain, I peseech you now, come apace to the king: there is more goot toward you, peradventure, than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Will. Sir, know you this glove?

Flu. Know the glove? I know, the glove is a glove.

Will. I know this, and thus I challenge it.

[*Strikes him.*

Flu. 'Sblood! an arrant traitor, as any 's in the universal world, or in France, or in England.

Gow. How now, sir! you villain!

Will. Do you think I 'll be forsworn?

Flu. Stand away, captain Gower: I will give treason his payment into plows, I warrant you.

Will. I am no traitor.

Flu. That 's a lie in thy throat.—I charge you in his majesty's name, apprehend him: he is a friend of the duke Alençon's.

Enter WARWICK *and* GLOSTER.

War. How now, how now! what 's the matter?

Flu. My lord of Warwick, here is, praised be God for it! a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his majesty.

Enter King HENRY *and* EXETER.

K. Hen. How now! what 's the matter?

Flu. My liege, here is a villain, and a traitor, that, look your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

Will. My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it; and he that I gave it to in change promised to wear it in his cap: I promised to strike him if he did. I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your majesty hear now, saving your majesty's manhood, what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lowsy knave it is. I hope your majesty is pear me testimony, and witness, and avouchments, that this is the glove of Alençon, that your majesty is give me, in your conscience now.

K. Hen. Give me thy glove, soldier: look, here is the fellow of it.
'T was I, indeed, thou promisedst to strike;
And thou hast given me most bitter terms.

Flu. An please your majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the world.

K. Hen. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Will. All offences, my lord, come from the heart: never came any from mine, that might offend your majesty.

K. Hen. It was ourself thou didst abuse.

Will. Your majesty came not like yourself. you appeared to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your highness suffered under that shape, I beseech you, take it for your own fault, and not mine: for had you been as I took you for, I had made no offence; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me.

K. Hen. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,
And give it to this fellow.—Keep it, fellow,
And wear it for an honour in thy cap,
Till I do challenge it.—Give him the crowns.—
And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his pelly.—Hold, there is twelve pence for you, and I pray you to serve Got, and keep you out of prawls, and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions; and, I warrant you, it is the petter for you.

Wilt. I will none of your money.

Flu. It is with a goot will. I can tell you, it will serve you to mend your shoes: come, wherefore should you be so pashful? your shoes is not so goot: 't is a goot silling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter an English Herald.

K. Hen. Now, herald, are the dead number'd?

Her. Here is the number of the slaughter'd French. [*Delivers a Paper.*

K. Hen. What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle?

Exe. Charles duke of Orleans, nephew to the king;
John duke of Bourbon, and lord Bouciqualt:
Of other lords, and barons, knights, and 'squires,
Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

K. Hen. This note doth tell me of ten thousand French,
That in the field lie slain: of princes, in this number,
And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead [*Reads.*[1]
One hundred twenty-six: added to these,
Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,
Eight thousand and four hundred; of the which,
Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights:
So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,
There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries;
The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, 'squires,
And gentlemen of blood and quality.
The names of those their nobles that lie dead—
Charles De-la-bret, high constable of France;
Jaques Chatillon, admiral of France;
The master of the cross-bows, lord Rambures; [phin;
Great-master of France, the brave sir Guischard Dau
John duke of Alençon; Antony duke of Brabant,
The brother to the duke of Burgundy;

[1] Not in f. e

And Edward duke of Bar: of lusty earls,
Grandpré, and Roussi, Faueonberg, and Foix,
Beaumont, and Marle, Vaudemont, and Lestrale.
Here was a royal fellowship of death!—
Where is the number of our English dead?
[*Herald presents another Paper*
Edward the duke of York, the earl of Suffolk,
Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, esquire:
None else of name, and of all other men
But five and twenty. O God! thy arm was here.
[*Kneeling.*[1]
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,.
Ascribe we all.—[*Rising.*[2]] When, without stratagem.
But in plain shock, and even play of battle,
Was ever known so great and little loss,
On one part and on th' other?—Take it, God,
For it is only thine![3]

Exe. 'T is wonderful!

K. Hen. Come, go we in procession to the village:
And be it death, proclaimed through our host,
To boast of this, or take that praise from God,
Which is his only.

Flu. Is it not lawful, an please your majesty, to tell how many is killed?

K. Hen. Yes, captain; but with this acknowledgment,
That God fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my conscience, he did us great goot.

K. Hen. Do we all holy rites:
Let there be sung *Non nobis*, and *Te Deum*.
The dead with charity enclos'd in clay,
And then to Calais; and to England then,
Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy men.
[*Exeunt*

[1] [2] Not in f. e. [3] So the quarto; folio none but thine.

ACT V.

Enter CHORUS.

Chor. Vouchsafe all[1] those that have not read the story,
That I may prompt them: and for[2] such as have,
I humbly pray them to admit th' excuse
Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life
Be here presented. Now, we bear the king
Toward Calais: grant him there; there seen,
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts,
Athwart the sea. Behold, the English beach
Pales in the flood with men, with wives, and boys,
Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd sea,
Which, like a mighty whiffler[3], 'fore the king
Seems to prepare his way. So, let him land,
And solemnly see him set on to London.
So swift a pace hath thought, that even now
You may imagine him upon Blackheath;
Where, that his lords desire him, to have borne
His bruised helmet, and his bended sword,
Before him, through the city, he forbids it,
Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride,
Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent,
Quite from himself, to God. But now behold,
In the quick forge and workinghouse of thought,
How London doth pour out her citizens.
The mayor, and all his brethren, in best sort,
Like to the senators of th' antique Rome,
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,
Go forth, and fetch their conquering Cæsar in:
As, by a lower but by loving likelihood,
Were now the general of our gracious empress
(As in good time he may) from Ireland coming,
Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,
How many would the peaceful city quit,
To welcome him! much more, and much more cause
Did they this Harry. Now, in London place him.
As yet the lamentation of the French
Invites the king of England's stay at home:
The emperor's coming in behalf of France,

[1] to: in f. e. [2] of: in f. e. [3] *Piper*, or *leader* of processions

To order peace between them; and omit
All the occurrences, whatever chanc'd,
Till Harry's back-return again to France:
There must we bring him; and myself have play'd
The interim, by remembering you, 't is past.
Then brook abridgment, and your eyes advance,
After your thoughts, straight back again to France.
[*Exit*

SCENE I.—France. An English Court of Guard.

Enter FLUELLEN *and* GOWER.

Gow. Nay, that 's right; but why wear you your leek to-day? Saint Davy's day is past.

Flu. There is occasions, and causes, why and wherefore, in all things: I will tell you, as my friend, captain Gower. The rascally, scald, beggarly, lowsy, pragging knave, Pistol, which you and yourself, and all the world, know to be no petter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits, he is come to me, and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and bid me eat my leek. It was in a place where I could not breed no contention with him; but I will be so pold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

Gow. Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.

Enter PISTOL.

Flu. 'T is no matter for his swellings, nor his turkey-cocks.—Got pless you, ancient Pistol! you scurvy, lowsy knave, Got pless you!

Pist. Ha! art thou bedlam? dost thou thirst, base Trojan,
To have me fold up Parca's fatal web?
Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

Flu. I peseech you heartily, scurvy lowsy knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek; because, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections, and your appetites, and your digestions, does not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

Pist. Not for Cadwallader, and all his goats.

Flu. There is one goat for you. [*Strikes him.*] Will you be so goot, scald knave, as eat it?

Pist. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

Flu. You say very true, scald knave, when Got's

will is. I will desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your victuals: come, there is sauce for it. [*Striking him again.*] You called me yesterday, mountain-squire, but I will make you to-day a squire of low degree[1].—I pray you, fall to: if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Gow. Enough, captain: you have astonished him.

Flu. I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days.—Pite, I pray you; it is goot for your green wound, and your ploody coxcomb.

Pist. Must I bite?

Flu. Yes, certainly, and out of doubt, and out of question too, and ambiguities.

Pist. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge. I eat, and eat I swear—

Flu. Eat, I pray you. Will you have some more sauce to your leek? there is not enough leek to swear by.

Pist. Quiet thy cudgel: thou dost see, I eat.

Flu. Much goot do you, scald knave, heartily. Nay, pray you, throw none away; the skin is goot for your proken coxcomb. When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at 'em; that is all.

Pist. Good.

Flu. Ay, leeks is goot.—Hold you; there is a groat to heal your pate.

Pist. Me a groat!

Flu. Yes; verily, and in truth, you shall take it, or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

Pist. I take thy groat, in earnest of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing I will pay you in cudgels: you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. God be wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate. [*Exit.*

Pist. All hell shall stir for this.

Gow. Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition, begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valour, and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking[2] and galling at this gentlemen twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the

[1] This is the title of an old English romance. [2] *Scoffing, jesting.*

native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel: you find it otherwise; and, henceforth, let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition. Fare ye well. [*Exit.*

Pist. Doth fortune play the huswife with me now?
News have I, that my Nell is dead i' the spital
Of malady of France;
And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.
Old I do wax, and from my weary limbs
Honour is cudgelled. Well, bawd I 'll turn,
And something lean to cutpurse of quick hand.
To England will I steal, and there I 'll steal:
And patches will I get unto these cudgell'd scars,
And swear. I got them in the Gallia wars. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—Troyes in Champagne. An Apartment in the French KING's Palace.

Enter, at one door, King HENRY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, *and other Lords; at another, the French* KING, *Queen* ISABEL, *the Princess* KATHARINE, *Lords, Ladies, &c., the Duke of* BURGUNDY, *and his Train.*

K. Hen. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met.
Unto our brother France, and to our sister,
Health and fair time of day:—joy and good wishes
To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine;—
And, as a branch and member of this royalty,
By whom this great assembly is contriv'd,
We do salute you, duke of Burgundy;—
And, princes French, and peers, health to you all.

Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your face
Most worthy brother England; fairly met:—
So are you, princes English, every one.

Q. Isa. So happy be the issue, brother England[1],
Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes;
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them
Against the French, that met them in their bent,
The fatal balls of murdering basilisks:
The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,
Have lost their quality, and that this day
Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.

K. Hen. To cry amen to that thus we appear.

[1] This and the fifty-five following lines are not in quarto.

Q. Isa. You English princes all, I do salute you.
Bur. My duty to you both, on equal love,
Great kings of France and England, that I have labour'd
With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavours,
To bring your most imperial majesties
Unto this bar and royal interview,
Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.
Since, then, my office hath so far prevail'd,
That face to face, and royal eye to eye,
You have congreeted, let it not disgrace me,
If I demand before this royal view,
What rub, or what impediment, there is,
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled peace,
Dear nurse of arts, plenty, and joyful births,
Should not in this best garden of the world,
Our fertile France, lift[1] up her lovely visage?
Alas! she hath from France too long been chas'd,
And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,
Corrupting in its own fertility.
Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned dies: her hedges even-pleached[2],
Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,
Put forth disorder'd twigs: her fallow leas
The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory,
Do root upon, while that the coulter rusts,
That should deracinate such savagery:
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleness, and nothing teems,
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
Losing both beauty and utility;
And as[3] our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,
Defective in their natures, grow to wildness;
Even so our houses, and ourselves, and children,
Have lost, or do not learn, for want of time,
The sciences that should become our country,
But grow, like savages,—as soldiers will,
That nothing do but meditate on blood,—
To swearing, and stern looks, diffus'd attire,
And every thing that seems unnatural.
Which to reduce into our former favour,

[1] put: in f. e. [2] *Plaited, interwoven.* [3] all: in folio

You are assembled; and my speech entreats,
That I may know the let, why gentle peace
Should not expel these inconveniencies,
And bless us with her former qualities.

K. Hen. If, duke of Burgundy, you would the peace
Whose want gives growth to th' imperfections
Which you have cited, you must buy that peace
With full accord to all our just demands;
Whose tenours and particular effects
You have, enschedul'd briefly, in your hands.

Bur. The king hath heard them; to the which, as yet
There is no answer made.

K. Hen. Well then, the peace,
Which you before so urg'd, lies in his answer.

Fr. King. I have but with a cursorary eye
O'er-glanc'd the articles: pleaseth your grace
To appoint some of your council presently
To sit with us once more, with better heed
To re-survey them, we will suddenly
Pass, or accept[1], and peremptory answer.

K. Hen. Brother, we shall.—Go, uncle Exeter,—
And brother Clarence,—and you, brother Gloster,—
Warwick, and Huntingdon,—go with the king;
And take with you free power, to ratify,
Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best
Shall see advantage,[2] for our dignity,
Any thing in, or out of, our demands,
And we 'll consign thereto.—Will you, fair sister,
Go with the princes, or stay here with us?

Q. Isa. Our gracious brother, I will go with them.
Haply a woman's voice may do some good,
When articles, too nicely urg'd, be stood on.

K. Hen. Yet leave our cousin Katharine here with us:
She is our capital demand, compris'd
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

Q. Isa. She hath good leave.

[*Exeunt all but King* HENRY, KATHARINE, *and her Gentlewoman.*

K. Hen. Fair Katharine, and most fair!
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

[1] pass our accept: in f. e. [2] advantageable: in f. e.

Kath. Your majesty shall mock at me; I cannot speak your England.

K. Hen. O fair Katharine! if you will love me soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

Kath. Pardonnez moi, I cannot tell vat is—like me.

K. Hen. An angel is like you, Kate; and you are like an angel.

Kath. Que dit-il? que je suis semblable à les anges?

Alice. Ouy, vraiment, sauf vostre grace, ainsi dit il.

K. Hen. I said so, dear Katharine, and I must not blush to affirm it.

Kath. O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont pleines de tromperies.

K. Hen. What says she, fair one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits?

Alice. Ouy; dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits; dat is de princess.

K. Hen. The princess is the better English-woman. I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding: I am glad thou canst speak no better English; for, if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain king, that thou wouldst think I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say—I love you: then, if you urge me farther than to say—Do you in faith? I wear out my suit. Give me your answer; i' faith, do, and so clap hands and a bargain. How say you, lady?

Kath. Sauf vostre honneur, me understand well.

K. Hen. Marry, if you would put me to verses, or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me: for the one, I have neither words nor measure; and for the other, I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife: or if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher, and sit like a jack-an-apes, never off; but, before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly, nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation; only downright oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never

break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sunburning, that never looks in his glass for love of any thing he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier: if thou canst love me for this, take me; if not, to say to thee that I shall die, is true; but for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy, for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places; for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours, they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall, a straight back will stoop, a black beard will turn white, a curled pate will grow bald, a fair face will wither, a full eye will wax hollow; but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or, rather, the sun, and not the moon, for it shines bright, and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me: and take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king, and what sayest thou then to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it possible dat I should love de enemy of France?

K. Hen. No; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate; but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France, for I love France so well, that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine: and, Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France, and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell vat is dat.

K. Hen. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French, which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off.—*Quand j'ai la possession de France, et quand vous avez la possession de moi,* (let me see, what then? Saint Dennis be my speed!)—*donc vostre est France, et vous êtes mienne.* It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom, as to speak so much more French. I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

Kath. Sauf vostre honneur, le François que vous parlez, est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle.

K. Hen. No, 'faith, is 't not, Kate; but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English? Canst thou love me?

Kath. I cannot tell.

K. Hen. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I 'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me: and at night when you come into your closet, you 'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will, to her, dispraise those parts in me, that you love with your heart: but, good Kate, mock me mercifully, the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou be 'st mine, Kate, (as I have a saving faith within me tells me thou shalt) I get thee with scambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder. Shall not thou and I, between Saint Dennis and Saint George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople, and take the Turk by the beard? shall we not? what sayest thou, my fair flower-de-luce?

Kath. I do not know dat.

K. Hen. No, 't is hereafter to know, but now to promise: do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavour for your French part of such a boy, and for my English moiety take the word of a king and a bachelor. How answer you, *la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon très hère et divine déesse?*

Kath. Your *majesté* have *fausse* French enough to deceive de most *sage damoiselle* dat is *en France.*

K. Hen. Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate: by which honour I dare not swear, thou lovest me: yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempting[1] effect of my visage. Now beshrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me: therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear: my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer-up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face: thou hast me, if thou hast

[1] untempering: in f. e.

me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better. And therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say—Harry of England, I am thine: which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud—England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine; who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music, for thy voice is music, and thy English broken; therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English: wilt thou have me?

Kath. Dat is, as it shall please de *roi mon père.*

K. Hen. Nay, it will please him well, Kate: it shall please him, Kate.

Kath. Den it shall also content me.

K. Hen. Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you my queen.

Kath. Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez! Ma foi, je ne veux point que vous abbaissez vostre grandeur, en baisant la main d'une vostre indigne serviteure: excusez moi, je vous supplie, mon très puissant seigneur.

K. Hen. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

Kath. Les dames, et damoiselles, pour estre baisées devant leur noces il n'est pas la coûtume de France.

K. Hen. Madam, my interpreter, what says she?

Alice. Dat it is not be de fashion *pour les* ladies of France.—I cannot tell what is, *baiser*, in English.

K. Hen. To kiss.

Alice. Your majesty *entend* bettre *que moi.*

K. Hen. It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

Alice. Ouy, vraiment.

K. Hen. O, Kate! nice customs curtesy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion: we are the maker of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouths of all find-faults, as I French. yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your o laugh in denying me a kiss: therefore, patiently, and y [*Kissing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips

there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them, than in the tongues of the French council: and they should sooner persuade Harry of England, than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

Enter the French KING *and* QUEEN, BURGUNDY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER, WESTMORELAND, *and other French and English Lords.*

Bur. God save your majesty. My royal cousin, Teach you our princess English?

K. Hen. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her; and that is good English.

Bur. Is she not apt?

K. Hen. Our tongue is rough, coz, and my condition is not smooth; so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.

Bur. Pardon the frankness of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her you must make a circle; if conjure up love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked, and blind. Can you blame her, then, being a maid yet rosed over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked seeing self? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign to.

K. Hen. Yet they do wink, and yield, as love is blind and enforces.

Bur. They are then excused, my lord, when they see not what they do.

K. Hen. Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent winking.

Bur. I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for maids, well summered and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though they have their eyes; and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

K. Hen. This moral ties me over to time, and a hot summer; and so I shall catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end, and she must be blind too.

Bur. As love is, my lord, before it loves.

K. Hen. It is so: and you may, some of you, thank love that for my blindness, who cannot see many a fair more spoi

French city, for one fair French maid that stands in my way.

Fr. King. Yes, my lord, you see them perspectively: the cities turned into a maid, for they are all girdled with maiden walls, that war hath not[1] entered.

K. Hen. Shall Kate be my wife?

Fr. King. So please you.

K. Hen. I am content, so the maiden cities you talk of, may wait on her; so the maid, that stood in the way of my wish, shall show me the way to my will

Fr. King. We have consented to all terms of reason

K. Hen. Is't so, my lords of England?

West. The king hath granted every article:
His daughter, first; and then in sequel, all,
According to their firm proposed natures.

Exe. Only, he hath not yet subscribed this:—
Where your majesty demands,—that the king of France, having any occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your highness in this form, and with this addition, in French,—*Notre très cher fils Henry roi d'Angleterre, heretier de France;* and thus in Latin,—*Præclarissimus filius*[2] *noster Henricus, rex Angliæ, et hæres Franciæ.*

Fr. King. Nor this I have not, brother, so denied,
But your request shall make me let it pass.

K. Hen. I pray you, then, in love and dear alliance
Let that one article rank with the rest;
And, thereupon, give me your daughter.

Fr. King. Take her, fair son; and from her blood raise up
Issue to me, that the contending kingdoms
Of France and England, whose very shores look pale,
With envy of each other's happiness,
May cease their hatred; and this dear conjunction
Plant neighbourhood and christian-like accord
In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

All. Amen!

K. Hen. Now welcome, Kate:—and bear me witness all,
That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen. [*Flourish*

Q. Isa. God, the best maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one!

[1] never: in f. e. [2] This mistake in translation, is copied from Holinshed's Chronicle.

As man and wife, being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal,
That never may ill office, or fell jealousy,
Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,
Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms,
To make divorce of their incorporate league;
That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receive each other!—God speak this Amen!

All. Amen!

K. Hen. Prepare we for our marriage:—on which day
My lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath,
And all the peers' for surety of our leagues.
Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me;
And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be!

[*Sennet. Exeunt*

Enter CHORUS, *as Epilogue.*

Thus far, with rough and all unable pen,
Our bending author hath pursu'd the story;
In little room confining mighty men,
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.
Small time, but in that small most greatly liv'd
This star of England. Fortune made his sword,
By which the world's best garden he achiev'd,
And of it left his son imperial lord.
Henry the sixth, in infant bands crown'd king
Of France and England, did this king succeed;
Whose state so many had the managing,
That they lost France, and made his England bleed.
Which oft our stage hath shown, and for their sake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take. [*Exit.*

END OF VOL. IV.

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